

The
YOUNG FOLKS
TREASURY









MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTERS HIS IMMORTAL EPIC.

HEROES AND PATRIOTS

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
EDWARD EVERETT HALE
WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH
Editors

JENNIE ELLIS BURDICK
Assistant Editor

Volume



Seven

NEW YORK
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
INCORPORATED
1921



COPYRIGHT. 1919, BY
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY INC.

INTRODUCTION

THE first three divisions of this book contain simple stories, many of them well known to grown-ups, which are inspiring to little children who may love to hear them told or who may be just old enough to read them themselves. Here are such tales as those of the youth of Ben Franklin, of the kind heart of Lincoln, of the sturdy boyhood of Washington, of the gentle girlhood of Queen Victoria, and of the love of country of boys and girls not so famous.

"IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD" gives us a glimpse of strong tribes or movements that have meant much to history. "THE STORY OF FAMOUS MEN" is wholly about the fathers and founders of our Republic.

"GREAT HEARTS IN GREAT DAYS" and "SOME HEROES OF CANADA" let us look into the faces of some of the most generous men and women of other days, while "UNCROWNED NATION-BUILDERS" tells us of those who have lived for others, part of them of our own time, and a few of them still living. "EXPLORERS AND CONQUERORS" names those who have loved struggle and conquest, and who were giants in the ages to which they belonged.

In "GLORIOUS DEEDS IN DAYS OF WAR" we read of those who have faced terrible odds, stood alone in danger or shown gentleness on the battlefield. "ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE" tells a few stories of consecration and courage in the Great War in Europe in our own day. This section brings the glorious pageant to the present, by making us acquainted with some of the leaders of our own country.

This stirring volume appropriately closes with a few "DOCUMENTS OF DEMOCRACY" and some fine lines in verse and prose on "PATRIOTISM AND CITIZENSHIP."

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction - - - - -	V

NOBLE CHILDHOODS

The Boyhood of George Washington - - - - -	3
By Amy Steedman	
The Boyhood of Benjamin Franklin - - - - -	8
By Charles R. Gibson	
The Girlhood of Queen Victoria - - - - -	13
By J. Edward Parrott	
The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln - - - - -	16
By Amy Steedman	

YOUNG PATRIOTS

Before Sedan - - - - -	28
By Austin Dobson	
A Letter from a Soldier-Father to His Little Boy - - -	29
A Letter from a Soldier-Son to His Father - - - - -	32
A French School-Girl's Message to America - - - - -	33
By Odette Gastenel	
The Cherry Festival of Naumburg - - - - -	34
The Boy who Braved the Duke of Wellington - - - - -	37
Vitai Lampada - - - - -	38
By Sir Henry Newbolt	

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

The Spartans - - - - -	41
By Beatrice Harraden	

	PAGE
The Knights of Chivalry - - - - -	46
By Florence Aston	
The First Crusaders - - - - -	51
By Florence Aston	
The Troubadours - - - - -	60
By George Foster Barnes	
The Pilgrim Fathers - - - - -	65
By Ella M. Powers	
The Puritans and the Indians - - - - -	81
By John Finnemore	

STORIES OF FAMOUS MEN

The Story of Abraham Lincoln - - - - -	89
Arranged by THE EDITORS	
The Story of Benjamin Franklin - - - - -	105
The Story of Patrick Henry - - - - -	114
By THE EDITORS	
The Story of Nathan Hale - - - - -	123
The Story of John Paul Jones - - - - -	129
Daniel Boone, a Fighter of Indians - - - - -	136
Edited by Edward Shirley	
The Story of Sam Houston - - - - -	145
Edited by John H. Clifford	
The Story of Andrew Jackson - - - - -	163
By Elbridge S. Brooks	
The Story of Robert E. Lee - - - - -	174
By John T. Faris and THE EDITORS	
The Story of Ulysses S. Grant - - - - -	181
By Elbridge S. Brooks	

GREAT HEARTS IN GREAT DAYS

	PAGE
Richard the Lion-Hearted - - - - -	193
By J. Edward Parrott	
Joan, the Maid of France - - - - -	200
By J. Edward Parrott	
Seven National Heroes - - - - -	206
William Wallace - - - - -	212
Robert the Bruce - - - - -	218
Bonnie Prince Charlie - - - - -	225
By J. Edward Parrott	
Sir Walter Raleigh - - - - -	235
Sir Philip Sidney - - - - -	245

UNCROWNED NATION BUILDERS

The Man Who Brightened the Dark Continent - - -	249
By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie	
A Nobleman of Japan - - - - -	264
By Janet Harvey Kelman	
General Charles George Gordon - - - - -	273
By THE EDITORS	
The Sweetheart of a Million - - - - -	279
Brother to the Lepers - - - - -	283
By Charles Warren Stoddard	
The Greatheart of the Labrador - - - - -	292
By William Byron Forbush	
The Lady of Hull House - - - - -	295
By Mary H. Wade	

EXPLORERS AND CONQUERORS

Columbus - - - - -	305
By Joaquin Miller	

	PAGE
Oliver Cromwell - - - - -	307
By J. Edward Parrott	
Drake of Devon - - - - -	311
Nelson of the Nile - - - - -	320
From Accounts by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, Edmund F. Sellars, and Others	

GLORIOUS DEEDS IN DAYS OF WAR

Kate Barlass - - - - -	331
By Dante Gabriel Rossetti	
The Story of Molly Pitcher - - - - -	335
By P. C. Bouvé	
The Pipes at Lucknow - - - - -	340
By John Greenleaf Whittier	
The Sinking of the "Albemarle" - - - - -	343
By Admiral David D. Porter	
Craven - - - - -	351
By Sir Henry Newbolt	
The "Monitor's" Great Fight - - - - -	353
By William Swinton	
The High Tide at Gettysburg - - - - -	364
By Will H. Thompson	

SOME HEROES OF CANADIAN HISTORY

The Adventures of Jacques Cartier - - - - -	369
By Beckles Willson	
Marguerite de Roberval - - - - -	377
By W. S. Herrington	
The Order of a Good Time - - - - -	380
By Hapgood Moore	
The Story of Madeleine de Verchères - - - - -	383
Edited by Bliss Carman	

	PAGE
The Thermopylæ of Canada - - - - -	389
By Wilfred Campbell	
Wolfe and Montcalm - - - - -	391
The Story of Laura Secord - - - - -	400
Edited by Bliss Carman	

ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE

The Spires of Oxford - - - - -	407
By W. M. Letts	
"Sweet Lavender" - - - - -	408
By George A. Birmingham	
How the Boy Scouts Helped the Nation - - - - -	412
By Hermann Hagedorn	
The Blind Led by the Dying - - - - -	419
By Eric Wood	
How Carey Held the Gap - - - - -	423
By An Editor of "The New York Times"	

NINE CHAPTERS FROM OUR OWN CENTURY

The Schoolmaster Who Became the World's Spokesman	427
By Alfred G. Gardiner	
The Prayer - - - - -	433
By Amelia J. Burr	
The King Who Lost His Country but Not His Soul - -	435
By Alfred G. Gardiner	
The Little Welshman Who Became Leader of an Empire	441
By Alfred G. Gardiner	
Always Fit - - - - -	448
By Frances M. Perry	
The Soldier Who Knew No Defeat - - - - -	461
By Genevieve Parkhurst	
The Soldier Who Earned Every Promotion - - - - -	464
By Edward Earle Purinton	

Why Our Navy Went "Dry" - - - - -	PAGE 468
By Josephus Daniels	
The Engineer Who Became a Food General - - - -	472
By Vernon Kellogg	

DOCUMENTS OF DEMOCRACY

Magna Charta - - - - -	479
The Declaration of Independence - - - - -	486
The Magna Charta of Canada - - - - -	491
By Thomas B. Flint	
How Great Britain is Governed - - - - -	493
By W. J. Darby	
How Canada is Governed - - - - -	499
By Thomas B. Flint	
How the United States is Governed - - - - -	507
Extracts from the Farewell Address of George Wash- ton - - - - -	513
The Monroe Doctrine - - - - -	519
By James Monroe	
The Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln - - -	521
The World Must be Made Safe for Democracy - - -	522
By Woodrow Wilson	

PATRIOTISM AND CITIZENSHIP

The New Citizen - - - - -	525
By Theodore Roosevelt	
Makers of the Flag - - - - -	527
By Franklin K. Lane	
The Republic Will Endure - - - - -	529
By James Cardinal Gibbons	
Your Uniform - - - - -	531
By John Finley and Others	

ILLUSTRATIONS

Milton Dictating to His Daughters (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	- Frontispiece
	FACING PAGE
Washington and His Mother (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	4
Franklin Working as a Printer - - - - -	8
The Wandering Minstrel - - - - -	66
Perils of the Puritans (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	80
Abraham Lincoln - - - - -	96
Benjamin Franklin (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	104
Statue of Nathan Hale - - - - -	128
General Andrew Jackson - - - - -	168
General Robert E. Lee - - - - -	176
General U. S. Grant - - - - -	184
Grant's Tomb, Riverside Drive, New York - - - - -	184
Joan of Arc (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	200
Wallace Taken to London in Chains - - - - -	216
Robert Bruce Watching the Spider (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	220
Pushing Past the Guard, He Flung from His Shoulders His Rich Velvet Cloak and Spread it Over the Muddy Spot (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	236
The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh - - - - -	240
Sidney Passed Him the Water, Saying, "Thy Necessity is Yet Greater Than Mine" - - - - -	245
David Livingstone - - - - -	252
She Splintered the Wheel Like Matchwood (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	256
Sir Henry M. Stanley - - - - -	260
Gordon at Khartoum - - - - -	276

Jane Addams - - - - -	296
Cromwell, as Member of Parliament, among His Royalist Associates (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	308
Admiral Sir Francis Drake (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	316
His Pony and He Struggled On (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	320
"They have Done for Me at Last, Hardy," said Admiral Nelson, Sinking to the Deck - - - - -	324
Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn - - - - -	370
Jacques Cartier and the Red-skins (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	376
Wolfe's Army Scaling the Cliff at Quebec, 1759 (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	392
Monument to the Memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, Quebec - - - - -	396
Under the Shadows of the Great Trees Passed the Woman and the Cow (<i>color</i>) - - - - -	400
Dr. John R. Mott - - - - -	408
Using the Flapper Fan to Drive Gas out of the Trenches - - - - -	416
Woodrow Wilson - - - - -	428
Albert, King of Belgium - - - - -	436
David Lloyd George - - - - -	444
Theodore Roosevelt - - - - -	456
Ferdinand Foch - - - - -	462
John J. Pershing - - - - -	464
Josephus Daniels - - - - -	468
Thomas Jefferson - - - - -	488
Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, Ontario - - - - -	504
The United States Capitol, Washington, D. C. - - - - -	508
Flag-Day Celebration - - - - -	526
James Cardinal Gibbons - - - - -	528

NOBLE CHILDHOODS

THE BOYHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

By AMY STEEDMAN

WHO does not know the story of George Washington and his little hatchet? His very name recalls sad memories of a time when, having wandered from the path of truth, we were told the tale of the little boy who said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I cut the cherry-tree with my little hatchet."

When little George was five years old his father moved from Pope's Creek, where the child had been born, and went to live on another of his estates on the Rappahannock River. It was a splendid country, with great unbroken forests stretching out to east and west, and broad rivers winding their way through fertile fields. In these great forests, standing so thick with trees that scarce a gleam of sunshine could creep in to lighten the dim green twilight, all kinds of birds and beasts had their home, and in the shadowy stillness there were other moving forms besides the animals that crept quietly and stealthily about. These forests were the hunting ground of the Indians, and their canoes, too, might be seen shooting about the rivers. As yet they were quite friendly toward the white family who had come to settle so close to them, but at any moment they might become enemies.

Every now and then news would come from other parts of the country telling of terrible deeds done by the Indians to the white settlers, and George would listen to these tales of cruelty and treachery until it was difficult to feel quite brave, and not to be afraid.

Boys and girls safe at home to-day love the exciting stories of the Redskins on the warpath, and the fascinating description of their clever cunning, but it was a different matter for George when those same Indians were lurking in the forests

close by, stealing like silent shadows across his path, noiseless and mysterious in their ways as the forest animals themselves.

OUT IN THE APPLE ORCHARD

But there were pleasant open places around the house for George to play in, without wandering into the shadows of the great forests. There was an apple orchard, besides the garden and fields, and in springtime it was a veritable fairyland with its sea of pale pink blossoms against the blue sky. That was very beautiful to look at, but it was in autumn that George loved the orchard best, for then the trees were loaded with great rosy-cheeked apples and the ground beneath was covered with equally delicious "tumble-downs."

George had gone one day to the orchard with his father and two of his cousins, and the sight of the apples made him dance with joy.

"Father," he cried, "did you ever in all your life see so many apples before?"

"There are certainly a great many," answered his father. "Don't you remember what I told you in spring when your cousin gave you a large apple, and you wanted to eat it all up yourself, instead of sharing it with your brothers and sisters? I told you then that you should be generous; that God would send us many more apples in the autumn."

George hung his head. He remembered quite well, and the sight of all these apples made him ashamed of himself now. It was not very easy to own that he had been greedy, and that he was sorry, but he was a good fighter and presently he won the victory. "I am sorry now, father," he said, "and if you'll forgive me this time, you'll see if I'll ever be stingy again."

That was the kind of lesson his father wanted him to learn, and it was the sort of teaching that George never forgot.

THE MAGIC GARDEN

When spring came George was much excited one day, when he went into the garden to find that the cabbage-bed



WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER
From a Painting by E. Fournier.

had begun to show green shoots, and that the green formed the letters of his own name, "George Washington." He stood for a few moments quite silent, his eyes and mouth wide open in astonishment. Surely it must be magic!

"Father, father!" he shouted; "O father! do come and see."

"What is the matter?" asked his father.

"The cabbages are coming up, and are writing out my name," cried George.

"Very curious," said his father.

"But who did it?" asked George.

"I suppose they just grew so," said his father; "don't you think they came up that way by chance?"

"They couldn't," said George; "they wouldn't know how to grow that way unless someone had made them."

"You are quite right," said his father. "Nothing grows by chance. I planted those cabbages in that way on purpose to teach you that very lesson. There are some people who say that everything grows by chance, but that is impossible. There is someone who plans everything. All the thousands of good things you enjoy, the sunshine and the flowers, eyes to see with, ears to hear with, feet to carry you about, all are planned by God, and chance has nothing to do with it."

George was only eight years old when he learned that lesson, but he never forgot it all the rest of his life.

THE CHERRY-TREE STORY

It was about this time that George was given the little hatchet which has become so famous. He had gone about the garden chopping any old pieces of wood he could find, when his eye fell on a beautiful English cherry-tree, and this seemed the very thing on which to try his new present. So he chopped away with great enjoyment until not only the bark was off but the wood underneath was hacked and cut into pieces.

Next day his father happened to pass that way and caught sight of his favorite cherry-tree. He was very angry when he

saw the mischief that had been done, and he went back immediately to ask everyone in the house if he or she knew who had done it.

"My beautiful cherry-tree is utterly ruined," he said; "who could have hacked it in that way?"

No one knew anything about it. None of the servants had been near the tree.

"I wouldn't have taken five guineas for it," said Mr. Washington, sorrowfully.

Just then George came wandering in, his hatchet in his hand.

"George," said his father, sternly, "do you know who has killed that cherry-tree in the garden?"

Now George until that moment had never thought that he had harmed the tree, but hearing his father's voice and seeing his troubled face, the child suddenly realized the mischief he had done, and hung his head. "George, did you do it?" asked his father. It was all very frightening. He was only a very little boy, and his father was very angry, and the whole household waited to hear what he had to say for himself. It was not easy to be brave, but George manfully lifted his head and looked straight at his father.

"I can't tell a lie, father," he said; "I did cut it with my hatchet."

So the boy spoke out bravely and truly, risking the consequences, although he need not have been afraid, for his father would rather have lost a hundred cherry-trees than that his little son should have told one lie.

GEORGE WOULD BE A SOLDIER

It was only right that a boy who came of a soldierly race, and who meant himself to be a soldier some day, should learn the truest bravery of all. It was a better preparation for him even than drilling his companions and fighting mimic battles, as he was so fond of doing. His big brother Laurence had joined the army and gone away to fight King George's battles against the Spaniards, and George wished with all his heart,

that he too was old enough to wear a uniform and to carry a sword.

The sight of the soldiers as they marched past to the music of the band, the sound of martial drums and the waving of the English banner made his heart beat with excitement and loyalty, and he made up his mind he would be a soldier as his great-grandfather had been. Little did he think as he watched the soldiers march past, that when his time should come it would be under another flag that he would be fighting, against that England which he still thought of as his own country.

But all this was still in the future, and meanwhile George went steadily on, learning all he could both at school and at home. He was as upright and brave and truthful as a boy could be, and besides that he learned the magic of method, so that he got through far more work than most boys could manage. His masters soon discovered that he was no ordinary boy, and they felt sure that a great future was in front of him. As his brother Laurence said, "If a bright springtime is the harbinger of an ample harvest, such a youth must foreshadow noble manhood."

THE BOYHOOD OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

By CHARLES R. GIBSON

THE father of Benjamin Franklin, who had been a wool-dyer in England, emigrated about the year 1682 to that part of America which the colonists called New England. Benjamin, who was the fifteenth in a family of seventeen, was not born till twenty-five years later. Although he was born in Boston in 1706, he was a British subject, the Americans being then but colonists of Great Britain.

In the New World Benjamin's father commenced business as a candle and soap manufacturer, on a small scale.

Although Benjamin had only two years' schooling, which was between the age of eight and ten years, he must have received good tuition from his father, for he was able to read before he went to school. He tells us that his father always made it a point that the table-talk was of interest and instruction to the children. There was never any discussion of their food; that was strictly prohibited. Even if the food was not to their minds, or was extra pleasing, or was not well cooked, no remark whatever was to be made. Benjamin tells us that with this good training he found in later life that he was quite indifferent to what kind of food was set before him. He found this a great convenience in traveling; he did not envy those whose delicate tastes were often bringing them into conflict with the innkeepers. This avoidance of thinking about the food became such a habit with Franklin that he says, "Indeed, I am so unobservant of it, that to this day I can scarce tell a few hours after dinner of what dishes it consisted."

Another habit formed by Benjamin was to waste no time. No doubt he was taught this by his father, for he showed signs of this habit at a very early age, as we may gather from



From an Old Drawing

FRANKLIN WORKING AS A PRINTER

the following incident. When a child he felt that the very long graces which his father said before and after meals occupied a good deal of time. One day, while the little fellow was watching the winter's meat being salted and stored away in casks he asked his father if it would not do to say grace over the whole lot once for all as it would save a lot of time.

HOW BEN DECIDED HIS FUTURE

His father had desired at first that his youngest son, Benjamin, should be a clergyman, but with the expenses of bringing up a family of seventeen he did not care to go to the further expense of a college training. At ten years of age Benjamin was put into his father's business, but the cutting of wicks and the pouring of molten wax into candle-molds did not interest the boy. After two years of such work he told his father that he disliked the business, whereupon his father very wisely offered to find him some business which should be more congenial. But it is often no light task to determine for what business a boy is best suited, and so his father took Benjamin on his walks with him, to let the boy see different tradesmen at work, and that he himself might observe the boy's inclinations. There was some thought of apprenticing him to a cutler, but the fees demanded seemed to the father unreasonable.

He had observed that all Benjamin's pocket-money was spent on books, and that the boy had a decided bookish inclination, and so it occurred to him that the printing trade would be a congenial one to Benjamin. An older brother had been set up in business as a printer, and so it was arranged that Benjamin should become an apprentice to him. The apprenticeship was to be a very long one, for Benjamin, who was then twelve years of age, was not to be free till he came of age.

EXPERIENCES AS A PRINTER

Benjamin found the work very congenial, especially as he could borrow copies of the books from other apprentices.

Sometimes he was required to return these books by the morning, but on such occasions he would sit up the greater part of the night till he finished the book. Later on a merchant who frequented the printing-office offered Benjamin the use of his large library.

During his early apprenticeship Benjamin became a vegetarian; the idea was suggested by some book he had read, but the real advantage that Benjamin saw in this diet was that the meals were more easily eaten, leaving more time for reading, and the cost of the food was less, so that he had more pocket-money for buying books. When his purse was not long enough to meet his demand for books, he would sell those he had read and buy the new ones.

While Benjamin was thoroughly interested in the printing business, he was not very happy in it, for his brother was often unkind to him. Benjamin was only a stepbrother to his master, their father having been married twice, but one can only surmise from what follows that Benjamin's stepbrother was jealous of the boy's quickness in learning.

BENJAMIN BECOMES A WRITER

After Benjamin had served a few years of his apprenticeship it so happened that his stepbrother began to publish a newspaper, the second in New England. People had tried to dissuade the brother, as they considered one newspaper quite sufficient for New England. Those who wrote the news for this paper were in the habit of meeting at the printing office to discuss matters. The youthful Benjamin, then only fifteen years of age, thought he would like to try his hand at writing articles. He knew very well that his brother would not allow him, and so he wrote in a disguised hand and pushed the anonymous manuscript beneath the door of the printing office after closing hour. He heard the journalists discuss his production next day, and the verdict was very encouraging; indeed, it was the general opinion that the article had been written by some well-known man of learning. This and other similar articles were published, and at last Benjamin

informed his stepbrother and the journalists that he had been the anonymous author. The journalists were genuinely interested in him, but the stepbrother was exceedingly displeased, and thought the boy was far too vain.

Benjamin's position in the printing office was by no means improved by this incident. Although he still had four years of his apprenticeship to serve, he determined to cut short the continued unpleasantness. So, selling his books in order to pay his passage, he embarked upon a ship sailing for Philadelphia.

The story of his arrival in the Quaker City is so famous that we must give it in his own words, as he wrote it down many years later for his son.

HIS ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA

"I was in my working dress. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul or where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

"The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little. Then I walked up a street, gazing about, till, near the market house, I met a boy with bread.

"I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great

puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

"Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draft of the river water; and one of my rolls having satisfied me, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who had come down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

"Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led to a great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market.

"I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia."

THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA

By J. EDWARD PARROTT

IT was when the little princess was nine years old that Sir Walter Scott first saw her, and he tells about the meeting in his diary.

"I dined with the Duchess of Kent," he wrote, "and was introduced to the little Princess Victoria—the heir-apparent to the House, as things now stand. This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper 'You are the Heir of England.' I suspect if we could dissect the little heart we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter."

But Sir Walter Scott was wrong, not even a little bird had carried the news to her that she might one day be Queen of England, and it was not until some years later that she was told.

She was sitting in the schoolroom one day with her governess, deeply interested in her history lesson, when she turned over the page of the history book and found between the leaves a new list of the kings and queens of England which had been placed there.

"I never saw this before," she said, looking up.

"It was not thought necessary that you should, princess," answered the governess.

There was a pause while Victoria still studied the paper.

"I see I am nearer the throne than I thought," she went on slowly.

"So it is, ma'am," said the governess, watching her.

Again there was a silence for a few minutes. Then she said: "There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility."

Then suddenly all the prinness and moralizing vanished, and the child's big heart and earnest, true character came naturally out. This great inheritance, this load of responsibility resting so quaintly on the childish shoulders, was something very real to her, and the chord of duty was touched which in all her after-life gave forth no uncertain sound. Turning to her governess, she held out her hand and said simply, "I will be good."

Looking forward into the dim years of the future, well might the need have been felt for some great vow, some hero's arm to fight for and uphold the honor of England, and instead there stood a little, round-faced, fair-haired child with earnest eyes and uplifted hand, and greater than any warrior's vow sounded the simple, childish words, "I will be good."

THE LITTLE QUEEN

It is five o'clock on a June morning in the year 1837. London is not yet awake, nevertheless four high officers of state are knocking lustily and ringing loudly at the outer gate of Kensington Palace. They have come straight from the deathbed of William IV, and they have news of the highest importance for the young princess who resides within. But at this early hour of the day the whole palace is wrapped in slumber, and the knocking and ringing have to be repeated many times before the drowsy porter is awakened. You see him rubbing his eyes and reluctantly throwing open the gate. Now the little party, which includes the Primate and the Lord High Chamberlain, enters the courtyard, and another long wait follows. At length the distinguished visitors are admitted to a lower room of the palace, and there they seem to be quite forgotten. They ring the bell, and when it is answered the Lord High Chamberlain requests that the attendant of the Princess Victoria be sent to inform her Royal Highness that high officials of state desire an audience on business of the utmost importance.

There is another long delay, and again the bell is rung, this time with pardonable impatience. The attendant of the

princess is summoned, and she declares that her royal charge is in such a sweet sleep that she cannot venture to disturb her. "We are come on business of state to the Queen," says the Lord High Chamberlain, "and even her sleep must give way to that."

A few minutes later the door opens again, and a young girl of eighteen, fresh as a newly opened rosebud, enters the room. She has not waited to dress. Her hair falls loose upon her shoulders; she has hurriedly thrown a shawl round herself, and thrust her feet into slippers. There are tears in her eyes as she learns that her uncle the king is dead and that she is queen!

At once she turns to the archbishop, and with simple, unaffected piety says, "Pray for me!" All kneel together, and the venerable prelate supplicates the Most High, who ruleth over the kingdoms of men, to give the young sovereign an understanding heart to judge so great a people.

THE BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By AMY STEEDMAN

IT was certainly a cold and comfortless way of beginning life to be born in a log cabin, especially when it was winter-time, and the cabin had no door to keep out the wind, and no window to let in the light. Abraham Lincoln could scarcely have started life in a poorer home than that little log cabin, set in the midst of a barren and desolate wilderness in the State of Kentucky, where he first opened his eyes on the world on February 12, 1809.

It was to be hoped that the new baby would grow into a strong, brave boy, for there was no use for weaklings in the rough, dangerous life that awaited him. Even his mother, who rocked him in her arms, had early learned to handle a rifle that she might defend herself and her children when the father, Thomas Lincoln, was away. They were accustomed to all sorts of dangers and hardships, for there were many wild animals in the woods, and they were never quite safe from the fear of Indians.

When Abraham, or Abe as he was called, grew old enough to care for stories, there was nothing he loved better than to stand at his father's knee and listen to the tales of his adventures with the Redskins, and most thrilling of all, the story of his grandfather's death.

When Thomas Lincoln was about six years old he went out one day into the fields with his father to help with the building of a fence, while his two elder brothers were at work close by in another field, and his mother was busy at home in the log hut.

Suddenly, when the little boy was helping his father to

put up the fence, a party of Indians, hidden close by, fired upon them and his father fell dead, shot through the heart. The two bigger boys, hearing the noise of firing, did the best thing they could, one running off to fetch help from the nearest settler, and the other creeping home as swiftly and secretly as possible and climbing into the loft with his gun. From a loophole in the wall he could see the Indians below, and at the very moment he peered out there was one of them just about to lift little Thomas off his feet. A well-directed shot from the loft struck the Indian and killed him, whereupon the child took to his heels, and ran like a rabbit until he reached the shelter of the log hut.

Meanwhile the brave elder brother was calmly aiming and firing at every Redskin whose head appeared for a moment out of the ambush, and he blazed away until the relief party arrived and the band of Indians were put to flight.

Abe listened round-eyed with interest to tales like these, though he was not sorry to think that the Indians were driven farther off now and were seldom to be seen. He and his sister Sarah were quite safe if they did not wander too far from home, and they could fetch and carry water from the creek and make themselves useful in many ways out of doors.

At six years old Abe had learned to fish and to hunt, although he was still too small to be trusted with a gun. One of his favorite amusements was to swing across the creek holding on to the branch of a sycamore tree, and one day while he and another small boy were enjoying themselves in that way, Abe lost his hold and disappeared with a terrific splash into the water below. The other boy was quite equal to the occasion, and, waiting till he reappeared, leaned over and dragged him out with the greatest difficulty. If it had not been for the presence of mind of the other child, Abe would certainly have been drowned and America would never have known one of the greatest and most famous of her Presidents.

"It is time those children had some learning," said their father thoughtfully, when Abe was seven years old and his sister a year or so older. "There's a man come to that shanty

half a mile away, and he says, he is going to keep a school. What do you say to sending the children to him?"

"Well," said their mother doubtfully, "he is a queer sort of man to be a schoolmaster. He can't write himself."

"He can read, so he says," replied Thomas Lincoln, "and the children could learn that, anyway."

Thomas Lincoln had spent such a busy roving life that he had never had time to learn either to read or to write, and at the time he was married he could not even sign his own name. His wife had had a little education and was determined that he should at least learn to write his name, so with great patience she taught him how to hold a pen and make the letters, although his great strong hands were much more at home holding his gun or his ax. But nevertheless he was most anxious that his children should learn all that he had missed, although it puzzled him greatly to think where the money was to come from to pay their schooling.

SCHOOL-DAYS

There was certainly not much to be learned at this first school to which Abe was sent, and in a few weeks the children knew as much as their master, which was saying but little.

There was a better school four miles away where the master could both read and write, and although it was a long way for the children to walk, they were sturdy and strong, and set off gayly each morning, carrying their dinner of hoe cake, which was all the dinner they ever had.

The log cabin could now boast the beginning of a library, for besides the Bible and Catechism there was an old spelling-book out of which the children learned their lessons. The Bible was the one book which Abe had known from his babyhood, for his mother read it aloud every Sunday and sometimes on other days too. It was both story-book and lesson-book, for the stories Abe knew before he could read, and his first reading-lessons were spelled out from it.

It was when Abe was about eight years old that he began to learn to know what it really meant to be a pioneer boy.

The farm in Kentucky was not a very successful affair, and Thomas Lincoln made up his mind to try his luck in the new free State of Indiana, where there seemed better prospects of getting on.

THE JOURNEY TO THE NEW HOME

It was a journey of a hundred miles from the old home in Kentucky to the new one in Indiana, and while the father took most of their belongings by boat, the mother and two children set out on the journey overland, with two horses to carry the bedding and on which they could ride by turns when they were tired. They were seven days on the road, and at night the little party camped out under the stars with their blankets spread on the ground. It was not a very safe way of traveling, and there was many a danger lurking around, but neither mother nor children dreamed of being afraid. Fear was a thing with which pioneers had nothing to do.

HOW THE CABIN WAS BUILT

When at last the whole family arrived in Spence County, Indiana, the first thing to be done was to build some sort of shelter for themselves and their goods. A road had been cut through the forests, but all the clearing had still to be done, and there was plenty of work for Abe, small as he was. His little ax was needed for serious work now, and not only for play, as he was quite able to cut the poles for the cabin which his father was building. In a very short time he learned to use his ax as a pioneer boy should do.

At first it was only possible to build a "half-faced camp," which was merely a cabin enclosed on three sides with one side open, and which, in spite of the log fires, was a bitterly cold shelter in winter-time. But when spring came and the land was cleared enough to plant corn and vegetables, a strong log hut was begun, and Abe lent a willing hand, remembering the bitter winds of the past winter.

It was hard work, for the great unhewn logs had all to be

notched and fitted together and the crevices filled with clay; and then there was the loft to be made and a door and window fitted in.

Abe learned, too, how to make stools and a table, and by this time the muscles of his arms were like whipcord, and he could swing his ax like a man.

A story is told of him in after-days, of how he visited a hospital of wounded soldiers and shook hands with three thousand of them, all eager to take the hand of their hero. Some friends wondered that his arm was not crippled by so much handshaking, but he only smiled and said, "The hardships of my early life gave me strong arms."

Then he went to the open door and took up a heavy ax which was lying there, and began to chop a log of wood so vigorously that the chips flew about in all directions. When he stopped he "extended his right arm to full length, holding the ax out horizontally without its even quivering as he held it." Strong men who looked on—men accustomed to manual labor—could not hold the ax in that position for a moment.

After learning to be so useful with his ax, it was only fair that Abe should be taught to handle a rifle, and his father promised to begin to teach him at once.

"You'll be able to go hunting and shoot turkey and deer, and will keep us supplied with game," said his father.

Abe's eyes glistened, and he could scarcely sleep that night in his corner of the loft, he was so delighted and excited over the thought of that rifle. A rifle is rather a difficult thing for a small boy of eight to manage, but Abe was determined to learn to shoot, and in a short time he covered himself with glory.

HIS FIRST SHOT

"Mother, mother!" he cried, bursting like a small whirlwind into the cabin, "there's a flock of turkeys out there. I'm sure I could shoot one if I might have the rifle."

His mother looked out through one of the loopholes of the log hut.

"Sure enough," she said, "they are turkeys. You might

try a shot," and she fetched the gun, which was always kept ready loaded.

Abe bobbed up and down excitedly while his mother fixed the gun into the loophole and warned him to be careful. Then he steadied himself, tried to take aim, and pulled the trigger.

Bang! went the gun, and back went Abe almost head over heels, but in an instant he scrambled up and rushed out. The smoke was just clearing away, and sure enough there on the ground lay a large fat turkey, shot dead.

"I've killed one," shouted Abe, "and it's a monster. Mother, did you ever see such a big one?" and he struggled to lift the bird on high for her to see.

Just then his father came hurrying up.

"What's all this firing about?" he asked anxiously.

"I've killed a turkey," said Abe, bursting with pride.

"Did you do that?" asked his father in amazement.

"Nobody else did it," said Abe with a chuckle. Of course it was nothing but an accident, and altogether the fault of the turkey for getting in the way of the bullet, but it was a great triumph for Abe all the same.

ABE LEARNS TO WRITE

All this time Abe had kept on steadily with his reading whenever he had time, especially in the long winter evenings when he could read by the firelight. Lamps and candles were luxuries no settler could afford, but wood was plentiful, and it was easy to heap the fire high and make a splendid blaze.

He was careful, too, not to forget his writing, and he practiced writing his own name in the snow or with a charred stick on slabs of wood. His father was not always pleased to find every smooth surface in the house scrawled over with black marks, but he had a great respect for "learning," and when he found that Abe was teaching himself to write, he was quite proud of the boy.

When spring came round and they were working together in the fields, Abe took a stick and began writing his name with great care in the soft earth. "A.B.R.A.H.A.M L.I.N.C.O.L.N," he wrote.

"What is the boy doing?" asked a neighbor who happened to be passing and stopped to talk to Thomas Lincoln.

"Oh! he's writing," said his father carelessly.

The man looked astonished.

"Can he write?" he asked. "What does the writing say?"

"It's my name," said Abe, spelling the letters out one by one and pointing to them in turn.

The two men looked with respectful admiration at the young genius and shook their heads. Such cleverness was beyond them. Little did they dream that the name of Abraham Lincoln would some day be written, not only on the soil of Indiana but in every annal of the United States.

THE BOY LOSES HIS MOTHER

As time went on, Abe began to long for other books to read besides the Bible, the Catechism, and the old spelling-book. There must surely be many other books in the world, he thought, but the difficulty was to get hold of them.

Then a sad thing happened which for a while made him forget all about his longing for books. His mother died suddenly, and the little family in the log hut was left very desolate.

Sarah was only eleven years old and could not manage the housework very well, although Abe was very handy and helped her a good deal. The home soon began to look neglected and untidy, and Abe felt his mother's loss keenly. Indeed it seemed as if all the sunshine had faded out of his life until one evening when his father returned carrying a parcel under his arm.

HE BEGINS HIS LIBRARY

"I've found something that will please you, my boy," he said kindly, and undoing the parcel he brought out the "Pilgrim's Progress."

"Where did you find it?" asked Abe wonderingly. Such things were not usually to be found in the woods or fields, neither did they drop from heaven.

"I didn't exactly find it," said his father, smiling. "I saw it when I was in Pierson's house and borrowed it for you."

Abe was turning over the leaves, and he took a deep breath of delight.

"It looks good," he said.

He was so eager to begin that he could eat no supper, and when he had finished reading it he turned back and began it all over again. The book made him so happy that his father tried to get him another, and this time it was "*Æsop's Fables*," which charmed Abe even more than the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" had done. He read it so often that he could ere long repeat most of the fables by heart.

Abe's mind was very good ground in which to sow such seed, and in after-life it blossomed out into a wonderful power of story-telling and a marvelous memory for anecdotes.

PLEASURE OR DUTY?

But although reading was very pleasant it was somewhat apt to interfere with the day's work, and by and by Abe's father began to grow impatient.

"Come, put away your book, there's too much work to be done to waste time over reading," said his father.

"In a minute," said Abe.

"That's what makes boys lazy," said his father, "reading books when they ought to be at work."

"Only a minute, and then I'll go," said Abe, scarcely paying any attention to what his father was saying.

That of course could not be allowed.

"Put the book down and come at once," said his father sternly.

Abe shut the book slowly and most unwillingly.

"Good boys should obey at once," said his father; "they should not need to be driven like cattle."

Abe had never before shown any signs of disobedience and he did not mean to be disobedient now, but those books seemed to lay a spell upon him which it was difficult to resist.

His father began to fear he was growing lazy, and everyone shook their heads over the boy and his books. His cousin Denis declared that "Abe was always reading, scribbling, ciphering, writing poetry, and such like," and that he was "awful lazy"; but it was a curious kind of laziness, for it meant seizing every scrap of spare time between work to study, and sitting up late into the night to read his beloved books. He was so hungry for knowledge that he could not keep away from books although "he had not a lazy bone in his body." He could not help dreaming a little, and sometimes the threshing and chopping and other work suffered, but who could help dreaming over the delights of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Life of Washington" which just then, at ten years old, opened a new world to him.

THE NEW MOTHER HELPS

After a while life became more cheerful in the log hut, for Thomas Lincoln married again, and the new stepmother brought brightness and comfort into the home once more. She was a widow with three children, which made a merry party in the log cabin, and she also had a quantity of furniture and household goods, so that in a short time the log hut was transformed into quite an elegant abode.

The first thing the new stepmother insisted upon was that a wooden flooring should be laid down, and also that there should be real glass windows and a door with hinges. The children's clothes, too, were made neat and tidy, and there was something else for dinner besides hoe cakes.

Abe's stepmother was not inclined to call the boy lazy as other people did when he pored over his books. She was anxious to help him, and when for the first time a school was opened in Indiana, she was anxious that all the children should be sent to it.

"It's a good chance for you, Abe," she said. "You ought to learn something about 'rithmetic as soon as you can."

It was a curious kind of school and a very queer set of pupils. The school was a rough log hut with a roof so low

that the master could scarcely stand upright, and the windows were only holes covered with greased paper which did not allow much light to filter through. The one cheerful thing was the huge fireplace built to hold logs four feet in length.

The children were gathered from far and near, all sizes and in all sorts of garments. Abe rather fancied himself in his new suit, made by his stepmother for the occasion. He had a linsey-woolsey shirt, buckskin breeches, a cap of coon skin, and no coat, for "overcoats were unknown."

WHAT THE SCHOOL-MASTER THOUGHT OF ABE

There was much for Abe to learn, and the school-master, Andrew Crawford, found it a delight to teach anyone so eager and intelligent.

"Abe is a wonderful boy, the best scholar I ever had," he said to Thomas Lincoln. "He wants to know everything that anyone else knows, and does not see why he can't."

"That's Abe exactly," said his father. "I sometimes wish he liked work as much as he does a book."

"He wouldn't be such a good scholar if he did," said the school-master.

"Maybe," answered his father, "but work is more important than books in the backwoods."

"But Abe is not going to live always in the backwoods," said the master. "He is a boy who is sure to make his mark in the world. He is an honest, straight boy too, as well as being clever. Only the other day I found someone had broken off a buck's horn which I had nailed to the school-house, and when I asked who had done it, Abe immediately owned up and confessed that he had been hanging on to it."

"Ah!" said his father, "that's like him. He's been reading the 'Life of Washington,' and thought a deal of that story about his cutting the cherry-tree with his new hatchet and then owning up handsomely."

"Well, he's a good boy," said the school-master, "and he'll go far."

ABE LEARNING MANNERS

He meant to do his very best for the boy, and besides other things he began to teach his pupils manners and how to behave nicely "in society." The schoolroom was turned into a parlor for the time being, and the children were supposed to be ladies and gentlemen, as they came in one by one and made their bow and were introduced to each other.

It was no easy matter for Abe to learn drawing-room manners. Although he was scarcely fifteen he was six feet high, and he did not in the least know what to do with his long arms and legs. His feet, too, were very much in the way, and he never realized before how huge his hands were or what a long distance of bare leg there was between his buckskin breeches and his shoes.

Abraham was certainly an awkward-looking boy, for his long legs were out of all proportion to his body, and his small head looked almost comical set on the top of such a tall may-pole. People when they looked at him would smile and ask what he meant to be when he was a man.

"I am going to be President of the United States," he said with a chuckle, and everyone thought it a very good joke.

The tall, ungainly boy, in his queer, shabby clothes, living in the backwoods, willing to do the hardest work for the smallest pay, what would he ever have to do with the ruling of a great nation, or the fate of thousands of his countrymen? No wonder they thought it a good joke; but a little more than forty years afterward the whole world was mourning the loss of Abraham Lincoln, the noblest President America had had since the days of Washington.

YOUNG PATRIOTS

BEFORE SEDAN

"The dead hand clasped a letter."—*Special Correspondence*

Here in this leafy place
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died;—
Message or wish, may be;—
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;—
Prattle, that had for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died; but no;—
Death will not have it so.

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER FATHER TO HIS LITTLE BOY

NOTE.—Here is a letter from Frank W. Cavanaugh, the old Dartmouth football coach, a captain in the American Artillery. It was written from France to his nine-year-old son. Though written in rare simplicity to the little son, the heart in it speaks to the mother, too. It was first printed in the Worcester (Mass.) *Post*:

DEAR Davie Boy—Your good mother writes me that you have a chum, and she says he is a fine boy who lives next door.

Isn't that fine? I wish I had a chum.

You and your mother used to be my chums, and sometimes Joe and Billy and even dear little Rose Marie and Phil, too, when he was home, but now that is all changed and I have no chum in all the world.

I think it's rather sad sometimes, don't you, but I have your picture, which I take down and talk to when I am lonesome.

I am happy to know you like your new school and home, and I'm sure you'll only play with clean boys, who don't do anything very bad and who also like to go to school. Didn't we used to have great times together, and wasn't it fun when you'd come up to the car to meet me? Then when you saw me getting off do you remember how you'd hide behind a tree and run up behind me and scare me after I had passed? And do you remember how sometimes you and I would race and you were getting so you could run pretty fast, for you were getting to be a big boy?

And then we'd all go down to see the circus and the parade and hold hands so we wouldn't get separated or lost. And then Christmas? Oh, wasn't that a wonderful day! Early in the morning how we would all rush downstairs to see your presents. And then poor, tired mother would work and work

to give all you boys and girls a Christmas dinner—turkey, cranberry sauce and dressing, and plum pudding, and candy and nuts, and everything. Oh, Dave, did any little boy ever have such a good mother as you, I wonder! And now you are soon to have another Christmas, and old Cav won't be home. But I want you to have the best time you ever had on that day, so that I may be happy over here thinking of you all. I wish I knew some little boys and girls over here so that I might talk to them and hold their hands, and I would call them my boys' and girls' names and pretend that I was home.

The other night I had a lovely dream, and I was so disappointed when I awoke. I dreamt I was sitting in our kitchen with mother and David and all the children, and a chair which was tilted back against the wall slipped and I fell gently and without hurting me to the floor. And then mother and you and all the children laughed and laughed, just like good naughty folks. And you came over and took my hand in yours and lifted me up easily. Isn't that funny, Dave? Think of any boy lifting a big, fat father like me from the floor with one hand! Then we laughed some more, and suddenly I remembered it was after nine o'clock. I said: "Why, children, what are you doing out of bed at this hour of the night?" And you said: "Why, it isn't very often our father goes away to war, so we thought we ought to stay up to say good-by." And then I was so surprised to learn that I hadn't gone away to war yet, that I suddenly awoke, only to find myself in my little lonely barracks, and the rain was coming down hard outside, and I was lonesome for my dear family.

And now, David, old boy, everyone is in bed but me, trying to get lots of strength and health for the big fights we will soon be in, so I must do likewise and end this letter to you. You must always remember that your father came into this great war for the sake of all little children, and I know that you will, while I am gone, take good care of mother and all the children. I can see you growing up tall and straight, with shoulders back and head up, because that's what old "Cav" wants, and you love "Cav," don't you, Davie boy? Dave, will you do something real nice for me? I knew you would.

Then kiss mother and Annie and Billy, Rose Marie, and John for "Cav," and send one to Philip in Maine.

Excuse me, David, for writing in pencil instead of ink, but ink is hard to get.

The lights are going out in a few minutes, so good-night, good-by, Dave, and God bless you.

From your old man.

CAV.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER-SON TO HIS FATHER

FROM Private J. Y. Simpson, Jr., 82nd Company of the
United States Marines.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I just wanted to write you a letter on your birthday. I don't know when I will be able to mail it, but will take a chance, anyway.

I want to thank you as your son. You have always been to me the best father that a man could wish. I want to thank you for the gift of a clean, strong, and vigorous body that can serve America in her need. Most of all I want to thank you for the long years of self-denial that made my education possible, for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight through the days of my youth, for the counsel ever freely given when asked and for all the noble things in your example.

I surely hope that you will celebrate many more birthdays and that I will be home for the next one. Also may the coming years bring to you wider fields of service and honor, strength to perform your work, and in the end peace, contentment, and quiet rest.

Your son, a soldier of the United States, salutes you, with love and devotion.

JIMMY.

A week later Private Simpson was killed in action.

A FRENCH SCHOOL-GIRL'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA

By ODETTE GASTENEL

NOTE.—When John H. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York, conveyed to the schools of France greetings from the schools and universities of America, the French school-children were asked to make reply in their own words. This message was written by a little pupil of the Lycée Victor Duruy, Paris, a pupil of the third class, second year.

IT was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

The ocean is so vast that the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other hearts are touching.

THE CHERRY FESTIVAL OF NAUMBURG

A Ballad Founded upon Fact

HARD by the walls of Naumburg town,
Four hundred years ago,
Procopius his soldiers led
To fight their Saxon foe.
The blue sky bent above the earth
In benediction mute;
The tranquil fields reposed content
In blossom, grain, and fruit.

But vain the *benedicite*
Of tender, brooding sky;
And vainly peaceful, smiling fields
Gave eloquent reply..
Unsoothed, unmoved, in Nature's calm,
The Hussite army lay,
A deadly, threatening human storm,
With Naumburg in its way.

To swift destruction now seemed doomed
The dear old Saxon town;
Before Procopius the Great
The strongest walls went down.
But soon upon the soft, calm air,
Came sound of tramping feet;
The Hussites quickly flew to arms,
Their hated foe to meet.

Ready they stood to face the charge,
The great gate opened wide,
And out they poured, not armed men,
But, marching side by side,
The *little children* of the town,
Whose bright eyes met their gaze
With innocence and courage all
Unversed in war's dread ways.

The men threw all their weapons down
At sight so strange and fair;
They took the children in their arms,
They stroked their flaxen hair.
They kissed their cheeks and sweet red lips,
They told how back at home,
They'd left such little ones as these,
And then they bade them come.

To cherry orchards close at hand,
And there they stripped the trees
Of branches rich with clustered fruit;
Their little arms with these
They filled, and with kind words of peace,
They sent them back to town.
The soldiers then all marched away,
Nor thought of *war's* renown.

And now each year at cherry time,
In Naumburg you may see
Little children celebrate
This strange, sweet victory.
Once more the sound of tramping feet
Is heard, as, side by side,
They march throughout the quaint old town,
In childhood's joyous pride.

Once more they bear within their arms
Green branches, thro' whose leaves
Ripe cherries gleam, that tell a tale
More strange than fancy weaves,
About a bloodless battle fought
Four centuries ago,
When *children* saved old Naumburg town
By conquering its foe.

THE BOY WHO BRAVED THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

AN English farmer was one day at work in the fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field which he was especially anxious they should not ride over, as the horses' hoofs would greatly injure the crop. So he sent one of his boys, and told him to shut the gate, and keep watch there, and on no account to let anyone go through it.

The boy went, and had scarcely taken his post there before the huntsmen came up, and ordered him to open the gate. He declined to do so, telling them what his orders were, and that he meant to obey them. They threatened him, but he did not mind their threats. They offered him money, but he refused to receive it. At last, one of them came up to him, and said, in commanding tones:

"My boy, you do not know me; but I am the Duke of Wellington. I am not accustomed to be disobeyed; and, now, I command you to open the gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, and then answered firmly:

"I am sure that the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep the gate shut; no one can pass through it but by my master's express permission."

The brave old warrior was greatly pleased with this. Then he took off his own hat, and said: "I honor the man or the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into disobeying orders. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer, not the French only, but the world." Then, handing the boy a sovereign, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

VITAI LAMPADA

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it is not for the sake of a ribboned coat
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of the square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far and Honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget,
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

THE SPARTANS

By BEATRICE HARRADEN

IN times of war the Spartan women used to say to their husbands and sons, "Return with your shield, or on it," meaning that they must either conquer or die. There was no affection or indulgence shown toward the warriors who survived a defeat; for loyalty to the State was thought of more account than personal loss, and he who had not died striking his last blow for Sparta was deemed unworthy of remembrance, and could expect no mercy from those who had loved him and sent him to the battlefield "to conquer or die."

So this was how the Spartans felt about their warriors; and you can imagine their indignation as well as their dismay when, in the year 371 B.C., news reached Sparta that their army had been defeated at the battle of Leuctra by the Bœotians, a rival Grecian State, and that three hundred men had saved their lives in flight. The news was brought at the moment when some great festival was being celebrated in the city. The ephors commanded the names of the slain to be made known to their relatives, and the women were forbidden to mourn. But the mother of Eucrates could not at first hide her grief, and her neighbors said among themselves:

"Why should she be sorrowful? Her son has died bravely. If he had disgraced himself by flight, then only would she have the right to mourn."

The old man Phidon came in to see her, and found her spinning, busily engaged at her work, it is true, but with tears in her saddened eyes. He was a very stern old man, a Spartan every inch of him, and he spoke harshly to poor Ione.

"Ione," he said, "not one single tear should course down your cheeks, not one single pang of grief should assail your heart. I it is who should weep. I it is who should mourn.

For Callias, my grandson, is not among the slain. Unlike your brave son Eucrates, my Callias has not died at his post of duty. He lives, and by living he has brought dishonor and shame on his family. How can I meet him? What can I say to him? Nay, I will not look upon his face. I will not vouchsafe one word of greeting to him. His father was the glory of my life, but he is the soul of its shame. The gods have been cruel to me in my old age; but they have been merciful to you, Ione. For your son, death with honor. For my Callias, life with dishonor. His father won the crown of wild olive in the Olympic games, and earned the right of fighting by the king's side, and died there; and I was proud of him. But woe is me that I cannot be proud of Callias."

And, Spartan mother as she truly was, Ione knew well that here was a grief far greater than her own loss of her beloved son. She brushed her last tear aside, and tried to comfort old Phidon, whom she had known all her life. Her son Eucrates and this very Callias had been friends together ever since they were children; and in the days gone by, Phidon and Ione's father had fought side by side for Sparta.

"May be, Phidon," she said, "the gods have spared Callias and his comrades, so that they may yet serve Sparta, and help her to triumph over her enemies."

But he shook his head, and would hear no word of comfort, though, as the days went by, it seemed to ease his stern spirit to sit beside her, and watch her at her work. And then she would speak to him of Callias, and urge him not to be over hard on the lad when he returned.

"You must pardon him, Phidon," she said. "Perchance he will live to do great things for Sparta."

But the old man said proudly: "Nay, Ione, never a word will I speak to Callias again."

And it was in vain that Ione pleaded for the friend of Eucrates, always imploring the old man to believe that the gods in their wisdom had preserved Callias for some splendid act of service and sacrifice yet to come.

Full of these thoughts, and haunted by Phidon's unyielding severity, she had a strange dream one night. She dreamed

that King Agesilaus was willing to pardon all those three hundred soldiers who had fled from the field of Leuctra; but that Phidon interposed, and standing in the Public Assembly, gave his vote against the pardon.

"My own grandson is one of the survivors," he cried. "Sparta may pardon him, but *I* never will."

The next day she told her dream to Phidon, and described to him how with her mind's eye she had seen Callias standing lonely and forsaken, the only one of the three hundred survivors who had been spurned and unforgiven. His loneliness stabbed her to her heart, more even than the loss of her son; and because there was no one else, she had been impelled to stand by his side, to greet him, to encourage him, to reassure him. And just as he lifted his head, bowed in grief and shame, she awoke. When Phidon had heard her dream-story, his stern heart was softened.

"I will not turn from Callias," he said. "It may be that you are right, Ione. It may be that the gods will yet give him some great and glorious chance. I will steel my heart to receive him."

So Ione triumphed at last. And truly her dream would seem to have been some kind of divination, for, two or three days afterward, a decree was proposed by the king, and passed in the Assembly, to the effect that all those who had fled from the field of Leuctra were to be pardoned and received home without dishonor.

Ordinarily all survivors of a defeat were subject to penalties of civil offense, and so this was quite an unusual proceeding; but no doubt it was thought dangerous to take stern measures against such a large number of Spartan citizens. Well, whatever the reason was, there were many glad hearts in Sparta that day, and old Phidon himself owned in secret to Ione that he longed to see Callias once more.

"For I must needs forgive him wholeheartedly," he said, "since Sparta has forgiven him; but with my last breath I would tell you and all the world that I would far, far rather he had fallen by the side of the brave Eucrates. That would have been my glory."

As soon as news had come of the defeat of the Spartan army, the whole remaining military force of Sparta was sent to the rescue, and after some time returned to Sparta, bringing back the survivors from the disastrous field of Leuctra.

Then Spartan hearts were softened, and mothers, wives, and sisters stood waiting to greet those whom the gods had spared for further service. But Ione sat at home spinning. There were no tears in her eyes now, and her countenance was lit up by a calm pride. She had learned to be glad that she had no one to meet that day.

Suddenly the door opened, and Phidon came in. His manner was strangely excited.

"Callias is not among us," he cried. "I have asked for him, and no one knows. Could there have been some mistake, I wonder? Is it possible that——"

At that moment there came a loud knock at the door, and Ione opened it to Timotheus, a neighbor's son.

"Greetings to the mother of Eucrates," he said, as he stood before Ione. "I am from Leuctra. I saw Eucrates fighting in the thickest of the fray. I saw him fall; and there fell another by his side, fighting as gallantly as he—his comrade in death as well as in life."

"And who was it that died with my brave son?" asked Ione, whose hands were pressed together deep into her breast, and whose face was ashen, though tearless.

"It was Callias," answered the young man. "Farewell, honored mother of Eucrates. I must go and seek Phidon to tell him."

But Phidon rose to his full height, and there was a smile of triumph on his face and a new life in his bearing.

"Phidon has heard the news," he said, "and he thanks the gods for this crowning mercy. For though in his inmost heart he would fain have seen the face of his grandson once more, there was something dearer to him than the face of Callias—it was the honor of Callias."

Then, turning to Ione, he said: "Now we can think of them together, and share our pride in them, Ione."

For one fleeting moment Ione saw a vision of her young,

fair son falling before the foe, but her voice never faltered as she said: "Yes, we can share our pride in them."

That was the true Spartan tribute to the heroes of Leuctra.

.

You see, the Spartans would not admit of despair in their lives, they believed that while there was yet strength in the body there must needs be hope in the heart that the victory would be won. And so it was the duty of a true Spartan to fight and conquer and live, or to die, striving to conquer to the very last, with no thought of any possibility of failure.

What do you think about this grand old Spartan code of honor? Do you not think that we ourselves, each in our own way, young and old, man and woman, boy and girl, may find something helpful in it to bring to the service of our country?

THE KNIGHTS OF CHIVALRY

By FLORENCE ASTON

TO guard themselves from dangerous neighbors, the knights of the Middle Ages built castles in commanding positions on the hills, and having given names to them, they then added the name of the castle to their own names.

These castles were surrounded by a moat filled with water, and a drawbridge led up to the castle gates. This bridge was drawn up at night or in time of danger, so that the castle was completely cut off by the water from the rest of the world.

Within the outside walls lay the castle courtyard, containing buildings which served for stables and store-chambers and servants' quarters. The chapel adjoined the castle proper. The chief room in the castle itself was always a large banqueting hall—the hall which has been the scene of many a ballad and story of the knights of yore.

In such a hall sat Charlemagne when young Roland stole the cup, and in "the high hall of his fathers" the King of Thule quaffed for the last time the golden goblet of his love.

Round the walls hung trophies of victory in war and of the chase, weapons and even paintings of honored forefathers. From the hall opened rooms belonging to the ladies and children of the family, and a castle usually contained one chamber, known as the armory, in which were stored those weapons that were served out in time of war.

Over the building itself rose the great castle tower, on the top of which, day and night, the warders watched to announce with blasts of their horns the arrival of friendly visitors, or to spy the first sign of foes.

Warders watched too at the gates, and at a signal from those above, who would be the first to catch sight of arrivals,

they would run out to welcome friends and lead them to their lord, or to draw up the huge chains of the bridge and close the great gates in the face of the foe.

The sons of noblemen were educated with the object of fitting them for the life of a knight.

At seven years of age it was usual for a boy to be removed from the women's apartments and sent to serve as a page in the house of some neighboring knight. There, from his seventh to his fourteenth year, he would run messages, serve at table, ride horses, and learn to shoot with the bow and arrows and practice sword-exercise. He would run and wrestle, ride and box, until his growing body was toughened and inured to hardships.

In the best days of knighthood and chivalry, while he indulged in athletic exercises, the gentler arts were not forgotten, for the page was generally instructed in singing and playing on the lute, and would often learn to converse in a foreign language. But above all, he was never suffered to forget the great duties of knighthood—loyalty to God and His servants the priests, fidelity to the lord, service to ladies, and protection of the weak.

A beautiful description of the British knight Lancelot was given by one of his sorrowing companions as he gazed upon the dead face of that mighty warrior: "Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield," he said. "Thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, and thou wert the truest lover among sinful men that ever loved woman, and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword, and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the press of knights, and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies, and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in breast."

Although these words described a knight who was supposed to have lived in the sixth century, they were actually written at a much later date, and represent the spirit of chivalry at its best.

In the early days of chivalry, as depicted in the "Song of Roland," prominence is given to the service of the feudal lord

and to the duty of fighting the infidel. But later on, when the Crusades were over, and the knights sought adventures nearer home, the ideal conduct of the valorous gentleman toward the lady of his choice finds expression.

As soon as he was fifteen years of age, the page accompanied his lord to war, and performed the offices of squire. He cared for his lord's horse and armor, fought by his side and shared his honor if successful, or, when the worst befell, dragged him wounded from the fight and brought him home, living or dead, to his lady.

The young ladies of noble family had also many duties to perform. They, too, entered the houses of noble lords, and took their place among the ladies-in-waiting who surrounded the mistress of the castle. On festive occasions these ladies would grace the board at the banquet and receive honored guests, or distribute the prizes at tournaments, but usually they lived a quiet life in the retirement of the women's apartments. Here their chief employments were weaving, spinning, and embroidery, beautiful specimens of which still exist, mute expressions of the thoughts and ideals of these ladies of olden time.

When a squire received the order of knighthood, or indeed on any occasion of rejoicing in knightly families, a tournament was usually held to celebrate the occasion.

The lists, so called because barriers were raised, covered with a certain rough kind of cloth named list, were erected on the market-place of the little town which generally grew up round a castle. Or sometimes a plain outside the city walls would be used for the purpose, or the foot of the hill on which the castle stood, or even the courtyard itself inside the castle walls. Scaffolding for seats would be erected round the lists, with a special place of honor for the lord, his family, and guests. The arena was spread with sand to prevent the horses from slipping in the mud.

A herald invited the guests, traveling from castle to castle and town to town, and they would arrive with trumpets blowing and banners displayed, each knight bringing the ladies of his family and a company of squires and servants, who en-

camped within the castle or were quartered in the town, or even, in the summer, dwelt in tents upon the castle hill.

After greetings exchanged and weapons proved for the last time, all would take their places for the tournament. The knights usually attacked each other in companies with large swords, seeking to unhorse their opponent or cut off the crest of his shining helmet. And afterward would take place the single combats, in which the young knights showed their prowess against experienced and proven warriors, while the squires and pages watched with envious eyes, longing for the day when they too would be admitted to such noble sport.

Last of all, some noble lady would name as victor the knight who had acquitted himself the most bravely, and the gay company would break up to banquet in the castle, and dance in the stately hall.

Other interest was provided by the landless knights, who traveled from town to town seeking adventures, and serving any lord in an honorable cause. These knights were very welcome as the winter days drew on, for when winds blew chill and rain beat against the castle walls, no pastime could be indulged in save the chase. Minstrels, too, were received with joy and the household would gather round the blazing wood fire to hear songs and stories of adventure. But when snow blocked the passes and admitted of no access, the days were dark and dreary, and life was very dull to the dwellers in the castle. The stone rooms of the castle were draughty and cold, and it might even happen that actual want was felt when necessities were difficult to procure.

KNIGHTLY LEGENDS IN SONG

We learn much of the days of chivalry from songs and epics which have been preserved. Some of the legends are so grand and noble that they must have fired the imagination and stirred the higher nature of many a boy, and thus exercised a widespread influence upon social life. Fine old songs relate the deeds of the twelve Paladins or Peers, which was the name given to the twelve chief knights of Charlemagne's court.

As time passed, these deeds were exaggerated in the records handed on by word of mouth from father to son. The knights were said to have overcome giants, to have tamed wild beasts, slain winged dragons, and done other marvels, which shows how wondrous myths gather round the names of ancient heroes. But apart from exaggeration we can see that these men were nobler, gentler, more chivalrous than the ordinary men of their day.

ROLAND AND OLIVER

The two most famous of Charlemagne's knights were Roland and Oliver. To decide a dispute of their lords they were selected to fight in single combat, but since each wore a helmet that hid his face, neither knew that he was fighting his dearest friend. Two long hours they strove, and neither gained the advantage. At last they paused, panting and trembling, and then, with a wild bound, sprang upon each other. Roland's sword pierced Oliver's shield, and Oliver's sword shivered against Roland's breastplate and broke off at the hilt. Then, with arms outstretched, they sprang upon one another once more, and wrestled fiercely, each succeeding in tearing the other's helmet off.

Great was their surprise when each recognized his friend. "I yield," said Roland quietly. "I yield," said Oliver, each wishing to give the honor of victory to his friend. From this incident arose the expression, which is still used: "A Roland for an Oliver."

"La Chanson de Roland," or "Song of Roland," is a famous old poem which relates the story of Roland's death at Roncesvalles on the retreat from Spain.

That death was on him he knew full well;
Down from his head to his heart it fell.
On the grass beneath a pine-tree's shade,
With face to earth, his form he laid,
Beneath him placed he his horn and sword,
And turned his face to the heathen horde.
Thus hath he done the sooth to show,
That Karl and his warriors all may know
That the gentle count a conqueror died.

THE FIRST CRUSADERS

By FLORENCE ASTON

THE great Constantine, Emperor of the eastern half of the Roman Empire, was a Christian, having been carefully brought up by his mother, whom the world knows as Saint Helena, finder of "the true cross."

Helena is believed to have been a little maid in a Yorkshire inn in the days when Britain was garrisoned by troops of Roman soldiers.

Having attracted the attention of a Roman officer named Constantius by her sweetness and simple dignity of bearing, she became his wife and was carried far away from Britain to the East, where her husband was raised to the imperial throne of Constantinople, and where she bore the son who is called Constantine the Great, although English people like to think that he was born at York.

THE SHRINE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

After the death of Jesus the sepulcher where his body had rested became the spot of special veneration to Christians, and so more and more people made pilgrimages to visit the sacred city of Jerusalem, and the scenes of His labors and sufferings.

In honor of the Christ, Constantine built a magnificent marble temple around the simple cave in the garden where the sacred body had lain, and erected a noble cathedral, which is called the Church of the Resurrection. The pious Helena, too, when growing old in years, undertook a pilgrimage to these holy places, and founded several churches and chapels. She caused excavations on Mount Calvary to be made, and discovered there remains of the crosses used by the cruel

Romans for the crucifixion of their victims. Believing one of these to be the remains of the cross on which Christ died, she brought it back to Europe, and fragments were kept as holy relics by numbers of monast ries and churches.

The desire to pray beside the Holy Sepulcher, to visit the scenes of Christ's sufferings, and the belief that such a pilgrimage would atone for sins committed and open the gates of heaven, led many a man to undertake the terrible journey and brave the perils of the way.

THE PILGRIM'S QUEST

The pilgrim would first kneel before the altar of his church at home, and there receive from the priest a simple robe of coarse black serge, a rosary of beads with which to pray, a slouched hat to shield his face from the sun, a wallet to hold his food, and an iron-shod staff to help him on his way.

Thus equipped, he would wander forth, and if he managed to survive the many dangers on his journey, he would visit the sacred places and pray, lay his rosary on the Holy Sepulcher, and bring it back sanctified by this act, bathe in the River Jordan, where Jesus was baptized, and stitch the cockle-shells from the seashore round his hat. Years afterward, wayworn and old, he would perhaps return to his native place, bearing a faded palm-leaf in his hand to lay upon the altar as a token of his pilgrimage to the sepulcher of Christ.

After the year 1000 the number of these pilgrims increased and they found that it was much safer to travel together in companies for mutual protection on the way. Also when they saw the beautiful silks and carpets, steel and brasswork of the East, they would take money or goods from home and exchange them for the foreign treasures, thereby combining the advantages of a pilgrimage with those of a trading expedition.

When the Arabs took possession of the Holy Land in the seventh century they left the Christian pilgrims in peace to visit their holy places. Indeed the great Charlemagne had made an agreement with the famous Haroun al Raschid, by which, in return for a small tribute, the Caliph undertook that

they should not only remain unmolested, but should be granted protection. The Arabs also aided them in the erection of churches, and of a hospital which was dedicated to Saint John the Baptist. But when Palestine fell into the hands of the Turks, the position of the pilgrims became unbearable. The holy places were plundered and desecrated and the pilgrims themselves not only disturbed in their devotions, but ill treated and robbed, or captured and sold as slaves. Rumors of these abuses soon reached Europe, where it was felt a shameful thing that Jerusalem should remain in the hands of unbelievers.

Pope Gregory VII was justly indignant, and conceived the idea of fitting out an expedition to go and take the city by force from the hands of the Turks, but he was too much occupied with his quarrels with the Emperor Henry IV to make any practical arrangements, and it was left to a simple hermit to rouse Christendom.

PETER THE HERMIT

This man was a Frenchman named Pierre of Amiens, whose name has become familiar to us as Peter the Hermit. In his youth he had been a soldier, but, finding no pleasure in his calling, had exchanged the breastplate for the monk's frock, and had gained a great reputation for holiness by his sanctity of life.

He, too, had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and had been horrified at what he had seen, and at the fearful stories he had heard of the sufferings of Christians at the hands of the Turks. Kneeling in the Church of the Resurrection at Jerusalem and meditating on these things, he heard a voice from heaven which said: "Rise, Peter! Hasten to accomplish the work begun. Declare the sorrows of My people, that they may gain help and the Holy Place freedom from the hands of the unfaithful."

So Peter arose, and came with all speed to Rome, where he was received by Pope Urban II, to whom he told his story. And the Holy Father commended him for his simple pious

life, gave him a blessing on his mission, and letters to various princes, asking them to receive him and listen to his words.

So he traversed Italy and France, haggard and wayworn, barefoot and girt with a rope around his waist, mounted on a sorry ass and holding the crucifix in his hand. And the people ran out to see this strange man, who told the story of his vision and of his interview with Pope Urban, and who preached with such fiery eloquence that he melted his hearers to tears, and they would declare themselves ready to go wherever he chose to lead them.

He was honored as a saint, and happy were those who could press near enough to touch the hem of his garments. Even the hairs of the ass were plucked out and kept as relics of its pious master.

Meanwhile the Eastern Emperor, Alexius, sent a swift messenger to Rome, begging for help, relating the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks upon the Christian pilgrims, and, what proved to be only too true, their determination to fall on Constantinople and take the Eastern Kingdom for their own.

Pope Urban saw that no time was to be lost, so he convoked a meeting at Piacenza in the north of Italy, which was attended by so many people that no building could hold them and he had to speak in the open air.

So moved was the multitude by his words, that a large portion of the assembly made a solemn vow to aid the Eastern Emperor against the enemies of Christendom. Encouraged by their interest, Urban crossed the Alps, and in the year 1095 entered France, summoning the clergy and laity to meet him at a great general council to be held at Clermont in Auvergne.

So great was the enthusiasm roused by the preaching of Peter the Hermit that vast crowds flocked to Clermont to hear the Pope's wishes, and the town could not hold them. All the towns and villages in the neighborhood were crowded, and in spite of the cold November weather, hundreds slept in tents or in the open, refusing to go away.

After the ordinary affairs of the Church had been settled,

Peter the Hermit addressed the vast assembly, describing all he had seen in the Holy Land with fiery eloquence that had a wonderful effect upon his hearers.

Then Pope Urban himself took up the word, pleading so piteously for the cause of Christ and exhorting them so powerfully to wrest the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the infidels, that the multitude burst into one great shout: "It is the will of God! It is the will of God!"

HOW THE CRUSADERS GOT THEIR NAME

Next Bishop Ademar of Puy approached, and, kneeling before the Pope, entreated permission to accompany the expedition to Palestine. He was followed by almost all the clergy and laity present, and each one sewed on his shoulder a cross of red cloth, from which the expedition received the name of Crusade.

After the assembly was dismissed and had departed home, the clergy preached the Crusade in all directions, and the laity told what they had heard and enkindled enthusiasm everywhere.

Forgiveness of sins was promised to all who joined, and hundreds pressed forward in the hope of thus gaining eternal life.

Many serfs took the cross, for in this way they might gain freedom from cruel lords, and debtors saw in the expedition a means of leaving their burdens behind them.

Enthusiasm at length became fanaticism, and signs and wonders abounded throughout the whole of France. Stones fell from heaven, comets and northern lights appeared; one man saw a great city in the sky, another a long road leading eastward, and another a sea of blood. A priest discerned a sword in the heavens, another an army, and a third found warriors fighting with crosses in their hands. It was even rumored that the great Charlemagne had risen from the dead to lead the band in person, and a fever which was devastating the country at the time was called the Holy Fire and was accepted as a punishment for delay in setting out.

In the spring of 1096, Peter the Hermit found himself at the head of a motley multitude, ill armed, ill disciplined, destitute of money, horses, armor or any proper provision for the way, destitute of everything except an unreasoning enthusiasm which would lead them to the death. They crossed the Rhine and entered Germany, where they were received with ridicule by the people, only being joined by the Bishop of Strasburg and the Abbot of Schaffhausen.

Having passed onward into Hungary and Bulgaria, they were fallen upon by the fierce tribes of those countries, plundered and murdered, and of the enormous crowds that set forth, 100,000 men met their deaths without having set eyes on the Holy Land.

Peter the Hermit, with a handful of men, managed to press forward as far as Asia Minor, but being attacked there by the Turks, turned back, and thankfully took refuge in the city of Constantinople.

A second rabble, after having risen and massacred 12,000 Jews because their ancestors had crucified the Lord, met in Hungary the same fate as their predecessors.

THE SECOND CRUSADE

Meanwhile, the expeditions of the serfs and vassals having so miserably failed, the nobles were preparing a band with much more knowledge and forethought, and by the next August they too started on their way. Many eminent men were with them, of whom the most distinguished were Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, his brother Baldwin, Count of Flanders, Hugh de Vermandois, brother of the King of France, Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, and Boemund, Prince of Tarento, who was accompanied by his nephew Tancred, one of the most famous warriors of the age.

This force was a great contrast to the motley rabble who had wandered eastward a few months before. They passed in good order down the River Danube, and the Duke of Lorraine, with 80,000 men, marched safely through Hungary to

Constantinople, where he was met by Hugh de Vermandois with the French force.

Others soon joined them, and altogether they formed an army of 600,000 men, of which Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen as leader.

His gentle piety, courage, and splendid honesty fitted him for this position, and he has ever been renowned as one of the most gallant knights of history. As a youth he had fought for the Emperor Henry IV against his rival Rudolph, and had borne the banner in the fight, with the end of which he had given Rudolph such a mighty blow in the chest that within a few days he had died, and as a reward for this deed the young standard-bearer had been granted lands in Lorraine. The other nobles looked up to him as their chief, for besides his nobility of character he possessed an unusually handsome person and a clever, practical mind.

Alexius, the Eastern Emperor, was somewhat nervous at the approach of so alarming a multitude, and took an oath of allegiance from each leader before he allowed them to take ship for Asia Minor. Here they were joined by Peter the Hermit and his poor remnant, and they stormed the city of Nicæa, famous in church history for its councils.

As they marched southward they took Edessa, which was given to Boemund of Tarento, and then attacked Antioch, which was only captured after fierce resistance on the part of the inhabitants.

No sooner had the Christians taken possession of the city, than an army of Turks appeared, and they in their turn suffered all the horrors of a siege.

Unprovided with food, they were on the point of surrendering, when a monk declared that in a vision he had seen, hidden in one of the ancient churches of the city, the spear that pierced the side of Jesus Christ. Search was made, and an old spear-head was discovered in the indicated spot, and when it was elevated on the ramparts the Crusaders' courage revived. The Archangel Michael, they declared, was distinctly visible fighting in the ranks, and such was the enthusiasm roused by this belief that the Turks were utterly routed,

leaving rich booty in the hands of the victors, and the Christian army swept on to a position within sight of Jerusalem.

Here they fell on their knees and kissed the sacred earth, but a terrible struggle awaited them.

Pestilence and war and the inroads of marauding Turks had miserably reduced their numbers, and Jerusalem was guarded by at least 40,000 men. But from the Mount of Olives, the very scene of our Lord's agony in the Garden, Peter the Hermit addressed the Crusaders, his ancient fire by no means quenched in spite of the hardships he had endured, and with desperate courage, amid cries of "God with us! God willeth it!" they broke through the gates, and Jerusalem was won.

After fearful slaughter of men, women, and children, for all infidels were considered enemies of God, the Crusaders washed the blood-stains from their hands, laid aside their swords, and, bare-headed and barefoot, they formed a procession, and filed into the Church of the Resurrection to give thanks for victory.

After this Boemund was made governor of Edessa and Baldwin governor of Antioch. Godfrey of Bouillon was unanimously elected king of Jerusalem, but he refused to bear the title or to wear a crown of gold in the city where the Saviour had worn a crown of thorns, so he governed Jerusalem under the simple title of protector of the Holy City.

Two years later, worn out by the hardships of the Crusade, the pious Godfrey died, and his brother Baldwin succeeded to his throne.

Peter the Hermit reached Europe in safety and lived eighteen more years to stir men's hearts by his wondrous eloquence.

THE LATER CRUSADES

There were four great Crusades in all, but the later ones were really marauding expeditions, without the unselfish enthusiasm of the first two. We may except from this statement the strange Children's Crusade of 1212, when a shepherd boy, Stephen of Vendôme, bearing a letter which he said he

had received from Jesus Christ himself, proclaimed that the Holy Sepulcher could be redeemed only by innocent children. Nearly 40,000 boys and girls were started on pilgrimage, all of whom were drowned or murdered by pirates or sold into slavery.

In 1517 the Holy Land came into the hands of the Turks, who held it until, in 1917 and 1918, the gallant English General Allenby won it back for Christendom.

The effects of the Crusades on Europe were deep and far-reaching. The religious fervor which they enkindled naturally increased the power of the Church, and since princes and nobles followed the Crusades, bishops and abbots remained at home with extended powers. Thus the results upon the whole were good, since a spirit of true religion and chivalry was developed which contributed to raise the moral tone of society.

The citizens, too, benefited much, since new channels for commerce were opened, and industries introduced which had never existed before.

Adventurous spirits followed in the wake of the armies and obtained much useful knowledge in the preparation of medicines and the healing of wounds, for such things were better understood in the East in those days than in the west of Europe. Eastern furniture and stuffs, Eastern fruits, flowers and spices, Eastern carving, weapons and pottery found their way into Europe, bringing wealth and prosperity to the people.

Thus the cities grew great and flourishing and were able to maintain their own against the encroachments of lawless nobles, which contributed greatly to the safety and consolidation of the land.

THE TROUBADOURS

By GEORGE FOSTER BARNES

PLACED in the broad light of our practical times, the history of those old days when the troubadours flourished seems like a story.

The troubadours were men who made the composition and recitation of poetry a profession. Many of them were actors, and mimics, and jugglers, and the profession was at one time a very lucrative one, its members frequently retiring from business loaded with gold and valuable goods given them by the wealthy people whom they had amused. An old song relates how one of them was paid from the king's own long purse with much gold and "white monie."

To be a troubadour then, was to be a juggler, a poet, a musician, a master of dancing, a conjurer, a wrestler, a performer of sleight-of-hand, a boxer, and a trainer of animals. Their variety of accomplishments is indicated by the figures on the front of a chapel in France, erected by their united contributions. It was consecrated in September, 1335. One of the figures represented a troubadour, one a minstrel, and one a juggler, "each with his various instruments." Like others occupied in a trade or profession at that time and since, they bound themselves into one great society, or "trade union"; and we are told that they had a king. It is certain that they often traveled in companies from place to place in search of employment, and often in midwinter they appeared before the castle gates at nightfall, a group of crimson, and violet, and velvet-black, relieved against the shadowed snow.

HOW TROUBADOURS LIVED

The richer class of troubadours did not travel at this season. They remained at home during the winter and composed,



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL

From a Painting by Alexandre Louis Leloir.

or learned, new verses, and thus prepared themselves for a fresh campaign; and with the first upspringing of the grass they came forth like song birds, flocking joyously from city to city, from castle to castle, with their flutes and rebecs, their wonderful stories of Arthur's Round Table, of wild horses of the forest bearing fair maidens lashed to their backs forever, of towers dragon-guarded.

The life of the wandering troubadour must needs have been one of romance and adventure. Not infrequently did he picture to the life in his lyric some well-known character of the day and the neighborhood; and it followed that if the hero of the song or recital was of a revengeful nature, the troubadour was frequently waylaid and well pounded. It is related of one that while returning from a visit to a certain lord, having reached a deep and dangerous forest, he was suddenly set upon by thieves who haunted these gloomy shades. They took from him his horse, his money, and even his clothing, and were about to kill him, when the captive troubadour begged to be allowed to sing one more song before he died. Obtaining consent, he began to sing most melodiously in praise of thievery and of these particular thieves, whom he so delighted with his sweet compliments and admiration that they "returned him his horse, his money, and everything they had taken from him!"

But there were often pleasanter scenes "under the greenwood tree." Picture to yourself a company of the merry singers, in fantastic array, halted beneath the broad and protecting boughs. Can you not hear the jost go round, the free laugh ring out and echo in the old woodland, as these troubadours, those human songsters, revel in the joy of their out-of-door life, and breathe the healthful airs of the forest? What is the world of war and loss, burning castles and tumbling thrones to them? What but so much material for moving, thrilling song?

These roving minstrels were often of great secret service to armies in time of war, for they could travel where others could not, and many were the momentous missions they undertook. The troubadour was always free to go and come,

a welcome guest, a jolly good fellow. The camp-fires might be burning, armies moving from base to base, but amid the tramp of marching men and the shifting of military posts he was secure in his privilege as a neutral person. As a song, the turning of three somersaults, or a new jest was sufficient password to hostile camps, it naturally followed that he should often be employed as a spy or messenger, penetrating outer lines, and into castles whose gates were closed by armed men.

Imagine him spiritedly reciting some heroic tale to a group of rough and iron-clad warriors—restless soldiers of fortune, who listen to him with savage interest, clinking their swords as an accompaniment to his song. While they make jokes at his expense, they house and feed him. They reward him with curious trinkets taken in battle, a quaint ring, or ancient bracelet, a gem-crusted drinking-cup, which serves to swell his possessions. But the cunning troubadour takes the number of their spears. He spies the secret gates where the men go in and out at night bearing supplies of provisions and arms. He learns the plans for to-morrow's foraging. In short, a song, a simple story, a few amusing tricks, secretly turns the tide of battle, settles the fate of kings and queens.

HOW A SONG BROUGHT ON A WAR

Among the many unhappy queens of merry England, Eleanora of Aquitaine stands in her place. Her reign was full of trouble and misfortune, although Henry the Second was a most peace-loving king of his time. Referring to her ambitious and captive son, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, by the way, was a troubadour, she describes herself in one of her letters to the Pope: "Eleanora, by the wrath of God, Queen of England."

Well, the turbulence of her reign was often due to the war songs of troubadours; for if ever it occurred that her impetuous sons were inclined to a season of peace, the troubadours always broke into their retirement with passionate and boastful *tensons* which urged them to revolt and battle. As the "Marseillaise" has resounded in the streets of Paris

in our time, inspiring men and women with feelings of enthusiasm and reckless valor, so certain subtle recitations of the minstrels roused the insurgent sons of Eleanora to rebellion and deeds of blood. The peace of a kingdom, the ties of kindred, the affairs of state, were overturned by a mere song. Chief of these political troubadours, and a personal friend of these warlike sons of Eleanora, was the Baron Bertrand de Bosn. This French nobleman was a born revolutionist, impetuous, violent, and his verses on the lips of troubadours penetrated England, France, and Spain, exciting passion, distrust, and hatred among high and low. Eleanora herself was the granddaughter of one of the earliest troubadours, whose works have reached down to our day; and many of the songs of that day are addressed to her. One of her troubadour train, after a life of devotion to poetry and romance, became a monk and ended his days amid the sober scenes and subduing influences of an abbey in the Limousin.

Retiring from the world into the bosom of the Church seems to have been a favorite closing act among the troubadours. Many of them did so from ignoble or selfish motives, but some were actuated by religious convictions, no doubt. Great ladies, also, whose beauty had been made famous by the troubadours, frequently sought in the end peaceful nunneries from which they never came forth again.

Many of the productions of the troubadours contained from fifteen to twenty thousand verses, and therefore required much time in the delivery, especially as they were accompanied by music.

HOW POETS-LAUREATE CAME TO BE

When one performer became weary, another took his place, and thus continued the linked sweetness to an almost endless length. The troubadour was a reformer of manners and the creator of many pleasing offices, some of which exist to this day. For instance: In the reign of Eleanor of Provence, queen of England, we have our first glimpse of a poet-laureate; and the office since become so glorious with song, undoubtedly sprung out of the literary tastes of the Provençal queen, who

was herself a singer, and had been surrounded in her youth by troubadours and minstrels. But this kindly harboring of troubadours came near being the death of the king, her husband; for one night a gentleman known as "a mad poet" was so well used in the hall that he got into high spirits and amused the royal household by "joculating for their entertainment, and singing some choice minstrelsy." But he seems all the while to have had another end in view, for at a convenient moment he crept into the king's bedchamber armed with a very sharp knife which he plunged into the royal couch. Fortunately the king was not there, and although the mad poet called loudly for Henry, demanding that he show himself and be killed, the search was in vain. The poor poet had to pay for this attempt, being executed at Coventry.

THE LAST MINSTREL

For many years the troubadours continued to sing at ancient windows and in lordly halls. But their numbers gradually grew less, until few were left of all that happy profession. As times grew more peaceful, and pleasanter occupations increased, the romance of chivalry, the wild legendry of feudal courts and fields waned in interest for the people, until only an occasional stroller was seen, no more in princely dress, slowly traveling along some lonely road in quest of such warmth or comfort as a charitable or inquisitive person might give him by listening to his worn-out songs. Instead of receiving a cloak of cloth of silver inwoven with gold as a reward, he was content with a bed of straw. There is much pathos in those lines of Walter Scott which describe the last minstrel as forsaken by all except an orphan boy:

The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS *

By ELLA M. POWERS

LONG, long ago, some good people lived in the little town of Scrooby, in England. They wished to worship God in their own way. They wished for freedom to do what they thought was right. These people were called Puritans. Many of the English people did not treat these Puritans kindly. They called them by harsh names.

Even the king persecuted them. He said they must go to his church. He said all who would not go to his church must be put in prison. This made the Puritans very unhappy, and they said, "We cannot live here." And so they decided to move to some other country.

In 1607 they left their pretty homes and went to the country of Holland. They lived in the city of Leyden. But what a queer country Holland seemed to be to those boys and girls! The children laughed to see the rows and rows of great flapping windmills which pump the water and grind the grain for the people in that land.

How strange it seemed to live on land that was below the level of the sea, too! The high walls that kept the ocean from overflowing the land were a source of wonder to the children. Sometimes the children would go with their fathers to see the Dutch people who lived on canal boats. Some of the Dutch eat, sleep, work, and even have their gardens on canal boats.

HOMESICK IN HOLLAND

Although the Dutch people treated the English kindly, the people from England said, "If we stay here many years longer

*Used by permission of the F. A. Owen Publishing Co., Dansville, N. Y.

our little boys and girls will be speaking Dutch, and we shall all have their manners, ideas, and feelings."

Then some of the brave men said, "Let us go across the ocean to the new land called 'America.' Let us live in a country that shall be our own."

Others said, "Oh, think of the long journey! What perils and dangers there will be in sailing so far! Do you think our children and our wives are strong enough to take such a long, rough trip?"

Others said, "Even if we all live to reach that land, who is there to greet us in America? There will be no one to welcome us. No friends, no food, no white people. We shall be ruined, and famine, disease, and death will come to us."

But William Bradford, and many others said, "God will take care of us. We will go." How brave and full of courage they were!

"But think of the Indians," said one of the boys. "They may try to kill us and burn our homes."

Then William Brewster said, "God will surely take care of all His children. All things that are great are difficult to do. So let us be brave and trust that all will be well."

Then they began to make their plans for their long and wonderful journey across the wide ocean.

Several of the men sold their property in Leyden. With this money they helped to buy a ship called "Speedwell," and oh, what a rickety old ship it proved to be!

The little ship Speedwell was bought and fitted up in Holland; and another, called the "Mayflower," was hired in London.

So in July, 1620, this little band of Pilgrims, who had lived in Holland for seventeen years, went to Delft Haven. Here was the ship "Speedwell" ready to receive them.

After many prayers they said goodby to their friends. How fast their hearts beat as the sails were hoisted! With tearful eyes, but brave hearts, the little company sailed forth upon the water.

Soon they reached Southampton, where they found the

other ship, called the "Mayflower," with the rest of the company who were to sail with them in that ship to America.

On August 5, 1620, the two ships set sail for the unknown country.

A LONG OCEAN VOYAGE

The ships had sailed not more than one hundred miles when one of the sailors on the "Speedwell" cried out, "Our ship is leaking! We must go back! We must go back! Our ship will sink!"

The men saw that they must take back the "Speedwell," so they sailed back to England.

The little ship "Mayflower" was not large enough to carry all, so twenty of the people were left behind. One hundred of the brave and determined ones were now aboard the "Mayflower," and once again, on the 6th day of September, 1620, the sails were hoisted and the one solitary vessel sailed away.

Little Mary Allerton and some of the other children would sometimes come up on the deck of the ship and watch the great waves, catch sight of the fish, or watch the swift flying clouds.

After a little time they grew very tired of being shut up in the cabin of the ship. They longed to be on land and see the trees, birds, and flowers.

Then the days began to grow cold; the stormy weather came. The sky was dark and the little ship was tossed up and down on the huge waves.

The angry sea washed over the deck and the cabins were flooded with water. Suddenly, in the furious blasts, the main beam of the ship broke. But one of the men had brought an iron screw from Holland and the beam was mended.

The faces of the women and children grew white with fear, for they felt that the little ship would surely be engulfed. But the brave, strong men did not lose hope. They told the others that they were already more than half way to America and that God would surely take them in safety across the sea.

When the storm became more furious, they were obliged to take down sails and to anchor for several days. They were crowded almost to suffocation in the little cabin. The children huddled together and listened with frightened faces to the shrieking blasts as they howled through the rigging of the ship.

One day during the storm, John Howland was thrown from the deck of the ship into the sea. He caught hold of the topsail halliards which hung overboard. Some of the men threw out a boat hook and some ropes and he was saved.

THE "MAYFLOWER" BABY

One day, when Mary Allerton and Mary Chilton were looking far out over the waters, someone said: "Oh! what do you think is down in the cabin? You cannot think. There is a little baby down there."

Away went the girls, and, sure enough, there was a little child—a dear little boy baby—that had come to them. They were a long time trying to find a name for that wonderful baby. But after several names were suggested, they said, "We will call this boy baby 'Oceanus.' This means 'ocean,' and it is just the name for him. We shall always remember that he was born on the ocean."

This was not the only baby that was born on the ship, oh, no! for, just before the Pilgrims landed, another baby came to them. This baby was named "Peregrine." What a funny name that was for a little boy, but there were a great many funny names in those old days. Peregrine means "wanderer."

Now there were two little babies to love and care for, little Oceanus Hopkins and little Peregrine White. Everyone on that little ship had a kind word and a loving arm for those two babies.

One cold day in November, after many long weary weeks of sailing, a voice was heard crying out, "Land, land!" How swiftly and eagerly everyone on board that little vessel rushed up on deck to get once more a sight of land!

How thankful everyone was to see the land after being so shut up and huddled together for so many long weeks! How good it seemed to think of being somewhere else than in that dark, cold, and crowded cabin! With full hearts they thanked God.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

"This is not Virginia," said Mary Allerton's father. "We were to reach the coast of Virginia, but here is ice and snow and it is bitter cold on this northern coast."

"Yes," said William Brewster, "we are much farther north than Virginia," and the good man looked far out over the waters of the harbor, in which great cakes of ice were floating.

It was Cape Cod Bay where the little ship had come on that cold morning in November of 1620.

Some of the children came up on the deck of the little ship, but the winds were so keen and sharp that they were glad to go below again into the cabin. Many others were too weary and worn and sick to even walk upon the deck and see the new land to which they had come.

Light-hearted Mary Chilton said gayly, "Well, even if this is not Virginia, methinks it will be a fine thing to step one's foot again on solid land."

"Bravely said," replied William Bradford; "we will soon have comfortable homes along this shore in some suitable place."

"Let us make our homes here, where God has led us," said Love Brewster's father.

How the strong waves dashed up, and how the spray from the water beat against them! But these brave-hearted people had been on the rough sea so long that they did not mind the cold.

Some of the boys came up on the deck, and they saw the great forest trees waving to and fro along the shore. They saw the snow piled up on the ground. They saw that the sky was cold and gray and the shore was bleak and barren.

Almost all the Pilgrims were cold and hungry. Day by day their little stock of food had grown less and less. They

dared not eat as much as they wished because they feared a day might come when there would be nothing to eat.

At first the Pilgrims decided to live upon the ship until the men should land and find a suitable place for homes.

Parties of men took a boat and skirted along the shore to find a landing-place.

How dreary and bare everything looked! Not a house, not a person! Only the great forests in front of them and the great ocean behind them.

And yet there were some people in that deep, dark forest. There were savage tribes of Indians. Captain Standish and some of the other men were well armed and ready for any Indians who might attack them.

THE FIRST INDIANS

One morning, just after they had finished eating their breakfast on the beach, they suddenly heard a great yell, and looking up saw that some Indians were upon them.

A flight of arrows fell among them and they saw that thirty or forty Indians were ready to fight with them.

Brave Miles Standish, their captain, was ever ready to guard himself and his men, and he at once fired upon the band of savages. The Indians were very much afraid of the gunpowder which the white men used and ran away as fast as they could.

Miles Standish picked up some of those arrows which the Indians had fired at them and found them headed with brass and horn.

While a few of the men were away trying to find a good landing-place, the mothers were busy. In fact, these Pilgrim mothers were always busy. The mothers said, "While the ship is at anchor here, and while some of the men are away, let us have a washing day." They had seen that there was a little pond of fresh water not far from the shore and here was just the place to have a fine washing.

"Yes, oh, yes!" said the mothers, "it is quite time that we have a good wash day."

So all the clothes that needed to be washed, and all the tubs, were brought forth. The men helped to fill the tubs and rowed the party to the shore.

That was a fine wash day to be sure. The men built fires after they had chopped down wood. Then they filled the great kettles with water and hung them on long poles over the fires.

Soon the water was steaming hot, and the women, like so many gypsies, were washing away as if they had never known anything better. With sleeves rolled up they scrubbed and scrubbed until all the clothes were white and clean.

Out on the shore they hung the clothes which were soon dry and sweet and clean with the sun and fresh air.

"How good it does seem to have this proper washing day!" said Priscilla Mullens. "And what a fine thing it is to run about on land once more," added Mary Chilton.

THE LANDING AT PLYMOUTH

After a time the men came back and said they had found a good place for a landing. This was at a place now called Plymouth.

On December 21, 1620, the one hundred brave Pilgrims were rowed from their ship to the land. Mary Chilton and John Alden were the first of the young people to spring out upon Plymouth Rock. How glad they were to be once again on land!

The two babies and many others lived upon the ship until the men had time to build homes for them.

Among all the little Pilgrim children, there were eight little girls, and such queer names as they all had! What would we think if in these days we should meet a little girl named "Remember," or meet another child called "Resolved"?

BUILDING HOMES

Such a dreary Christmas as that was to the little Pilgrim boys and girls in 1620. There were no presents, no merry-making, no comforts, no cheer.

Their fathers were too busy talking about where the little settlement should be, to think very much about Christmas. They said, "We must first build a house large enough for many of us to live in, and a little later every man shall build a home for himself and his family."

So these brave, earnest, hard-working men began at once to chop down the trees and make a large, rough shed-fort. This was very hard work.

In those days there were the forest trees, to be sure; but no sawmills to make the trees into boards. There were shells, sand, and clay for mortar, but no brick-kilns where the clay is burned into bricks. There was granite, but no way of using it. No sawmills, no brick-kilns, no granite workers, but these Pilgrims had something better than all these with them. They had strong, ready, and willing hands to wield the broad-ax and cut the great trees, and manfully each one went to work.

Even the boys were eager and glad to work when they could. They helped to strip the bark from the trees. This bark was used for the roofs of the houses.

The boys, too, could bring wood for the fires that had to be built along the shore that the men might not freeze during those bitter cold days.

Even though the fires were kept burning on the coast, these men were daily out in the cold, chopping down the trees in the forest. Often they were nearly frozen and many grew sick.

THE TERRIBLE WINTER

Others worked on diligently, although they were almost too weak to stand, and so the days passed on.

Each day they learned of more in their little band who were too ill to work, too ill to sit up, too ill to speak.

There were no delicate little foods to nourish the sick ones, no skilled nurses, no comfortable homes for the sick and dying.

At one time all the members of that little band, except seven, were ill. How sad were those days, as these few who

were well went from one friend to another trying to nurse them back to health.

Before spring had come, fifty-one of their number had died.

Those who were left, with greater energy and toil, must now work for the building up of the little colony.

With sad, but brave hearts, they worked on building their log huts. At times, these little homes, when half built, would be nearly buried in the deep snowdrifts. At other times, when the men would start forth to hunt or to fish, they found the snow too deep for hunting or the ice too thick for fishing.

As the days began to lengthen and the weather became warmer, many of the rough, little log huts were finished and ready for the loved ones.

A great platform had been built, and upon this there had been mounted five cannon which the Pilgrims had brought with them on the "Mayflower."

In many cases several families had to live under one roof and often in one large room—except the children who climbed a little ladder that led to a loft at the top of the house where they slept.

HOW THEY KEPT WARM

There were no stoves nor furnaces in those early days and the house was warmed by a great fireplace. It was little comfort, too, at times, that these fireplaces gave; for if one sat in front of them his face would almost blister with the heat; and if one sat back in the room, he was soon shivering with the cold.

But the fireplaces were all that the little children could have for warming their stinging fingers and cold feet. Many a time the boys would crowd about one of those great fireplaces that extended across one side of their homes, and they would tell stories of some wild Indian that had been seen that day or some wild animal in the dense, dark forest that had been killed.

Here, in the fireplace the great backlog would crackle from morning until night. During the day the great kettle hung

from a stout stick that was over the fire. In this kettle the Pilgrim mothers cooked their food.

At night, the fire was covered with ashes in order to keep it until morning. In those days there were no matches, and if the fire went out one of the boys was often sent out to a neighbor's house for some coals.

On the floors was scattered clean, hard, dry sand, and for windows the Pilgrims used waxed paper or linen.

The boys helped to make some of the furniture for their log huts. Soon, many a boy learned how to make a table, a little stool, or a chair.

To be sure, they did not look much like the furniture that we would buy to-day at our stores, but we must remember they had no stores then and the boys did their best. No boy can do better than his best, and those mothers were very glad for the tables and chairs that these good, noble boys made.

By springtime, when the birds were all back and the days brought sunshine and warmth, there were seven houses finished and twenty-six acres of land cleared. Never was a spring more welcome.

INDIAN NEIGHBORS

After the houses were built, the Pilgrims built a high fence, or stockade, around their little village. This was to keep the wild beasts away and to better protect themselves from the savage tribes of Indians.

Bears, wolves, and many other wild animals lived in the woods and the children never wandered alone much farther than the little brook that flowed not far distant from the houses.

Back of the log huts, the forest trees stretched for miles. The only people who lived in that forest were Indians, and nobody knew how long the Indians had lived there.

The Indians lived in wigwams. These wigwams were a kind of tent made of long poles and covered with bark, boughs, or skins. The Indians could easily take down these wigwams and move about from one place to another.

During the bleak, cold days of the winter, the Indians lived

in some quiet, protected spot in the deep forest. When the warm days of spring came they took down their wigwams and moved to open fields where they could plant their corn. As the summer days ended they went to some good hunting ground.

Once, the Indians, painted gay and with feathers, came very near their little village, but suddenly turned and ran away. "Have they gone to get more Indians to come and attack us?" said the anxious mothers.

"We will protect you and the children; do not fear," said their brave captain, Miles Standish. "Our muskets are always ready, you know, and the Indians have no muskets. They very much fear our firearms."

THE VISIT OF SAMOSET

Weeks passed and no more Indians were seen. One forenoon in March, the men were holding a sort of town meeting in the common house, when suddenly there appeared at the door a tall, straight, copper-colored Indian.

He was dressed in very little else than his finest feathers and his most gorgeous paint. His painted face glistened in the sunlight. In his hand was a bow nearly as tall as he, and a tomahawk was in his girdle.

Like all the other Indians, he wore his coarse straight black hair cut square across his forehead in front, and his hair at the back of his head hung down long, and three eagle's feathers stuck out from it.

One of the Pilgrims who was speaking at the time the Indian appeared, stopped short in his address. He looked at the strange sight. Some of the other men quickly put their hands on their muskets to be ready to defend themselves.

The Indian looked about him for a moment in silence and then, with a grunt of approval, he said: "Welcome, welcome Englishmen!" How relieved those men felt to hear such words as these and they wondered where he could have learned to speak English. The men did not wait long to discuss

that matter then, but they at once said, "Welcome, welcome, Indian!"

Then the Indian, whose name was Samoset, gave another grunt of entire satisfaction and decided to stay awhile with his new friends.

Samoset then told them in his broken English that he had learned a few words from some fishermen who had come to the coast several years before. Then he told them of the plague that had swept off great numbers of Indians four years before and that they were far less powerful now than they had been. Samoset told them also of Massasoit, their great and powerful chief, who lived many miles away through the forest.

All this was very interesting to the Pilgrims, who were much surprised to have such a guest among them.

The Pilgrims well knew that they must not in any way displease this visitor, but that they must do all they could for his pleasure and comfort.

John Alden brought him something to drink and another of the men made him a present of some beads which he thought were very gorgeous. Governor Carver gave to Samoset a cloak, which he threw over his shoulders with a grunt of satisfaction.

As night came on he had evidently decided to stay. He walked about the little village. At one house he was given a biscuit, at another he ate a piece of duck, at a third he had some cheese and at another he was made happy by a plate of pudding. Surely this was a very good place for an Indian like him and he seemed to be well satisfied with all that he saw.

So Samoset stayed all night. You may be sure that the Pilgrims did not sleep much that night. They kept a close watch over Samoset—"For," they said, "who knows but what his tribe will steal upon us this very night and kill all of us?"

But the night passed quietly and all were safe. In the morning the mothers cooked for him the best breakfast they knew how to cook, and, after the men had given him a knife,

a bracelet, and a ring, Samoset left them. He seemed to be quite pleased with all that he had seen.

SAMOSET BRINGS HIS FRIENDS

The men, women, and children were happy when he had left them and they hoped he would not come again.

But what do you think did happen? Just two days later Samoset was back again and he had five Indians with him this time. The five Indian warriors were dressed in deer skin robes, bright leggins, and moccasins. They were adorned with their gayest paint, their longest feathers, and their best strings of beads.

Of course these five warriors must have fine things to eat and drink, and they must have some fine presents too.

After they had eaten and had been kindly received, they formed a circle and danced a weird feast-dance. They made barbarous sounds and wild gestures, and when it was all over they offered their deer skins to the Pilgrims.

The Pilgrims sent Samoset for Massasoit when they saw that they could not politely ask the Indians to leave. They knew that if Samoset went for Massasoit, he would be away from them for some time, at least, and this seemed the best plan to carry out and still be polite to the Indians.

The great chief at length came. He was a taller, stronger, and braver Indian than any they had yet seen. Never before had they seen such feathers and such gay paint.

Massasoit was given a copper chain with a jewel in it and he received all the attention that the Pilgrims could give.

He looked at their homes, at the women, at their cannon, and he even looked at the babies. He called the babies "No brave" and "paleface papoose."

After this, he went to the governor's house, and, on a green rug and some cushions, he smoked the pipe of peace with the governor and promised not to harm the Pilgrims as long as he should live. Massasoit and his Indians kept this promise as long as Massasoit lived.

THANKSGIVING DAY

In the autumn of 1622, the Pilgrims said, "God has led us safely and provided for us. He has given to us blessings and peace and plenty. Let us appoint a day for thanks. It shall be a Thanksgiving Day."

So a day of thanksgiving and feasting was appointed. Every one resolved to do his best to make this time a merry and a happy time for all.

"Just think of it!" cried Mary Allerton, "Two or three days, mayhap, of feasting and games and merry-making!" and she put her arms around her sister, Remember, and whirled her about the little room.

"Whence this unseemly mirth? Not so sprightly, children, not so sprightly!" said Elder Brewster as he stepped inside the house at that moment.

Men were sent to the woods to hunt for choice game and to bring home wild turkey and deer in great quantity. Other men were sent out fishing. The children went down on the shore to dig for clams. The mothers baked and cooked all the good things they could think of—bread, pies, cakes, and puddings.

Love Brewster, Wrestling Brewster, the Allerton children, with Desire Minter and some of the men, went to gather golden pumpkins, wild grapes, and plums.

King Massasoit and some of his braves had been invited and they all came. On the day appointed, at sunrise, the people of the little village were startled by terrific war whoops and Indian shrieks.

At once they knew that their invited Indian guests had come. The Indians received a truly royal welcome from Miles Standish, who was up early to fire the sunrise gun.

A FEAST FOR A KING

Massasoit and his ninety brave warriors were there in all the gayest paint, robes, and feathers they had. How the

children did stare at the sight! As soon as the children heard the noise of the Indians, they were up and dressed, and like Massasoit, were ready for all the good things that the great day promised.

After breakfast, the roll of the drum called the people to church. Every one, even the babies, like little Peregrine, went to church. Elder Brewster had a special sermon that morning and it was longer than ever. The little folks, like Desire and Love and Remember, grew very impatient before that sermon was over, and we cannot blame them.

After church, great out-door fires were started for cooking the viands that had been prepared. These were cooked in kettles hung over the fires.

Back and forth the young girls ran from the fires to the tables that had been set.

Long rows of wooden bowls were soon filled with steaming hot clam chowder. Then there were biscuits, vegetables, oysters, and fish—all cooked in the most appetizing manner.

After this came the roast turkey and the deer meat. Then, among other good things Priscilla had made a famous salad and the edge of the dish was all garnished with bright autumn leaves.

Great baskets of grapes and plums followed the pies and puddings and it is not strange that the Indians never enjoyed a dinner so much in all their lives.

It certainly was a grand feast. The Indians evidently thought so, for they ate all these things with the greatest relish and satisfaction.

After the table was cleared, the Indians brought forth a bag and in it was a bushel of popped corn. This they poured out on the table and never before had the children eaten this. How beautiful the snowy white mass looked to them!

After the feasting was over, the Indians engaged in shooting-matches with their bows and arrows.

Then there were some military exercises which Captain Standish had planned for the occasion. The Indians were asked to sit down on the ground in a circle.

With a blare of trumpets, a roll of drums, and a waving

of banners the little military company proudly marched down the hill.

The Indians were at first much interested, but they became quite terrified when, at intervals, Captain Standish gave the order for the company to fire their muskets. Once, when the time came, and the cannon from the top of the hill roared out suddenly, it struck terror to their very souls.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mary Chilton, "our Captain likes a good joke now as well as he did in the days when he served the queen in a foreign garrison."

The Indians formed a hunting party and brought home five deer to the colonists.

The feast lasted three days and when the great chief left he said, "God loves his white children best."



PERILS OF THE PURITANS

THE PURITANS AND THE INDIANS

By JOHN FINNEMORE

THE earliest settlers in New England had to face bad times ere they struck root into the new soil and prospered. But they never once thought of looking back, and their strong arms and brave hearts made little of toil and difficulties. Their homes were of the simplest sort—log cabins built around a little wooden church, which often also served as a fort, and perhaps they ran a strong palisade about the whole. They were sure to build the latter defense if there were hostile Indians in the neighborhood.

As fresh bands of settlers poured in, and their numbers grew, plans for a new settlement would be made. In spring a band of adventurers would set forth, with, as a rule, a minister at their head. Men, women, and children, they journeyed into the wilderness, marching day by day until they came to some pleasant place which struck their fancy, or reached some point to which they believed that Providence had led them. Here they pitched their camp, and went to work. Soon they had built a hut for each family, and to each man was assigned a piece of land to till. The wooden church was erected, and often upon its tower were placed two or three cannon as a defense against the wild enemies who lurked in the forests. From these tiny beginnings sprang many of the great New England towns of to-day.

As time went on the country about these townships became greatly changed. The woods vanished, and forest glades became cornfields. Roads ran from farm to farm, bridges crossed the stream, houses began to appear in places where the Indian had put up his wigwam, and the red man was slowly forced farther and farther back into the trackless wilderness.

During the first years of the infant colonies there was peace with the Indians. But before long the Indians began to grow uneasy and restless. They saw the white man spreading over the land, and they grew angry at the loss of their hunting-grounds. The early settlers bought great tracts of land from the natives, but very often the price given was a mere trifle. A man bought enough land for a large farm in exchange for a blanket, a few yards of cloth, or a looking-glass. As one writer remarks: "We find one Brimble paying for six hundred acres three blankets, twelve bottles of drink, and four double-handfuls of powder and shot. The twenty-two thousand acres of New York City, included in Manhattan Island, only brought the Indian owners about twenty-four dollars in the year 1626; a township in Maine was purchased for a hogshead of corn and thirty pumpkins; and an extensive tract in Woodbury, Connecticut, was long called Kettletown, from the fact that it was bought for a brass kettle."

The Pilgrim Fathers had their Indian troubles. Once an Indian chief sent to William Bradford, the Governor, a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake. The Governor knew that this was a threat of war. He quietly took the arrows from the skin, filled the latter with powder and bullets, and sent it back. The chief saw that his meaning was well understood, and that the Governor was ready for him, so he left the whites alone.

Some years later the Puritans of Massachusetts had trouble with a powerful tribe of Indians known as the Pequots. The Pequots murdered some New England sailors and traders, and in 1636 Captain Endicott led a force against them and burned some of their villages. In the next year an able leader, Captain Mason, took the Pequots utterly by surprise and completely destroyed them, and for nearly forty years New England had peace.

KING PHILIP'S WAR

Then came the most terrible struggle with the Indians that the settlers ever knew. In 1675 broke out King Philip's War.

Philip was the name given by the English to a great Indian chief who formed a deep plan. He hated the white men, and he longed to drive them back across the sea whence they had come, and to turn their thriving farms and fruitful orchards once more into Indian hunting-grounds. To do this he sought to form all the Indian tribes into one powerful body, which he would launch without one word of warning upon the English foe.

But there was no surprise. A friendly Indian brought word of the plan which was afoot, and the settlers prepared themselves to meet the attack. The war began, and it proved a most dreadful business for the infant colony. It lasted a year, the most terrible year that Massachusetts had ever known.

Night and day the Indian terror reigned. The settler lay down to sleep in his log-hut not knowing whether he would awake to the sound of the Indian war-whoop, and see the light of the torch which would set his dwelling ablaze. He left his home and knew not whether he would get back alive, or, if he did, would find his home and family safe. The forest-ways swarmed with the painted Indian braves, and band after band of settlers was cut off and destroyed to the last man. Village after village was taken by surprise or assault, and not a soul escaped. Those who were not killed out of hand were dragged away into captivity; the houses were plundered and set aflame.

This war lasted until August, 1676, when it was ended by the death of Philip, who was killed by an Indian deserter. His head was carried to Plymouth and there set on a gibbet, as a proof that the great enemy of the settlers was destroyed. But the rejoicings for victory were darkened by deep and bitter sorrows. All the outlying settlements had been destroyed; many hundreds of dwellings lay in ashes; and one-tenth of the able-bodied men of the colony, the flower of her manhood, had fallen before the Indian enemy.

HOW CRAFT MET CRAFT

Many wonderful and interesting stories are told of the struggles of the settlers with their wily foe. Cunning as the Indian was, the white man soon learned to be as cunning as he, and met the red man with his own weapons. The forest scouts would often fasten broad green leaves over their caps and leathern jackets, and thus take post among the bushes to watch the savages, themselves unseen. One man painted and dressed himself to look like a native warrior, and in this guise ventured into their haunts and gathered much useful information. On his way back to the camp, he met a couple of braves, who stopped him and began to talk. But he knew very little of the Indian speech, and saw that he would be found out. So he made a sudden attack upon them and slew them, and took their scalps back at his belt.

When the house of one Thomas Bideford was attacked, he defended it alone. His house stood beside a river, and he sent his wife and family away in a boat. The savages came, found the house strongly fortified, and called upon the garrison to surrender. But Thomas Bideford played with them finely. He appeared at one window with a hat and no coat, at another window with a coat and no hat. Then he ran and changed the hat, next he changed the coat. Sometimes he bore a musket, sometimes a pike. He shouted orders in one voice, answered himself in another voice, and, in short, so convinced the savages that the house was full of men that they gave up hope of a successful attack and marched away.

WOMEN UNAFRAID

The women were just as bold and brave as the men. Some women were boiling soap when a band of Indians made a sudden raid on the village. The women ran with their pans of soap to the shelter of the church, and blew horns to alarm their husbands working in the fields. The Indians tried to

break into the building, and the women poured the boiling soap over them and kept them at bay until the men came running home.

At another village, which was enclosed by a stockade, the men were drawn off by a false alarm that a neighboring place was in danger. While the men were away, a great band of howling braves swept down on the place. But the women were far from being daunted. They seized guns and manned the stockade, arranged their hair so that they appeared like men, and kept up so brisk and galling a fire that the savages were beaten off and fled, with heavy loss. Nor were the hardy women of the settlements to be despised in a hand-to-hand fight. There was a stalwart frontiers'-woman named Experience Bogarth, who took her share in a desperate battle where the Indians tried to force an entrance into a house. She planted herself in the doorway, and held it against all comers, slaying three of her Indian foes with a broad-ax.

In this warfare with the Indians many white captives were taken and dragged into the wilds. Their fate was often too dreadful for words, and their sufferings beyond description. Those died easiest who fell by the way, too weary to drag another step after their savage captors, for they were slain by a blow from a tomahawk and their bodies flung aside among the trees. But many were kept alive until the home of the tribe was reached, there to die by dreadful and lingering tortures. In many and many a New England home there was an empty place, and the rest of the family knew that one of their circle was in the hands of the Indians, and the knowledge that they would never know aught of the captive's fate was a black shadow hanging over the family life.

THE STORY OF HANNAH DUSTIN

Now and again captives escaped and made their way back to their friends, and the stories of these escapes formed the romance of colonial life. The most famous of them all was the escape of the noted Hannah Dustin, who was seized with many others in a great Indian raid. Her infant child was

killed by the savages, and Mrs. Dustin herself, with another white woman and boy, handed over to a band of Indians. These Indians and their captives camped one night on an island in a river. Hannah waited till they were asleep; then she arose, armed herself and her companions with hatchets, slew the Indians, ten in number, and left the camp. They had started for home when it occurred to them that no one would believe without evidence that they had done such a deed. So they returned and took the scalps of the fallen enemy. Next they broke holes into all the canoes save one, and in this they escaped down the river and gained their native place.

STORIES OF FAMOUS MEN



THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ARRANGED BY THE EDITORS

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

—VACHEL LINDSAY.

LINCOLN was a boy among boys. He was full of animal spirits. He delighted in childish pranks. He liked to play. He had his favorite swimming hole, like other boys.

Abe's neighbors said he was lazy. Abe himself once said that "his father taught him to work, but he never learned him to love it." Often while working on a neighbor's farm he would gather the men about the stump which he was trying to uproot, and in his droll manner tell them a story. This story-telling habit Lincoln never lost, and later in his life, when he was plunged in the depths of his country's misery and despair, he himself said that it was his one safety valve which prevented him from going insane.

But there was something going on in the mind of this tall, gaunt boy which made a neighbor once stop when he passed Abe sitting on a rail fence, and say to his son: "Mark my word, John, that boy will make a great man of himself some day."

Many tales are told of the physical strength of Lincoln. When fourteen years old he was over six feet tall, lank, and wiry, "as strong as an ox"; and the farmers used to say to one another: "Abe Lincoln can carry a load three ordinary men can hardly lift." And one time, so the story runs, young Lincoln, "seeing three or four men preparing 'sticks on which to carry some huge posts,' relieved them of all further trouble by shouldering the posts alone and carrying them to the place where they were wanted."

"Abe never gave Nancy no trouble," said old Dennis Hanks, cousin to Lincoln's mother, "after he could walk, excep' to keep him in clothes. Most o' the time we went bar'foot. Ever wear a wet buckskin glove? Them moccasins wasn't no putection ag'inst the wet; birch bark with hickory bark soles, strapped on over yarn socks, beat buckskin all holler, fur snow. Abe 'n' me got purty handy contrivin' things that way. An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crik, settin' traps fur rabbits an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts with Tom an' me an' the dogs, follerin' up bees to find bee trees, an' drappin' corn fur his pappy. Mighty interestin' life fur a boy, but thar was a good many chances he wouldn't live to grow up."

The Lincoln family, of course, lived very simply. The little boy had only the plainest food to eat, and not too much of that.

The children went to bed almost as early as the birds. Abe climbed up to his low loft overhead by means of pegs driven into the logs, instead of stairs. He slept on a bed of leaves, very much as the birds sleep. He grew up, breathing in the health and strength of the pure air around him, just as the wild creatures that he learned to know nearly as well as we know the horses, chickens, and household pets about our homes to-day.

In this way Abraham Lincoln began in his early days to gather and store up the health and strength he needed for the great toils and tasks of his later life.

All through life Lincoln maintained this strength of body, without which no man or boy can accomplish great things. When out among the farmers one day, seeking votes, when running for the state legislature, he was told by the men in the harvest field that they would not vote for a man who could not "hold his own with the cradle." Abe took hold of the scythe, cut the widest swath, and distanced all the farmers, gaining, it is said, by this feat no less than thirty votes.

Still later in life, when at Washington, even during the most critical periods of the Civil War, Lincoln would take his usual long walks, thus keeping at par his robust constitution

and maintaining at its maximum capacity the physical machinery which a sturdy mother and a kind Nature gave him at birth.

What books Lincoln read, he remembered and digested. What learning he acquired by his own efforts, he made use of in a practical way.

Let Dennis Hanks again tell the story, as he has told it in *The American Magazine*.

"I reckon it was thinkin' o' Nancy," says Dennis Hanks, "an' things she'd said to him that started Abe to studyin' that next Winter. He could read an' write, Nancy an' me'd l'arnt him that much, an' he'd gone to school a spell, but it was nine mile there an' back, an' a pore make-out fur a school anyhow. Tom said it was a waste o' time, an' I reckon he was right. But Nancy kep' urg'in' Abe. 'Abe,' she'd say, 'you l'arn all you kin, an' be some account,' an' she'd tell him stories about George Washington, an' say that Abe had jist as good Virginny blood in him as Washington. Maybe she stretched things some, but it done Abe good.

"Well, me'n Abe spelled through Webster's spellin' book twict before he got tired. Then he tuk to writin' on the puncheon floor, the fence rails an' the wooden fire-shovel, with a bit o' charcoal. We got some wrappin' paper over to Gentryville, an' I made ink out o' blackberry-briar root an' copperas. It et the paper into holes. Got so I could cut good pens out o' turkey buzzard quills. It pestered Tom a heap to have Abe writin' all over everything, but Abe was jist wrapped up in it.

"His stepmother wasn't thar very long before she found out how Abe hankered after books. She heerd him talkin' to me, I reckon. 'Denny,' he'd say, 'the things I want to know is in books. My best friend's the man who'll git me one.'

"Well, books wasn't as plenty as wild cats, but I got him one by cuttin' cordwood. Abe'd lay on his stummick by the fire an' read out loud to me an' Aunt Sairy, an' we'd laugh when he did, though I reckon it went in at one ear an' out at the other with 'er, as it did with me. Tom'd come in an' say: 'See here, Abe, your mother kain't work with you a-botherin' her like that,' but Aunt Sairy always said it didn't

bother her none, an' she'd tell Abe to go on. I reckon that encouraged Abe a heap.

"'Abe,' sez I, many a time, 'them yarns is all lies.'

"'Mighty darned good lies,' he'd say, an' go on readin' an' chucklin' to hisself, till Tom'd kiver up the fire fur the night an' shoo him off to bed.

"I reckon Abe read that book ("Arabian Nights") a dozen times an' knowed all the yarns by heart. He didn't have nothin' much else to read, excep' Aunt Sairy's Bible. He cut four cords o' wood onct to git one stingy little slice of a book. It was a life o' Washington; an' he'd lay over the Statoots [Statutes] o' Indiany half the night.

"We'd git hold o' a newspaper onct in a while, an' Abe l'arnt Henry Clay's speeches by heart. He liked the stories in the Bible, too, an' he got a little book o' fables some'ers. I reckon it was them stories he read that give him so many yarns to tell. I asked him onct after he'd gone to lawin' an' could make a jury laugh or cry by firin' a yarn at 'em.

"'Abe,' sez I, 'whar did you git so many lies?' An' he'd always say, 'Denny, when a story l'arns you a good lesson, it ain't no lie. God tells truth in parables. They're easier fur common folks to understand an' ricollect.'

"Seems to me now I never seen Abe after he was twelve 'at he didn't have a book in his hand or in his pocket. He'd put a book inside his shirt an' fill his pants pockets with corn dodgers an' go off to plow or hoe. When noon come he'd set under a tree, an' read an' eat. An' when he come to the house at night, he'd tilt a cheer back by the chimbley, put his feet on the rung, an' set on his back-bone an' read. Aunt Sairy always put a candle on the mantel-tree piece fur him, if she had one. An' as like as not Abe'd eat his supper thar, takin' anything she'd give him that he could gnaw at an' read at the same time. I've seen many a feller come in an' look at him, Abe not knowin' anybody was 'round, an' sneak out again like a cat. It didn't seem natural, nohow, to see a feller read like that. Aunt Sairy'd never let the children pester him. She always declared Abe was goin' to be a great man some day, an' she wasn't goin' to have him hendered.

"You bet he was too smart to think everything was in books. Sometimes, a preacher 'r a circuit-ridin' judge 'r lyyer 'r a stump-speakin' polytician 'r a school teacher'd come along. When one o' them rode up, Tom'd go out an' say: 'Light, stranger,' like it was polite to do. Then Abe'd come lopin' out on his long legs, throw one over the top rail, an' begin firin' questions. Tom'd tell him to quit, but it didn't do no good, so Tom'd have to bang him on the side o' the head with his hat. Abe'd go off a spell an' fire sticks at the snow-birds an' whistle like he didn't keer.

"'Pap thinks it ain't polite to ask folks so many questions,' he'd say. 'I reckon I wasn't born to be polite. There's so many things I want to know. An' how else am I goin' to git to know 'em?'"

Lincoln always lived close to Nature and learned from Nature. He always had his eyes and ears wide open. He "sensed" things naturally without effort, and learned things which it took other men years to get into their heads.

Lincoln was a great listener. He could empty his mind of everything except the one thing that he wanted to hear and learn about.

Lincoln also had a strong memory—"he would go to church," says Dennis Hanks again, "an' come home an' say over the sermon as good as the preacher. He'd often do it fur Aunt Sairy, when she couldn't go, an' she said it was jist as good as goin' herself."

"HONEST ABE"

While clerking in a store at New Salem, Illinois, Lincoln sold a bill of goods during the day, and when checking up his work at night found he had charged a customer a "levy" (12½ cents) too much. He locked up his store at 10 o'clock, walked several miles, and returned the money to the customer.

Another time, upon opening the store, he found a four-ounce weight on the scales. Realizing that he had not given a customer the night before as much tea as he had been paid for, he walked out to her home before breakfast and delivered the rest of the tea before he could eat.

Lincoln's law partner, Herndon, said that he never could get Abe to charge a large enough fee.

Is it any wonder that with such characteristics Lincoln soon came to be called "Honest Abe"?

The life of Lincoln is filled with examples of his big heart. He could not tell a lie, yet he would never say or do anything that would hurt anyone's feelings.

While still a small boy, Abraham began to show that his heart was right. He was kind to his sister, who was always fond and proud of her young brother. After he became President he told this little story of his only recollection of the War of 1812:

"I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier on the road, and, having been always told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish."

This must have happened when he was less than six years old. Another thing he did before he left Kentucky, at seven years of age, was to cut, with untiring labor and pains, spice-wood boughs to burn in the open fireplace, to make a bright light and a pleasant perfume while his mother read stories to him and his sister from the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Tears of indignation and pity often sprang to the tender-hearted boy's eyes when he saw his fellows ill-treating helpless animals. Once he caught several of them putting live coals on the back of a mud-turtle with a shingle. He snatched the shingle from the hands of one mischievous boy, knocked off the coals with it, then began to punish the lad for his cruelty. His first writing in school was in defense of dumb animals. Nat Grigsby, one of his boy friends, said of him afterward: "He first wrote short sentences against 'cruelty to animals,' and at last came forward with a regular composition on the subject."

LINCOLN AND THE BIRDS

This story of Lincoln's loving kindness to animals is not new, but it is not well known in this form, in which it was related by his boyhood friend, J. R. Speed:

"Six gentlemen—Herndon, Lincoln, Baker, Hardin, and two others whose names I do not now recall, were riding along a country road. We were strung along the road—two and two together. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees. A violent wind storm had just occurred. Lincoln and Hardin were behind. There were two young birds by the roadside too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babies.

"Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, hunted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while our horses were drinking, Hardin rode up. 'Where is Lincoln?' asked one. 'Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest.' In an hour, perhaps, he came. They laughed at him. He said with much emphasis: 'Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears.'"

When the Lincoln family moved to Illinois, they plodded through muddy prairies and forded swollen streams in a big covered wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. One afternoon about dusk, after they had floundered through a creek filled with broken ice, they discovered that they had left behind them a little dog, a pet of one of the family. The rest were for going on and leaving the cur behind, as it was already late, and to go back with the oxen was out of the question. But Abraham saw the little dog on the other bank, running up and down and yelping in distress. Referring once to this incident, he said: "I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Soon after this, in Illinois, Lincoln was often without work; so he spent his time helping others who needed help, without pay. It was said of him that "he visited the widow and fatherless, and chopped their wood."

Once, while he was a captain in the Black Hawk War, he stepped in and kept some soldiers, who believed that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," from shooting an old red-skin as a spy, even at the risk of his own life. The angry soldiers threatened him for interfering, and he indignantly retorted, as he rolled up his sleeves: "I'll tell you what—I'll fight you all. Take it out of me, if you can; but you sha'n't touch this Indian. When a man comes to me for help he's going to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon County."

One morning when Lawyer Lincoln was walking from his home to the state house at Springfield, he spied a child weeping at a gate. The girl had been promised a ride on the railroad for the first time, all was arranged for her to meet another companion and to ride with her, but she was detained from getting to the station, as no one was about to carry her trunk. She drew the conclusion that she must lose her train, and she burst into fresh tears.

The box in question was a toy casket proportionate to her size. Lincoln loomed up before her in his gigantic bigness, and his smile alone almost stopped her tears. They were thoroughly dispelled when he cried out, cheerily:

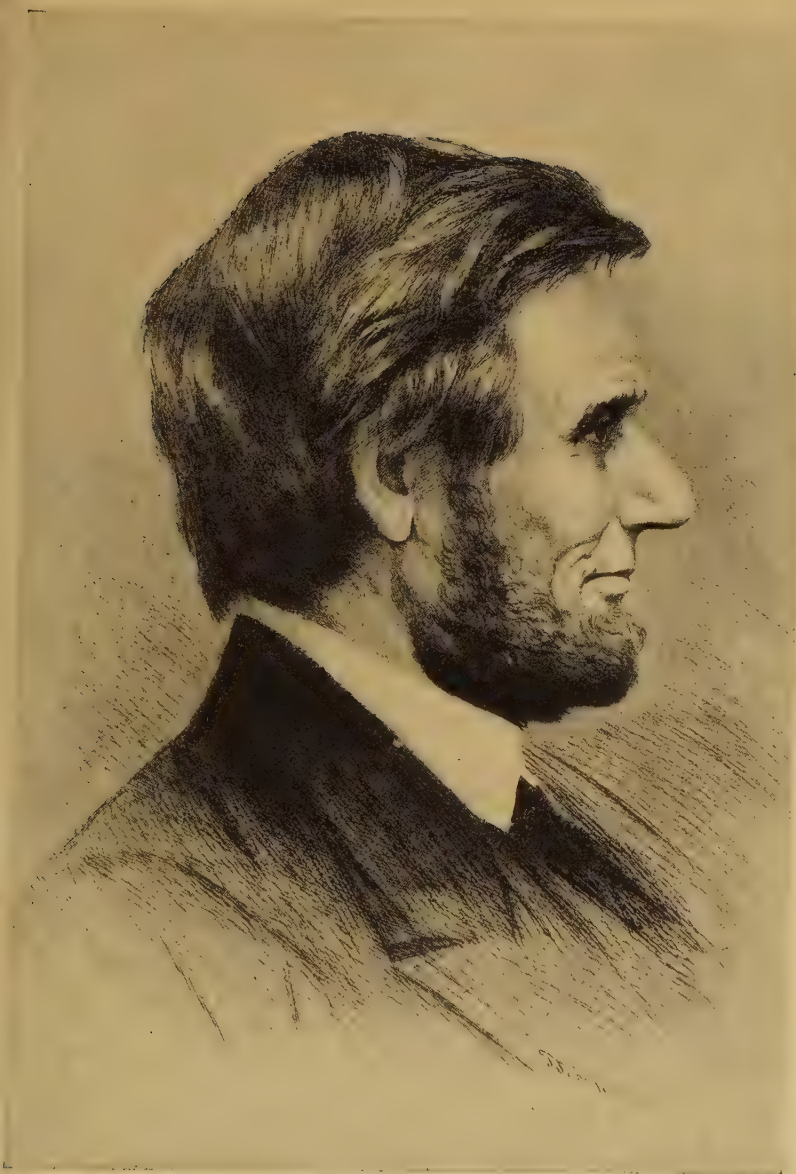
"Is that all? Pooh-pooh! Dry your eyes and step out."

He reached over the fence and lifted clear across to him the tiny trunk. He raised it on his shoulder with the other hand, crossing as a corn-bag is carried. He grabbed her by the hand, as the tooting of the train was heard in the mid-distance. Together they "stepped out," the little girl, hair flying, towed along behind the stranger's long footsteps. They reached the station just as the train slowed up.

He put her on the car, kissed her, and cheered her off with, "Now, have a real good time with your aunty!"

"AUNT SALLY"

Lincoln's heart taught him true politeness. He was by nature kind and gentle—a gentleman, without the superficial veneer or "polish" which often passes for gentility. He had a



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"heart of oak," true, loyal, grateful—never forgetting a favor. One day, not long before he started for Washington to assume the reins of government, an old woman whom he called "Aunt Sally" came to see him. He was talking with two men of national renown, but he rushed to meet her, seated her in the chair of honor, introduced his distinguished guests, and put her at ease by telling what good times he used to have at her house on "Sangamon Bottom."

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is a good old friend of mine. She can bake the best flapjacks you ever tasted, and she has baked them for me many a time."

Then "Aunt Sally" pulled out a huge pair of coarse yarn socks and handed them to Mr. Lincoln. He took the stockings by the toes, holding one in each hand beside his great feet, as he exclaimed:

"She got my latitude and longitude about right, didn't she, gentlemen?"

Then he took both the good woman's hands in his, told her how pleased he was with her remembrance, and promised to take the stockings to Washington, wear them in the White House, and think of her when he did so. And he meant it, every word! He was incapable of winking or laughing behind dear "Aunt Sally's" back. His heart was too kind and loyal for anything like that, though it was full of fun, for he had the keenest possible sense of the ludicrous. To Lincoln there could be nothing funny in any act of sincere kindness from a good old friend.

There came the severest test of Lincoln's heart after he became President. His cabinet was made up of his political rivals, who insulted him by their patronizing airs. Each and all thought Lincoln's election a grand blunder.

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET

Seward, as Secretary of State, generously offered to run things if Lincoln would only keep his hands off and hold back the rest of the cabinet. Lincoln, with gentle firmness, without

telling anyone of the Secretary's fault and weakness, converted a jealous rival into a stanch friend.

Chase was allowed to go on using his position as Secretary of the Treasury against his silent chief, but Lincoln disposed of Chase with a shrewd kindness which was then called "diplomacy."

And Stanton, brusque, bitter, caustic, overbearing, insolent, abusive Stanton, who had called Lincoln an "imbecile," an "ogre," a "gorilla," and a "fool," was transformed into a loyal, devoted, stanch friend and admirer of his chief. Mind alone could never have mastered Stanton. It was the great heart and the great will in the White House that finally conquered this domineering Secretary of War.

There was something more than human about Lincoln's charity. He seemed to think no less of any man because that man hated and abused Abraham Lincoln. Few men can comprehend such unheard-of generosity. Lincoln could see the good in a man regardless of the way that man treated him. He endured the worst treatment on the part of his subordinates, for the sake of the country—yes, and for the sake of those subordinates themselves. After General McClellan had insulted him, an attending officer protested, but Lincoln replied: "I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will win us a battle."

"CHARITY FOR ALL"

Lincoln had the unselfish, self-denying, self-effacing, self-giving heart. He was a martyr in spirit, through his love of mankind, years before his actual martyrdom came to pass. He had learned to rule his spirit long ago in the cheerless cabins of Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. His father was harsh and unjust, calling his only son foolish and lazy when he was really wise and untiring in his industry. He early learned to be kind and true even while smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong. He learned his first lessons and solved his first problems in charity as he lay before the fire, studying by its light and working out simple sums on

his father's wooden shovel. His "charity for all" was exercised when that "all" meant only the few of his own family and his pioneer neighbors—and again when "all" meant all the American people.

Lincoln's famous letter to a bereaved mother—the letter is still hanging on the walls of Brasenose College, Oxford University, England, as a model of pure and exquisite English—shows the great heart of Lincoln, as well as his great mind.

The letter was this:

Mrs. Bixby,
Boston, Mass.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

Dear Madam:—

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln

Attorney-General Bates used to say: "Should the applicant be a woman, a wife, a mother, or a sister, in nine cases out of ten her tears, if nothing else, would be sure to prevail with Lincoln."

Even after General Butler had telegraphed from the field to Lincoln: "I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers," Lincoln's heart was so big that after listening to a plea for mercy for a soldier committed to death, he exclaimed: "By Jingo! Butler or no Butler, here goes!" and wrote this order: "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from

me." The old man who was pleading for his son's pardon was disappointed. He had come for a full pardon.

"My old friend," said Lincoln, "I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death until further orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

"It makes me rested," Lincoln used to say, "after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy, as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends."

And with this very quality of heart—love for his fellow-man—Lincoln won over even his enemies, and saved the Nation. The Lincoln love spread over the North like a prairie fire. People said it was because he was a plain man of the people. That was true, but it was Lincoln's love that won the love of "all sorts and conditions of men." "Old Abe" was not a term of disrespect, but of endearment. When he, as President, called for troops, and more and more troops, the response was not of complaint, but of love:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,"

the armies sang as they marched to danger and to death. The soldiers fought for very love of Lincoln—the President who showed on all occasions that he loved "the boys," as he called them. Stanton and the generals raved and stormed over Lincoln's "sickly sentimentality" in pardoning and reprieving and saving so many from death. But every loyal soldier knew the President cared for him. Lincoln became the personification of all that the United States Government stood for. The soldiers' very loyalty was nine parts love for Lincoln. Such devotion to a man was one of the miracles of history. The military devotion to Napoleon was nothing beside it, for that love flagged and finally failed. The love for Lincoln was grandly simple. It was the response of millions to the great heart at the seat of Government. It was this love that re-

ceived so many mothers', fathers', sisters' petitions, and brought joy and gratitude into so many homes, and sent many a woman away from his presence saying: "Why do they tell that awful lie that Mr. Lincoln is an ugly man? Why, he has the most beautiful man's face I ever saw. He looks like an angel."

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF ACTION

"If I ever get a chance to hit that thing [meaning Slavery], I'll hit it hard," said Lincoln at New Orleans one day when he saw a nearly white girl auctioned off to the highest bidder in a slave market.

"I'll hit it hard"—that was the strong will of Lincoln that made him a master of men who often were mentally his superiors.

Yes, the human will is boss; it is the great dynamo that sets things in motion; backed by a strong body, a sound mind, and a true heart, it will triumph over all difficulties.

If slavery had not been hit hard—if its dragon head had not been pierced by the sword of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, there would probably be no Republic of the United States to-day.

Lincoln was not stubborn; but when he arrived at a sound judgment, when his mind was completely made up, he carried the thing through to the end, and no man could balk him.

"I have found my general," he said one day in a little French toy-shop in Washington where he had gone to get some toys for his son Tad. The toymaker had fought with Napoleon and was telling the President, not knowing who he was, why Napoleon had conquered in his many battles. "He goes where he wants to go," said the toymaker.

Lincoln was placing upon the counter at the time the toy soldiers that he was buying for his little son. He stood in front the soldier who was dressed in the uniform of a general. The little pewter toy fell over. The toymaker's wife said, in her broken English: "He no good, him head heavy; this one

will stand up straight," and she picked out another soldier and placed him at the head of the column.

"I have found my general," muttered Lincoln under his breath as he went out of the toy-shop; "one who can stand up straight and go where he wants to go"—and the next day he appointed Grant commander-in-chief, in the face of great opposition, and the Civil War reached the stage of "the beginning of the end."

Secretary Stanton's will was of unusual strength, yet it went down before the master will of Lincoln. Stanton was blustering about in the White House one day, declaring that he could not and would not carry out certain instructions given him by the President. Old Dennis Hanks happened to be there, and he went to Lincoln and said: "Abe, if I was as big as you are, I would take him [Stanton] over my knee and spank him." "No," replied Lincoln; "Stanton is an able and valuable man to this nation, and I am glad to bear with his anger, for the service he can render the people." But when a committee once came to the President and brought a message from Secretary Stanton, that he flatly refused to comply with the President's instructions, saying, "If Lincoln gave you such an order as that, he is a blamed old fool," Lincoln went over to the Secretary's office, saying: "What Stanton says is nearly always right, and if he says I am a blamed fool, I must be one; but I guess I will stop over and see Stanton right now."

"But, Mr. President, it is impossible," said Stanton to Lincoln, when they came face to face; "it is unreasonable; I cannot do it."

"Mr. Secretary," said Lincoln, "it will have to be done!" Lincoln's eyes looked into Stanton's—Stanton had met his master at last—the order was carried out.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Lincoln signed his immortal Emancipation Proclamation, freeing the slaves, on the first day of January, 1863. His strong will was again exemplified on that occasion in the very

manner in which he signed the document. "I have been shaking hands since 9 o'clock this morning," he said (at the regular New Year's reception), "and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say 'he hesitated.'"

Lincoln then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly wrote

Abraham Lincoln

He then looked up, smiled, and said: "That will do."

Is Lincoln merely to be held up as a poor boy, without birth or family, without prestige or "pull" or environment, who became President of the United States?—an example of the American notion that all men are born free and equal, and that even the poorest born can become the ruler of the nation—is this all that Lincoln stands for?

Are we to look upon Lincoln as the man of destiny, raised up by Providence in the crisis of the American Rebellion to save the Union—as other men before have been raised up as saviors in world crises?

Are we to hold up Lincoln only as another example of the self-made man?

No; the true lesson of Lincoln's life is this: He was a full-rounded man—the man of physical strength, the man of master mind, the man of great heart, and the man of strong will—and only the full-rounded man can accomplish that great success in life which is enduring.

Napoleon was a man of great physical strength and endurance, yes; and he was a man of great mind, yes; and he was a man of tremendous will, yes—but he lacked a true heart; and because of this serious lack in his make-up, Napoleon's wonderful success turned later into disastrous ruin.

The man who lives in history, the man who accomplishes great, enduring works for civilization, is the man, you will

always find, who had the four great sides of true manhood—a strong body, a well-developed mind, a true heart, and a strong, safe will.

If you would be helped by Abraham Lincoln, think always of him as the man who did things—

WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH

WITH ALL HIS MIND

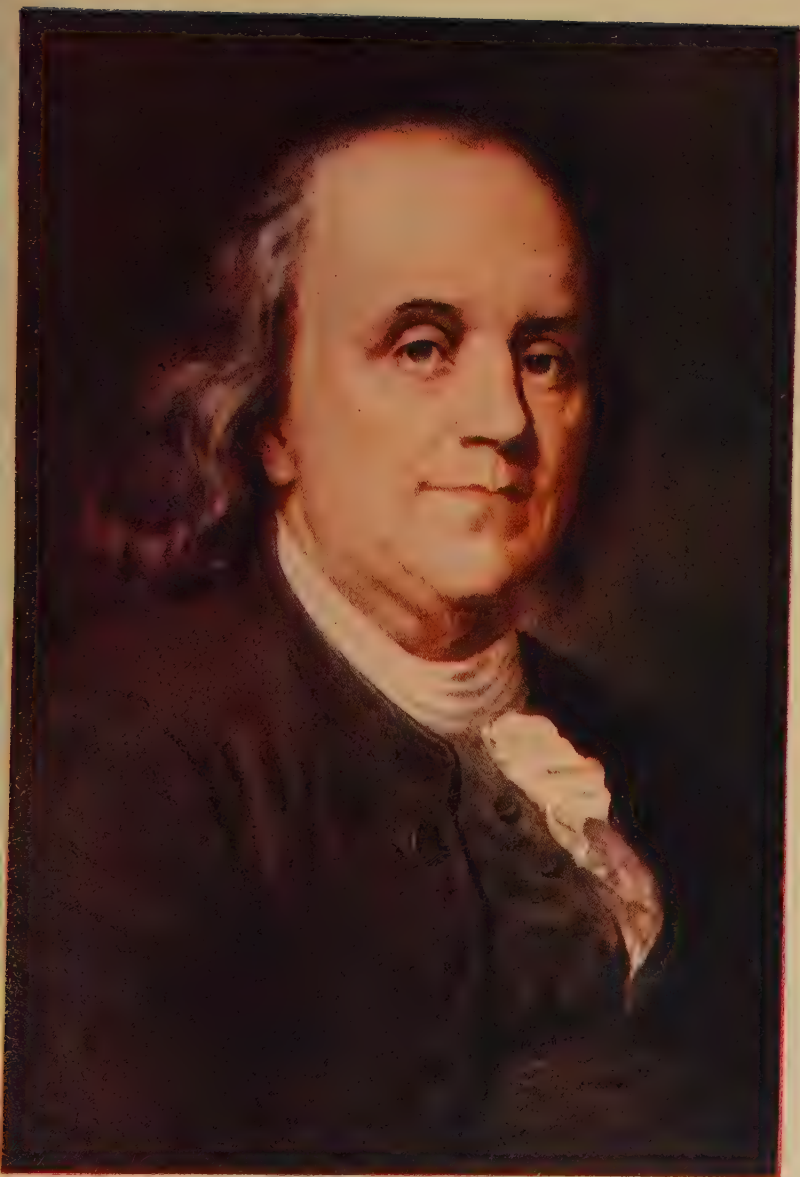
WITH ALL HIS HEART

WITH ALL HIS WILL.

And if you happen to inherit a weak body (which, however, can be strengthened by right living), or feel that your mind has not the capacity of a great scholar's, remember that your heart is your very own and that your heart is what you make it.

And it was because of his great heart that when Lincoln was assassinated, millions of grown men wept, men who had never been known to weep, even over their own private griefs and losses—"wept with the passion of an angry grief."

Throughout his difficult and stormy career it was his heart that kept Lincoln true and made him live the life expressed in those immortal words which he uttered only a few days before his martyrdom: "With malice toward none; with charity for all."



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE STORY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

OUR story begins with the young man as a printer, living in the street called Little Britain in London. He has come to England as the result of false representations from a friend, but instead of remaining stranded there he is making a good living at his trade and spending his spare time in the second-hand bookstore next door to his lodgings.

His fellow-workers, of whom there were about fifty, had formed the habit of drinking ale at their work; indeed, an alehouse boy was in attendance at the printing office to receive the men's orders. As Franklin did not follow their custom they nicknamed him the "Water-American." But it occurred to some of them later that this Water-American could do more work than they could, despite their six pints of ale drunk during working hours. They remarked also that for three half-pence he got "a large porringer of hot water-gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it." This seemed a much better bargain than did a pint of beer, and many of the printers followed Franklin's example.

During the eighteen months spent in the London printing shops, Franklin had remained on intimate terms with a merchant who had been a fellow-passenger on the long voyage from America. Franklin speaks very highly of this gentleman. He tells us that the merchant had formerly been in business in London, but things had not gone well with him and he had been forced to ask his creditors to accept part payment of their accounts as a settlement of his indebtedness. After this he had emigrated to America, where he had been very successful, and he was in London at this time to purchase a large consignment of goods for his store. On his return to London he had invited all his old creditors to dine with him. They were very pleased to accept the invitation,

as they owed him no grudge; and when they expected nothing but the evening's entertainment they were greatly surprised to find, when the plates of the first course were removed, under each man's plate a bank order not only for the remainder of the old debt, but with interest added to date.

This very honest merchant offered to take Franklin back to Philadelphia and to give him good employment in his store there. Franklin, who would be about twenty years of age at that time, accepted the kind offer, and they set sail together. This was in the month of July, and the voyage across the Atlantic, which takes us about one week, took them nearly three months, as they did not land in America till the month of October. While Franklin was employed in the store, his master was taken seriously ill and died, whereupon the youth returned to his printing business. Franklin himself had a very serious illness about this time, so serious that he did not expect to recover, and even wrote out his own epitaph, which was as follows:

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT
AND STRIPPED OF ITS LETTERING AND BINDING)
LIES HERE, FOOD FOR WORMS.
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL, AS HE BELIEVED, APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION,
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY
THE AUTHOR

Fortunately there was no occasion for the use of the epitaph. Franklin became manager of the printing office in which he had worked before leaving for London. He improved the business immensely, teaching every printer the best way of doing his work. He showed his master also how he

could mold new type for himself and thus save much time and delay in getting it from England. So soon as the master thought that he had learned all he could from Franklin, he told the young man that as his wages were too high he could go. One of the apprentices in the printing office followed Franklin and suggested that they might set up in business together. As this lad's father was willing to buy a printing-press and type for them, the matter was easily settled.

While waiting for the press and type to come from London, Franklin got a pressing invitation to return to the printing office to assist with an important and difficult order for paper-money. Franklin made the first copper-plates ever made in America for the printing of the paper-money, and these were a great success. When, at last, the printing-press arrived from across the seas, the two young men set up in business. They soon had plenty of work, requiring to work both late and early in order to keep up with the demand. They started a newspaper which also proved a success. But unfortunately Franklin's partner did not act wisely. He was scarcely ever sober, and he made a very poor printer. Not long after their beginning business this lad left Philadelphia to go to farming, where he might be out of the way of temptation. The printing business flourished exceedingly, and in the midst of a very active life Franklin found time to take a leading part in a Debating Club and in the formation of a Library, which was the first lending library in America.

About this time he married a Miss Read, in whose father's house he had lodged in his early days in Philadelphia, in which town he still was. Love does not seem to have come to them at first sight, but before Franklin had left for London they were lovers. However, during Franklin's absence the girl married a young man, who did not turn out a success. He deserted the young wife, and died somewhere abroad. Franklin had kept up a friendly correspondence with the Read family, and now that he was established in business he married the young widow.

When Franklin was twenty-six years of age he published his famous almanac, which he continued to publish for a

quarter of a century. This annual publication was known throughout the civilized world as "Poor Richard's Almanac." It received this title because Franklin wrote a preface to it each year, signing it "Richard Saunders." The early prefaces were written in a very pathetic tone, as though Richard were adopting this form of livelihood as a last resort. This publication contained so much good sense and so much interesting general information, which was not easily obtained in those days, that it soon became very famous and was translated into several foreign languages.

These old almanacs make interesting reading. For instance, here is one of Poor Richard's sayings: "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright." (It is difficult for a man in want to act always honestly.)

After ten years' absence from Boston, Franklin paid a visit to his home, where he received a very warm welcome. It is interesting to learn that on this visit he and the step-brother, under whom he had learned printing, forgave and forgot their differences. This brother had fallen into ill-health and could not hope to live long. Benjamin offered to look after the brother's son and to train him for business. On Benjamin's return to Philadelphia he prospered so well in business that he was able to devote a good deal of time to public affairs. He became Clerk to the Assembly of his Province (Pennsylvania), and also filled the position of Deputy Postmaster-General. By the time he had reached forty-two years of age, he was able to leave his printing business in the hands of his partner, and to devote himself to public affairs and to philosophical studies.

FRANKLIN AS A SCIENTIST

By the time Benjamin Franklin had reached middle age he had become the best-known and most important man in America; but what interests us at present is his connection with the scientific world.

He had been such a constant reader from childhood that he must have come to know something of science as then

understood, but his first serious study of a scientific subject seems to have been on the occasion of a visit paid to Boston by Dr. Spence, of Scotland. That was in the year 1746, at which time Franklin would be about forty years of age. Dr. Spence showed Franklin some of his electrical experiments, and it is supposed that Franklin bought the apparatus from the lecturer at the close of his visit.

Not long afterward Franklin wrote a paper on "The Sameness of Lightning with Electricity," and this was communicated to the Royal Society of London by one of its members. It is generally stated that the learned members laughed at the idea. But this cannot be quite correct, for the idea of lightning being a huge electric spark was by no means new; it had been suggested a generation earlier, and the sameness had been remarked upon by great men, such as Sir Isaac Newton. Franklin's paper does not set forth the idea as new, but he was the first to propose a method of proving the idea. It was he who suggested means of tapping the supposed electricity of storm-clouds, and bringing it quietly to earth. There is no doubt that it was the boldness of this idea which amused the learned members of the Royal Society, and we can sympathize with them; it would appear to be quite ridiculous.

The gentleman who had communicated Franklin's bold suggestion to the Royal Society had faith in the American statesman's ideas, and he took steps to have it published. It appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and also in pamphlet form. A copy of the pamphlet was received by some French scientists, who followed out the idea on the lines suggested by Franklin. By means of an iron rod placed at a considerable height, they succeeded in drawing electricity from storm-clouds. Before news of this successful experiment had time to reach Franklin, he had become impatient waiting for the completion of a high spire from which he intended making his experiment. In the meantime it occurred to him that a kite might serve to carry up the conductor even to a greater height.

When Franklin and his son went out to try this experiment they must have felt the importance of the trial; it would

either confirm or contradict a world-famous suggestion. There were thunder-clouds about, but they passed without giving any sign of electricity at the metal key attached to the end of the string tethering the kite. Franklin held this himself by means of a silk handkerchief which was to act as a non-conductor. He tells us that he had almost despaired of success, when suddenly he observed the loose fiber of the string to move toward an erect position. He then presented his knuckle to the key, and received a strong shock accompanied by a bright spark. His bold idea was proved to be possible. He repeated the experiment, charging a Leyden jar, and making other well-known electrical experiments.

Other experimenters made similar experiments with kites, and with iron rods placed high in the air. No one intended bringing a lightning discharge down the kite string, but it is apparent that they were running some risk. One experimenter, who used a metal wire in place of the wetted kite string, found that with this better conductor he got results which alarmed him; an enormous flash occurred, accompanied with a deafening report, and producing a hole in the ground. The iron rod set up by a Russian professor was struck by lightning, and he being near the free end of it at the moment received a fatal shock.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

Franklin suggested the idea of placing pointed conductors on high buildings, leading a wire direct to earth, in order to protect the building against lightning. People were very slow to adopt this novel suggestion, although many of them were very anxious to protect their houses against lightning, some superstitious folk going the length of placing an innocent leek upon the roof as a protection. One of the early lightning conductors had to be removed because the peasants in the neighborhood insisted that its presence had brought about such a dry summer that their crops had been wasted.

Franklin's great feat in "snatching the lightning from the skies" is the one thing which stands out most prominently in

his scientific career, but he did much valuable work to advance the then youthful science of electricity. He set forth improved theories of electricity; he dispensed with the idea of two separate fluids and devised the single-fluid theory. It was he who applied the terms positive and negative to electrical theory, and he made important discoveries in connection with the Leyden jar.

When Franklin was resident in England as American minister, he made an extensive tour on the Continent, where he was warmly welcomed by all the men of science. In France he was introduced to Louis XV, and was elected a member of the famous Academy of Science. Previous to this he had been elected an honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and had received honorary degrees from several universities in Great Britain, as well as in America. In London he was made welcome in the houses of all the great people.

MINISTER TO FRANCE

The later years of Franklin's life were spent in Paris as an American minister to the court of France. It is difficult to realize how a man of his age could get through the work which he did.

In dealing with this part of his life, chiefly from the science side, we are apt to overlook how extremely active he was up to the last. He was consulted on every political question which was of importance to America. Science was therefore a hobby with him. Until middle age he was a very active business man, a master-printer, and during the long remainder of his life he was a very busy politician. But science was more than an ordinary hobby with him; he was a born philosopher, and he has made a lasting name for himself in the science of electricity. The old gentleman amused himself composing and printing breezy essays, and in addition to this he was a keen chess-player. He tells us that one evening in France he sat at chess from 6 P.M. till sunrise.

OLD AGE

When Franklin was eighty years of age he retired from his duties at the court of France and returned to his native land. He had proposed doing this some years earlier, but those in authority urged him to remain. He set out from Paris in a litter suspended between two mules with the muleteer riding another. Some days he was on the road as early as 5 A.M., and yet he speaks of the journey as a comfortable one. It was a sort of triumphal march, for he was met at different points by the nobility, military officers, and representatives of learned societies.

On arriving at Havre, after a six days' journey, he had ten days to wait before his ship was ready to sail across the English Channel. After reaching Southampton he had another delay, but we must not think of him as an impatient old man, for he tells us: "I went at noon to bathe in Martin's salt-water hot bath, and floating on my back, fell asleep, and slept near an hour by my watch, without sinking or turning, a thing I never did before, and should hardly have thought possible. Water is the easiest bed that can be made."

At last he set sail for America during the end of July, to land on the other side of the Atlantic in the middle of September, a very slow voyage as things go nowadays, but a whole month shorter than one of his earlier crossings. During that earlier voyage he wrote in his diary: "For a week past we have fed ourselves with the hopes that the change of the moon (which was yesterday) would bring us a fair wind." Imagine being becalmed on the Atlantic for a whole fortnight!

Franklin was very silent about his religion, although we have glimpses of his ideas at times, such as in a letter to a friend who wrote to Franklin inquiring about his creed: "It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. I do not take it amiss. Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the Creator of the Universe. That He governs it by His Providence. That He ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render to Him is doing good to His other children.

That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this."

Franklin lived for some years after his return to America, and passed away at the age of eighty-four. The very great respect in which he was held is attested by the fact that Congress ordered one month's general mourning throughout the United States, while France proclaimed three days' special mourning. Needless to say the epitaph which the youth Benjamin Franklin had written sixty years earlier was not used upon his tombstone, but the words to be found upon the statue erected in his memory in Philadelphia are:

"He snatched the lightning from the skies and the sceptre from tyrants."

THE STORY OF PATRICK HENRY

By THE EDITORS

“**A** KING, by annulling or disallowing acts of so salutary a measure, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all right to his subjects’ obedience.”

The young lawyer paused for an instant; but in that instant men had sprung to their feet. “Treason! Treason!” came the cry from different parts of the crowded court-room, and Lyons, the opposing counsel, appealed hotly to the bench where sat the young lawyer’s own father as presiding justice. “Treason; the gentleman has spoken treason,” he cried. “Will your worships listen to that without showing your disapproval?”

Their worships said nothing. Instead, they sat mute and spellbound under the surprising flow of eloquence from the lips of one whom they had considered neither orator, pleader, nor lawyer, but who now, at one bound and by a sudden burst of eloquence, sprang into popularity, fame, and leadership.

The place was the stuffy little court-house in the county-seat of Hanover, in the colony of Virginia; the time was December 1, 1763; the man was Patrick Henry. He was born at Studley, Virginia, in 1736, and was now twenty-seven years of age.

He was arguing an important case, in which both law and precedent were against him. It was a case of taxes, in which the council of the king of England had deliberately and contemptuously set aside a law made by the colony. In this case the king’s council was right as to judgment, but wrong as to action. The law it “disallowed” was an unjust one; but the high-handed manner in which king and council overruled and annulled it was not to be borne by the liberty- and justice-loving colonists who had enacted it.

That was the way in which the matter appeared to Patrick Henry when, as a forlorn hope, he took up a case that other lawyers would not touch. "The king of England has no right to meddle in the law-making of this colony. Virginia can look out for herself," he said; and in this spirit he defended a losing case and by his eloquence, earnestness, and argument overruled the judgment of the court, turned a defeat into victory, and won the case he had championed for his clients—the people.

This celebrated case—known in American history as "the Parson's Cause"—made the name and established the fame of Patrick Henry as a resistless pleader and an impassioned orator. Up to that date he had not been a success. The son of a Virginia gentleman of small means, young Henry was left to himself for amusement and education, obtaining a good deal more of the first than of the second. He was a careless, happy-go-lucky country boy of the pleasant region of middle Virginia, loving hunting and fishing more than study, and loafing more than books, never succeeding at anything, and sticking to nothing long. He failed as a farmer, failed in business, married a tavern-keeper's daughter when he had nothing on which to support her, and, failing at everything else, hastily concluded to try the law. He failed even in his examinations for that, and was only admitted to the bar through the good nature of one of the examining lawyers and because of his own success at arguing the other out of a careless indifference.

Such a man does not seem fitted to champion a great cause or teach new ideas to an energetic people. But something above the opportunity that lay beneath the Parson's Cause inspired and held young Henry; it gave him an earnestness that surprised and an eloquence that electrified his hearers; and those who hung their heads for shame when Patrick Henry began to speak, lifted him from the floor as he proceeded, and bore him out on their shoulders when he had concluded.

From that day success and fame were his. He sprang into instant popularity as "the people's champion." Practice as a lawyer flowed in upon him; he gained advancement in his own colony, and power as a politician. He turned over

a new leaf. He was no longer shiftless or unsteady. Popularity brought him business, and business brought him money; as a result he became an influential country gentleman with an estate of his own, with admirers and supporters throughout Virginia, and with the ability to gratify his leanings toward political preferment that speedily gave him position and importance. He was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, or legislature; he became a political leader in Virginia, was sent as a delegate to the first and second Continental Congresses, was the first commander of Virginia's Revolutionary army, and was three times governor of Virginia.

His fame spread throughout the land, and any office in the gift of the new nation might have been his had he cared to accept it. But he wished for no office. He declined to serve as member of the Constitutional Convention, as United States senator, as secretary of state, as governor of Virginia for the fourth time, as chief justice of the United States, as ambassador to France, and as Vice-President of the United States. He declined, you see, even more than he accepted office.

You know what gave him his greatest fame and led the people of the United States to know, to honor, and to respect him. It was his famous oration in old St. John's Church in Richmond, an oration that has not yet ceased ringing in the ears of Americans. In certain of its impetuous utterances it has become a part of the proverbs of the republic.

Let me try to draw for you the picture of that remarkable speech, in which he urged the arming of the Virginia militia in resistance to the British authorities; for, as Moses Coit Tyler says, "It is chiefly the tradition of that one speech which to-day keeps alive, in millions of American homes, the name of Patrick Henry, and which lifts him, in the popular faith, almost to the rank of some mythical hero of romance."

The church is a plain and unpretending little building to-day. It stands almost on the summit of one of beautiful Richmond's sightly hills—Church Hill, it is called—at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fourth Street. Small as it is, the church is to-day much larger than it was on that day in 1775—Thursday, March 23—when, rising to his feet, in the

pew still shown to visitors and marked by a memorial tablet, Patrick Henry threw down the gauntlet to King George and declared war on the haughty prerogative of Great Britain.

The second Revolutionary convention of Virginia was assembled in that old church on the hill in Richmond. The first convention had met at Williamsburg the year before and had sent to the Continental Congress such representative Virginians as George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, and Patrick Henry, with others of equal ability, if of less prominence. There Patrick Henry, as pronounced an advocate of open resistance and organized protest as Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, had advocated a union of all the colonies for mutual protection and defense against the aggressions of England, with equal representation and equal interests for all, saying grandly, as he pleaded for unity: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American!"

And now the second Revolutionary convention of Virginia had met to debate upon the question whether Virginia should declare for peace or war. Everywhere, throughout the colonies, the people were restless; everywhere there was talk of resistance, and from Massachusetts Bay to Charleston harbor the local military companies were being organized for possible emergencies, and drilled to the use of arms. But prudence was keeping men back from act or speech that might be deemed aggressive; prudence was still holding men loyal to the king.

So, when the question of arming the militia of Virginia came up in the colonial convention, and Patrick Henry introduced a resolution "that this colony be immediately put into a posture of defense and a committee be appointed to prepare a plan for embodying, arming, and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose," prudence interfered to prevent so menacing a move.

"The resolution is premature," objected some of the more conservative members. "War with Great Britain may come," they said; "but it may be prevented."

"May come?" exclaimed Patrick Henry; "may come? It has come!" And then, rising in his place, in that narrow pew in old St. John's, he broke out into that famous speech which now, as Professor Tyler remarks, "fills so great a space in the traditions of Revolutionary eloquence."

Tall and thin in figure, with stooping shoulders and sallow face, carelessly dressed in his suit of "parson's gray," Patrick Henry faced the president of the convention, who sat in the chancel of the church, and began calmly, courteously, and with dignity.

"No man, Mr. President," he said, "thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism as well as the abilities of the very honorable gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and therefore I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I should speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve."

Then he flung aside courtesy and calmness.

"This is no time for ceremony," he told them hotly. "The question before the house is one of awful moment to the country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. . . .

"Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself," he declared impressively, "as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty to the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings."

Then he began his argument with that sentence which is still as a household word in the mouths of men: "Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope"; and, showing how in existing circumstances hope was but a false beacon, and experience the only safe guide, he called attention to the armament of England, and demanded: "I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission?"

Impressively he showed them that England's display of might was meant for America, "sent over to bind and rivet

upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging."

He demanded how his associates intended to oppose this British tyranny. Argument had failed, entreaty and supplication were of no avail, compromise was exhausted; petitions and remonstrances, supplications and prostrations, were alike disregarded—"we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne," he said.

"There is no longer," he declared, "any room for hope. If we wish to be free, . . . if we wish not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged"—he paused, and then, as one of his hearers said, "with all the calm dignity of Cato addressing the senate; like a voice from heaven uttering the doom of fate," he added solemnly but decisively—"we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left to us."

Then, his calmness all gone, his voice deepening and his slender form swayed with the passion of his own determination, he flung himself into that fervent appeal for union in resistance that we all know so well:

"Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. . . . It is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat now but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come. I repeat it, sir—let it come!"

Can you not almost hear that wonderful voice as it makes that terrible invitation with all the force of confident faith and repressed enthusiasm? Can you not almost see that swaying form, those forcible gestures, that face stern with purpose? Old men there were, years after its utterance, who could not forget that tremendous speech, nor how, with their eyes riveted on the speaker, they sat, as one of them expressed it, "sick with excitement."

And then came that ending—one of the immortal bursts of eloquence, a fitting climax to what had gone before:

"It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace, but there is no peace! The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

That wonderful speech has lived in men's memories and hearts for far over a hundred years. For other hundreds it will live as one of the trumpet-calls leading men to fight for freedom or to die free men. To stand in that very pew in old St. John's, and to recall that wonderful speech, thrills and inspires any true American. That speech has made Patrick Henry live forever as America's impassioned orator; but better still, it turned Virginia, as in a flash, for independence, and made her stand side by side with Massachusetts and with all her co-workers in the great fight for American liberty.

How ready Patrick Henry was to live up to his grand principles of liberty or death we may discover in his story. From the convention he went speedily to the field. He was made commander-in-chief of Virginia's Revolutionary army, as George Washington was of the Continental forces, and almost the first overt act of the war in Virginia, so Thomas Jefferson declared, was committed by Patrick Henry. With five thousand hurriedly gathered minute-men he marched upon the king's governor, Lord Dunmore, at Williamsburg and demanded the stolen powder of the province or reparation for its loss; and the king's governor wisely judged discretion to be the better part of valor and sent his receiver-general with three hundred and thirty pounds to pay for the stolen powder. Then he issued a proclamation declaring "a certain Patrick Henry" an outlaw and rebel; but the people of Vir-

ginia hailed the "outlaw" as their leader, and heaped him with honors in the way of thanks and addresses.

There are many points of resemblance in the careers of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. Both were "architects of ruin," opponents of prerogative, foes to kingly authority. Both led the attack of the people upon British tyranny and by their matchless labors, with voice or pen, organized revolt, set on foot revolution, and showed the way to liberty and independence. Then, their higher mission accomplished, their work fell into other hands, and they, who had been leaders, became onlookers and critics. Each was governor of his native State, and each felt alike the sun of popularity and the gloom of misrepresentation and defeat. Both enjoyed a well-merited old age, though Adams outlived his colleague alike in years and honors.

I have told you that Patrick Henry declined more honors than he accepted. One reason was, not that he could not march with the republic, but that he suffered continued ill health, which so often dulls the edge of energy, makes a man critical, and keeps him dissatisfied. Alike the friend and critic of Washington, Patrick Henry was also friend and critic of the republic he had helped to found, loving it for its liberty, but despairing sometimes of its future because things were not done as he would like to see them.

He retired from public life largely because of criticism; for, you see, there was a great deal of criticism in the air in those early days of the republic, and criticism of his acts was one thing that Patrick Henry could not stand. Impetuous as James Otis, determined as Samuel Adams, like both those fervent patriots Patrick Henry chafed under restraint and hated to have his motives called in question. There are, after all, very few such superbly patient, self-governed men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

But impetuosity is sometimes inspiration. This, at least, was one source of Patrick Henry's eloquence. As an orator he had remarkable powers; but as a leader he was often uncertain and sometimes headstrong, to his own detriment and his country's peril.

But after all, it is as one who moves men by the magic of his words that Patrick Henry is most entitled to remembrance as a historic American. Above everything else he was an orator ; and it is as the orator of resistance, of liberty, and of patriotism that he has our loving and grateful reverence and will be remembered by America forever.

His later years were spent in peaceful pursuits upon his beautiful farm at Red Hill near historic Appomattox ; and there he died on June 6, 1799, surrounded by loving friends and mourned by America as its chief and most effective orator in the stormy days of protest and revolution.

THE STORY OF NATHAN HALE

To drumbeat and heartbeat
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drumbeat and heartbeat,
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed
wave,—
It meets his eager glance,
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance:
A dark wave, a plumed wave
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!—
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found!
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound!

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom.
In his look there is no fear,

Nor a shadow-trace of gloom,
But with calm brow, and steady
brow,
He robes him for the tomb;

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod,
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!—
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath
trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny
morn,
He dies upon the tree!
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty:—
And in the blue morn, the sunny
morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message
words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying
words,
A soldier's battle cry!

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of Earth, the glad of
Heaven
His tragic fate shall learn,
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of *Hale* shall burn!

—FRANCIS M. FINCH.

THE brief history of the life and death of Nathan Hale, the boy martyr of Connecticut, is the very saddest story of our Revolutionary War; but the record of those twenty-one years is a record of purity of purpose, unselfish devotion to country, and deathless courage.

On June 6, 1755, in the little town of Coventry, Connecticut, was born a boy whose hold on life seemed so slight that he was not expected to live. This boy was Nathan Hale, the sixth child of Richard Hale and his wife, Elizabeth Strong Hale. Despite the prophecies of doctors and nurses, however, little Nathan lived, though during childhood he was a frail little fellow, giving but small promise of the physical strength and beauty for which he was afterward noted.

A strong love for outdoor sports and athletics was the chief factor in developing the fragile child into a youth of uncommon vigor of body, and also of mind, for young Hale soon showed an ambition to excel in his studies as well as in his games and sports.

So well did he apply himself, and so earnest was his tutor, that at the age of sixteen Nathan Hale was ready to enter college. He was graduated from Yale in 1773, with the highest honors, and carrying with him the respect and affection of the faculty as well as of his associates. His gracious and gentle manners won the love of all who knew him best. Immediately after leaving Yale he taught school at East Haddam, and in 1774 he was appointed the first preceptor of the Union Grammar School at New London, an institution where boys were prepared to enter Yale.

Few lives seemed more peaceful than that of the young schoolmaster, who, meanwhile, was making ready to become a preacher of the gospel of Christ. How little did he dream that the lesson he was to leave to the world would be the sacrifice of a life in the service of his country!

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached New London, there was great excitement among the people. A meeting was called at once, and it was the voice of the young schoolmaster that rang out with these stirring words: "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we have obtained independence!" This was the first time that Americans had heard the call to arms in a public assembly, and the call came from a youth who was soon to seal his faith with his blood.

That must have been a dramatic scene in the town hall

of New London! One can imagine the astonishment of the stern-looking men gathered there that day—all heart-stirred by the alarming news, yet scarcely knowing how to express the thoughts that were struggling in their minds—when the slender young patriot, his gentle face aglow with enthusiasm, his fair hair making a golden halo about the white brow, stepped forward and dared to utter those burning words.

The next morning he was back in the school-room, where he prayed with the boys, as was his custom, and resumed the course of his daily work; but from the moment that he said: "Let us march!" a new purpose had come into his quiet life. Very soon after, he enrolled as a volunteer, and a little later he was appointed lieutenant in Colonel Charles Webb's regiment. Going to Boston, Lieutenant Hale took part in the siege of that city, and was brevetted captain for gallant conduct.

The year 1776 was a hard one for the soldiers of the Continental Army. On one occasion some of the men determined to go home at the expiration of their time, for there was no money to pay them. With the unselfishness that was always a characteristic of Hale, he offered to give them his month's pay if they would consent to stay and fight for the cause he so ardently loved.

When the British evacuated Boston, the greater part of the American army went to New York, and it was there that the youthful captain of Webb's regiment performed a deed of daring rarely equaled in the records of the great American war.

There was a terrible lack of food among our men, not enough tents to shelter more than a third of them, and almost no provision for clothing them. At this time, anchored in the East River, New York, was a British sloop, lying under protection of the man-of-war "Asia," and the sloop contained provisions. Obtaining permission from his commanding officer, Captain Hale undertook the capture of this sloop, an undertaking of the greatest danger. He managed, however, to infuse his own spirit of daring into a few of his comrades, and with a handful of trusty followers he em-

barked in a whaleboat at midnight and made directly for the sloop. Darkness favored the dangerous venture, and Hale and his men drew up alongside without being seen by the men on either vessel. In a moment they had boarded the sloop, taken the sentries and guards prisoners, and were sailing away with the prize! Cheer after cheer greeted the brave fellows as they hove in sight of their comrades, and the provisions on board the sloop were immediately distributed among the half-starving American soldiers. Soon after this, Hale was made captain of a company of Connecticut rangers which was known as "Congress's Own."

Conflicting statements are found in history concerning the latter part of Nathan Hale's army life. According to some authorities, he took part in the battle of Long Island and in Washington's famous retreat across the East River from Brooklyn. It is at least certain that he was with the troops in New York when the British raided Long Island.

It was at this time that Washington found it absolutely necessary to get accurate information, if possible, concerning the plans of the English, also a knowledge of the exact number of their forces. At the house of Robert Murray, on Murray Hill, New York, he called a meeting of officers to talk over the state of affairs and to decide upon some means by which such information might be obtained. The officers listened in silence to his plan, which was to send some trustworthy, bold man across the lines to find out the facts it was necessary to know. In order to accomplish this most dangerous commission, the man would have to go in disguise. Everyone in that group knew what such an errand meant. If the venture should fail and the messenger be captured, by the rules of warfare he would certainly be executed as a spy.

The word spy is hateful to an honorable man. For some moments there was a hush in the room, no one volunteering for the service that might end in a death of shame. At length a voice broke the silence: "I will undertake it, sir," and the voice was that of young Nathan Hale, who had just risen from a sick-bed. A thrill of admiration pulsed through every

heart, followed by a tremor of dread. He was but a boy, a stripling, who had offered to risk a life that was full of promise for the cause of American liberty. The older men did all they could to dissuade him, but Nathan Hale was firm in his resolve. "Gentlemen," he said calmly, "I owe my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of our armies. I know of no mode of obtaining the information but by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully aware of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

That same night Hale left the camp at Harlem Heights, dressed in brown garments and broad-brimmed hat, in the guise of a schoolmaster seeking employment. He was accompanied as far as Norwalk by Sergeant Hempstead and his own faithful servant, Ansel Wright, who arranged to have a boat awaiting him there on the twentieth of the month, when he expected to return. His charm of manner won the confidence of the people he met on the way, and disguised as he was he entered the British lines, where he made drawings of the fortifications on thin paper, which he concealed between the layers of the soles of his shoes. He also secured the complete plans of the British campaign, which he wrote out in Latin and hid in the same way.

Thus far everything seemed to favor his hazardous undertaking. He reached Norwalk, where he was to find the boat ready for him the next morning, and the young officer was serene in the thought that he was out of danger at last. Spending the night at a farmhouse, he went the next morning to breakfast at a little wayside inn, "The Cedars," kept by a widow, and known as "Widow Chichester's." During the meal a man entered the room, looked steadily at the guest, and then left. Nathan Hale, who suspected no danger, finished his meal and hurried off toward the beach. A boat was approaching, and he expected to find Hempstead and Wright awaiting him; but presently he recognized the boatmen as British marines, and turned to fly. "Surrender or die!"

called a voice, and he was seized and taken aboard. He knew then that the man who eyed him at "Widow Chichester's" had betrayed him, and that his fate was sealed.

When taken before General Howe at the house of James Beekman, Hale was searched. The papers were found in the soles of his boots, and he was convicted as a spy. The provost-marshal, Cunningham, into whose hands the young American prisoner fell, was a brutal man. He ordered that Nathan Hale should be hanged at sunrise the following morning. He was confined under a strong guard in the large greenhouse of the Beekman mansion, which stood on the present site of 51st Street and First Avenue, New York City—a spot that should be revered by every American citizen.

Hale asked to be allowed to write letters to his mother and to Alice Adams, his promised wife. The request was granted, but Cunningham tore up Hale's letters before his eyes. He asked for a minister of God and for a Bible, but both were refused him. Afterward Cunningham excused himself by saying that he destroyed the letters because he did not want the Americans to know they had a man who could die so bravely.

In the early Sabbath morning of September 22, 1776, Nathan Hale was hanged as a spy. With coarse brutality, Cunningham ordered: "Make your dying speech." Hale had been praying. He lifted his eyes upward and said in a clear voice: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Sobs burst from some of those who heard him, but in a rage Cunningham called out: "Swing the rebel off!" and the order was obeyed.

So died the boy martyr who redeemed the name of "spy" from all traditional infamy by venturing his life for his country and proudly paying the cost demanded by the stern code of war.



STATUE OF NATHAN HALE

THE STORY OF JOHN PAUL JONES

ON a stormy afternoon in the year 1759 the villagers of the little fishing-hamlet of Arbigland, on the north coast of Solway Firth, Scotland, were gathered together in anxious groups along the shore to watch the progress of a small fishing-boat that was bravely struggling to get into the shelter of the harbor.

As the frail craft came nearer, her crew, which was made up of two—a man and a boy—was distinctly visible. The man was doing what sailors call “trimming the boat” by sitting on the weather rail. The boy was making the fight, steering, handling the sheets, and commanding.

Among the watchers was one person who appeared to be especially interested in the boy in the boat. This gentleman was a ship-owning merchant from Whitehaven, at the time the principal seaport on the Cumberland coast of England, and he had come to Arbigland to pick up seamen for his new brig, the “Friendship,” which was ready to sail to the coast of Virginia in the colonies. His name was James Younger, and he was a Lowland Scotchman by birth.

As the northeast gale grew fiercer and the little boat tossed about in the teeth of the wind, the shipowner shook his head.

“She can’t weather it,” he said, as he turned away. An old fisherman standing by heard the remark.

“That’s my boy John conning the boat, Mr. Younger; he’ll fetch her in.”

It was old John Paul that spoke—the gardener of the Honorable Robert Craik, a county squire of the neighborhood; and his judgment in such matters was well known, for besides tending Mr. Craik’s garden, the old man had been for many years a successful fisherman.

When, a little while after, the boat drew up alongside and was fastened, the Whitehaven merchant made haste to com-

pliment the young sailor on his coolness and skill, and to the surprise of both father and son he then and there offered to send little John Paul as master's apprentice in the fine new vessel just about to sail for Virginia.

Old John was flattered and young John was wild with delight at the prospect, so it was soon settled between them that Mr. Younger's offer was to be accepted.

A few days later the "Friendship" sailed from Whitehaven with little John Paul aboard as a master's apprentice. Thirty-two days afterward she anchored in the Rappahannock River, near the present site of the town of Urbanna in Virginia.

So it happened that the son of a humble Scotch gardener started upon a career that was to be one of the most wonderful in the naval history of the world. So it happened that the twelve-year-old boy—he was born at Kirkbean, Scotland, July 6, 1747—began his seafaring life on the blue water that was to be the stage of conflict and victory for the future hero of the ocean.

Being a sailor is not an easy thing now, but in 1759 it was a very hard thing indeed. Few boys of twelve years who go to school and live in comfortable homes can have any idea of the hardship of a sailor-boy's life—a life of struggle with the winds and tides, a life of strict discipline, stern command and prompt obedience, rough work and coarse food—a hard life, but the sailor-boys loved it then and they love it now.

One of John Paul's elder brothers, a long time before this, had emigrated to Virginia and had there been adopted by a Scotchman named William Jones. It chanced that when the "Friendship" dropped anchor in the Rappahannock she landed a very short distance below the plantation of this William Jones, so that little Paul found his brother, whom he had never seen before, almost immediately on his arrival in the new, strange country. William Jones took so great a liking to the master's apprentice that he offered to adopt him also. But sturdy John Paul, the sailor-boy, showed now the same determination and steadfastness of purpose that was in later

life one of his chief traits of character. It was very pleasant to roam over the great plantation and exchange yarns, perhaps, with the negro slave-children; pleasant to cruise about the Rappahannock in the plantation sloop; pleasant to ride across country with his elder brother, and go possum-hunting and coon-hunting with the "hands" at night when the work was done; but Paul did not forget his resolve. He had made up his mind to follow the sea, and he could not be tempted to change his purpose. He thanked Mr. Jones, but declined the offer of adoption, and when the "Friendship" sailed off little John Paul sailed with her.

For the next ten years the young seaman continued in the merchant service, each year gaining greater skill and experience.

He was now in his twenty-seventh year, and it is not only a remarkable fact, but a lesson to every boy who has ambition, that this humbly born sailor-lad, who had had no schooling, no teacher, and indeed very little child-life, was at this time as well versed in naval history and tactical theories as any naval officer of his age in the British navy. He was also proficient in French and Spanish, and had a natural grace of manner that made him the peer of young gentlemen who had enjoyed the advantages of a college education and whose lives had been passed in court circles.

William Jones had died in 1760, leaving the Virginia estate to John Paul, if his brother died without children, on condition that he should take the name of Jones. The brother was now dead, and by the terms of the will, to which the young heir consented, John Paul, now a captain in the merchant service, became John Paul Jones, Esquire, a Virginia planter. This happened in 1773. For two years Captain Jones lived the pleasant, free life of a colonial planter, leaving old Duncan McDean, the Scotch head farmer, or overseer, to attend to the business of the tobacco crops and other plantation affairs.

His tastes had always led him to prefer the society of cultured men and women rather than to be among the men who were to be found at the tavern and the coffee-house, and

John Paul Jones, by his indefatigable study, had fitted himself to take a place in such society.

The clouds from which the "lightning of Bunker Hill" was to flash were gathering thick and fast. Early in the spring, Captain Jones, with his two slave-boys, Scipio and Cato, went to New York in the plantation sloop, and while there he heard the news of the battle of Lexington. This occurred on April 19, 1775.

Under date of April 27, 1775, Jones wrote a letter to his friend, Mr. Hewes, copies of which were sent to Jefferson, Morris, and Livingston, in which he suggested the wisdom of "armament by land and by sea," and in which he offered his services should Congress make "provision for a naval force."

The second Continental Congress met on June 10, and a naval commission was at once appointed. Ten days later this commission was authorized "to invite John Paul Jones, Esquire, Gent., of Virginia, Master Mariner," to give his service in the matter. From this moment John Paul Jones became the leading spirit of the commission and by his foresight, his practical work in preparing for the conflict, as well as by the naval tactics he afterward employed, he earned and deserved the title of "Founder of the American Navy."

But there were many disappointments before him. In the first national navy list, John Paul Jones was placed as first lieutenant. After his important services this seems unjust, and many of his friends openly said he should be captain. "Let it go," said Lieutenant Jones. "Time will make all things even." And time certainly did.

On December 22, 1775, John Paul Jones, who was sixth on the list, was first to receive his commission. He was ordered to take command of the "Alfred." Obeying this order, he flung out the first American flag on a man-of-war. This was the "Pine-tree and Rattlesnake" emblem, not the Stars and Stripes. With him were Scipio and Cato, the two negro boys, and an Indian boy by the name of Jeremiah, known on board the ship as "Red Cherry."

For two years Captain Jones was active in the naval service, and during this time took so many prizes that his name

was already well known to the enemy as well as to the patriots of the country and the cause he was fighting for—America and Independence.

On June 14, 1777, Congress passed two resolutions: "That

Flag of the United States of America be Thirteen Stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be Thirteen Stars in a blue field; representing a new constellation." Also "That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship 'Ranger.'"

Paul Jones, as people became accustomed to calling him, saw a meaning in this event. "That flag and I are twins," he said. "We cannot be parted in life or death; so long as we can float, we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

It is a pretty story that is told of how the first American flag, the "Ranger's" flag, was made. In old Portsmouth, where the "Ranger" was launched, a party of girls gave a "quilting-party" for the purpose of making a flag for Captain Jones, for which he had given them very particular directions. The stars were cut from the wedding-dress of Helen Seavey, who had just married a young officer of the New Hampshire Line, and the other girls cut slices off their best silk gowns for the field and stripes of the pennant which was to win a renown that would reflect honor upon the fair hands that fashioned it. Helen Seavey, Mary Langdon, Caroline Chandler, Augusta Pierce, and Dorothy Hall (niece of the "Ranger's" second lieutenant) are the only names left to us of the historical "quilting-party." What girl to-day would not be proud to trace back to one of those maidens for a far-off grandmother!

The "Ranger" was ordered to take the news of Burgoyne's surrender to France, where our American commission was sitting with the object of gaining the aid of the French. If our French friends had not given us their help, we might not have whipped the English when and as we did.

The most important part of the "Ranger's" career was her exploits on the west coast of England, where she completely destroyed the shipping of the British at Whitehaven. On the day after the descent upon the place, Captain Jones, with the

"Ranger," stood across the Irish Channel. Hearing that the English ship "Drake," the guard-ship at Carrickfergus, was out after him, Jones determined to wait for her. The world knows the story of his famous victory, and how in reply to the "Drake's" challenge, "What ship is that?" the "Ranger's" captain said: "The American Continental ship 'Ranger.' Come on! We are waiting for you." Scipio and Cato and "Red Cherry" were in this first great victory of the new sea-power, the American navy.

The young commander now tried to get a larger ship, but had to ask this of King Louis XVI of France—always America's friend. The favor was granted, the king giving him the ship "Duras," whose name was changed to "Bonhomme Richard," in compliment to Benjamin Franklin, who wrote under the name of "Goodman, or Poor, Richard."

The "Bonhomme Richard" gained one of the most remarkable victories known in history. She and her squadron took the English ship "Serapis" and her consort with a force very much inferior to the enemy's. A curious thing happened in this bloody fight. The "Bonhomme Richard" took fire from the "Serapis" and was sunk by the ship she conquered. So fierce was the struggle that at one time the English commander, Pearson, asked through the storm of shot and shell if Jones had struck. Back came the answer that has become famous all over the world: "I haven't begun to fight yet."

That was the spirit of Paul Jones, and his crew was with him, though Landais of the French ship "Alliance" behaved treacherously. Never was there a more gallant fight on both sides. Once an English officer asked of Pearson, "Has she struck?" "No," was the reply, "but we have." Brave Dick Dale, Jones's first lieutenant, was the first man over the rail of the doomed "Serapis." The fight was over, but the "Bonhomme Richard" was sinking fast, and Captain Jones had to move his men into the conquered ship. The flag made by the Portsmouth "quilting-party" went down flying at the mast of the brave ship—the only ship on record that went down a conqueror!

The Duchess of Chartres, the richest lady in France, had

given to the young American captain the watch of her grandfather, the Duke of Toulouse, and with that grace that was born in him, Jones had said: "I will consult your watch to time my victories, your Grace."

After the battle, he wrote to the Duchess: "The enemy surrendered at ten forty-five. I looked at your watch to fix the moment of victory." Paul Jones was a courtier as well as a hero.

After the war with England was over the Empress of Russia made him vice-admiral of her empire. Before that, Louis XVI had made him Chevalier of France, the only foreigner ever so honored in that country; so that in spite of many early disappointments and the jealousy of many of his brother officers, Paul Jones reaped a glorious reward for his labors.

Broken down in the prime of life, he resigned from the Russian service and went to Paris, where he died of lung trouble, July 18, 1792, at the age of forty-five. He was found lying with his face downward and holding in his hand the watch given by America's friend, the Duchess of Chartres.

For more than a century his body remained entombed in Paris. In 1905, escorted by warships of the navy whose beginnings owed so much to him, it was brought home to the United States and laid, with great honors, in one of the buildings of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Paul Jones had many faults, but he was a faithful friend and a true patriot. Had he lived, he would have been Admiral of France, for he was much beloved by the French people. He died in his boots and struggling. A sailor at twelve years of age, vice-admiral of an empire's navy at forty-three, Chevalier of France, patriot of America, he will live always as the ocean-hero of the world, the champion of freedom, the "Founder of the American Navy."

DANIEL BOONE, A FIGHTER OF INDIANS

Edited by EDWARD SHIRLEY

IN the old days when white men were slowly winning the North American continent from the Indians, there were many very brave and daring frontiersmen who pushed out into the wilderness, and, taking their lives in their hands, opened up the rich, fair country for the settlement of their fellow-countrymen. One of the bravest and best of these pioneers was Daniel Boone. Let me tell you something of his story.

He was brought up in a little hamlet near to where the city of Philadelphia now stands. All around his home was the wild, untamed forest in which the Indians plied their trade as hunters and trappers. Daniel, even as a small boy, loved the woods, and loved to wander in them, watching the birds and wild animals. He made himself a toy spear, and became so expert in its use that before long he could easily kill birds and other small game with it. When twelve years of age he had the first great joy of his life—his father gave him a rifle. Can't you imagine the pride of the boy as he walked about with his weapon on his shoulder? Before long he was a deadly shot. He began to taste the joys of a hunter's life, which soon obtained a great hold on him.

He stalked deer in the forest, and the skins he sold in Philadelphia. With the money so obtained he bought a hunter's outfit—a long knife, flints, and lead and powder for his gun.

There was no school for Daniel to attend, even if he had wished to do so. His school was the forest, where a boy can read wondrous things in Nature's open book, if he only keeps his eyes and ears open. Daniel soon became an apt

scholar in the ways of the wilderness. He could foretell storms and prophesy floods; he knew all the trees of the wood by sight, the habits of the wild animals, and the ways of the Indians. He could take care of himself in the solitudes, build his fire, and prepare and cook his food. Nothing pleased him better than to couch by night on a bed of leaves, the tall trees gently waving their arms above him, and the stars blinking at him through the branches. Still, he was not without some book learning. His mother taught him the "three R's," and in later life he used this knowledge to teach himself surveying and to make notes of his work and to write letters. Unfortunately for his readers, he never learned to spell.

At nineteen he married and settled down in a log-hut in the forest; but soon he gave up farming and became a fighter of Indians. Settlers were flocking into the lands of the Redskins, and these found themselves shut out of their hunting-grounds. Mutterings, loud and deep, were heard from them, and stirred up by the French, they now began to make fierce raids upon the frontier homesteads. In almost every district a fort was erected as a shelter and defense against Indian attacks.

Such a fort was usually an oblong space, girt round with walls formed by a double row of logs. Outside, a ditch was dug, and the earth was piled up against the log walls to strengthen them. The tops of the logs were sharpened to make them difficult to climb, and at the four corners there were blockhouses three storeys high, so that the besieged could fire down on the besiegers. Inside the walls of the fort were cabins, the roofs of which served as a platform for the garrison. The gates were massive, and everywhere there were holes through which a man could fire his rifle. Some of the forts could accommodate a hundred riflemen.

The Indians were constantly on the warpath, and scouts were told off to watch their movements. Frequently it happened that a messenger from the fort would rush up to each of the log-cabins in the valley at dead of night, and tap softly on the door or back window. The people inside waked up at once when they heard the dreaded word "Injins" whis-

pered, and rushed off to the fort for protection. The Indians in Daniel's district were Cherokees, who were good fighters, and made constant raids on the settlers. Sometimes they murdered households outright and drove off their cattle.

Daniel Boone did good work in fighting the Cherokees, and when things were quiet he left the valley and crossed the mountains into what is now Kentucky. Adventures soon came fast and thick.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Toward evening one December day, while Daniel and a comrade named Stuart were climbing a low hill near the Kentucky River, they were suddenly surrounded by a large party of Shawnees. Resistance was useless. The savages made the white men lead them to their camp, which they plundered of everything. Then Daniel and Stuart were released and ordered to go back because they were trespassing on Indian hunting grounds. Enraged at the loss of their goods, Daniel and his companion pretended to return, but as soon as they possessed themselves of guns and ammunition, started after the Indians who had robbed them. For two days they tracked them through the forest, and caught them up. Secreting themselves in the bushes until dark, they suddenly sprang out upon the Shawnees, and managed to regain four or five of the horses stolen from them. Off they galloped, but they in turn were overtaken and once more made prisoners. The Indians did not treat them unkindly, and one night in the darkness they managed to escape and return to their friends.

As you may imagine, the journey over the mountains was not rapid, nor was it continuous, for it was necessary for the party to hunt as well as to explore. We can trace Daniel's wanderings pretty well, for he had a trick of carving his name on trees associated with some of his adventures. On one trunk he carved these words: "D Boon cilled A BAR on this tree."

For months he and his friend led a most adventurous life. Then came a series of disasters. Stuart was lost, and Daniel

searched high and low for him, but without success. He discovered the embers of a fire which the missing man had built, but no other trace could he find. Five years later Daniel came across the remains of his comrade in a hollow sycamore tree. He only recognized them by finding Stuart's name cut on a powder horn. How Stuart died will never be known. Perhaps he was wounded and chased by Indians, and to escape them took refuge in the sycamore tree, where he perished.

Daniel was now left alone. He had neither bread, salt, nor sugar, and no company of any kind, not even a horse or a dog. As far as he knew, he was the only white man in all Kentucky. To elude the Indians, he frequently changed his camp. Sometimes he lived in shelters of bark and boughs, sometimes in caves; more often he lay down to sleep in a thicket or a cane brake.

Once he saw some Indians walking along the bank of the Ohio, but managed to keep out of sight. Another time, on the Kentucky, he was seen by an Indian who was fishing from a tree overhanging the stream. When telling the story in after years, Daniel used to say gravely, "While I was looking at the fellow he tumbled into the river, and I saw him no more." You may be sure that it was a shot from Daniel's gun that caused the Indian to tumble into the river. He was afraid that the Indian would reveal his whereabouts, and was therefore obliged to take the man's life in order to save his own.

On another occasion he was suddenly surrounded by Indians. The only way of escape was to leap down a cliff to a bank sixty feet below. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang over the cliff and landed on the top of a small sugar maple. As nimbly as a squirrel he slid down the trunk of the tree, and ran along under the overhanging bank. Then he plunged into the river, and swam into safety.

Once he was very hotly pursued by Indians, and his quick ear told him that his crafty foes had headed him off. Instantly he seized the branch of a grape vine that hung over the path, and swung himself up into the tree. Safely ensconced

amid the thick boughs, he saw his pursuers pass and repass, but they failed to find his hiding-place.

Some months later Daniel returned home, sold his farm, and persuaded forty men to go with him and settle in Kentucky. Driving their herds before them and carrying their household goods with them, the little band, which included wives and children, pushed westward. The Indians raided them, and killed six of their party. The cattle were scattered or destroyed, and the emigrants lost heart and made their way to the nearest settlement. Daniel went with them, but soon he was out in the woods again seeking for surveyors who were lost in the wilderness. He found them, and was then sent by a rich man to found a settlement to the south of the Kentucky River. This he did, and helped to build the fort. The new settlement was called Boonesborough.

HOW THE LOST GIRLS WERE FOUND

On Sunday, July 17, 1776, Boonesborough was in a terrible state of alarm. Men stood to their guns, and women and children, with drawn faces, gathered into little, terror-stricken groups. What had happened? Jemima Boone, a girl of fourteen, and two girl friends, Betsey and Fanny Calloway, were missing. Anxious inquiries were made, and it was found that they had last been seen paddling a canoe alone on the river. They had ventured into a part of the stream where the current ran swiftly, and had soon lost control of their frail craft.

Suddenly, as they swept near the northern bank of the stream, about a quarter of a mile from the settlement, five Shawnee braves, who were hiding in the bushes, waded into the water, seized the girls, and carrying them ashore disappeared into the woods. The screams of the girls were heard in the settlement; the danger that beset them was awful to contemplate. Every child on the frontier knew the fate that was in store for them.

The settlers seized their guns, mounted their horses, and under Colonel Calloway, the father of two of the captured

girls, dashed off in pursuit. They spurred their horses to the bank of a river which lay between the Shawnees and their villages, in the hope of cutting off the Indians. Daniel Boone put himself at the head of the footmen, and in less time than it takes to tell was on the track of the fleeing savages.

After their first alarm the captured girls recovered their self-possession, and did everything in their power to help their relatives and friends to follow them. They secretly scattered broken twigs along the path; they trod heavily, so that their footmarks could be traced; they dropped scraps of clothing as they were hurried along by their fierce captors.

Night and day for forty-eight hours Boone and his comrades followed the Indians, every hour drawing nearer and nearer to them. At last, thirty-five miles from Boonesborough, the savages were overtaken; Boone and his men dashed on the Indians, and recovered the girls unharmed. Two of the Shawnees were killed, and the rest fled. Calloway's horsemen returned without a sight of the foe.

You can picture for yourselves the joyful march to Boonesborough. Long before the thirty-five miles of the return journey were covered, swift runners had carried the glad news to the settlers in their fort. Tears were dried, sad hearts were happy once more, and all sorts of joyful preparations were made to welcome those who had thus been snatched out of the very jaws of suffering worse than death. You can easily imagine the ringing cheers and the joyful firing of guns that greeted the girls and their rescuers as they entered the gate of the fort.

One day some months later, while Daniel was walking alone in the forest, he met two savages who raised their rifles to fire at him. The rifles of those days were flint-lock weapons, and there was a moment's pause between the striking of the flint and the discharge of the gun. Immediately Daniel noticed the flash of the first savage's rifle, he flung himself aside, and thus escaped the bullet. This maneuver he repeated with the second Indian. Then he calmly shot one Indian dead, closed with the other, received the blow of his enemy's tomahawk on the barrel of his rifle, and plunged his long

hunting knife into the man's heart. This feat is commemorated by a statue placed above the south door of the rotunda in the capitol at Washington.

CAPTURED BY INDIANS

When Daniel was forty-four years of age he set off with thirty companions to the salt springs in order to make salt for the settlement. While his comrades were busy salt-boiling, Daniel was engaged in scouting for Indians and in hunting. One evening, as he was returning to camp with a pack-horse laden with buffalo meat and beaver skins, he was overtaken by a blinding snowstorm. Suddenly, in the midst of the storm, four Shawnees sprang out of an ambush. Daniel at once took to his heels. Being a fleet runner, he hoped to out-distance his pursuers; but in vain—they caught him and took him prisoner.

He was hurried to the Shawnee camp, a few miles distant, and there found himself surrounded by a hundred and twenty braves, under the leadership of a chief known as Black Fish. Among the Indians were two Frenchmen, and two British renegades, James and George Girty. These fellows had joined the Indians, had married Indian wives, and were even more fierce and bloodthirsty than the savages among whom they dwelt. Indians and renegades alike knew Daniel Boone and feared him. He could beat them at their own game, and he was, therefore, a prize indeed. The Shawnees laughed with huge glee to think that they had captured Daniel Boone.

They admired him greatly, and they pretended to give him the welcome of a friend. They shook hands warmly with him, called him "brother," and in other ways showed him great civility, while Boone pretended to be equally pleased to see them. They told him they were going to attack Boonesborough, and that he should lead them to the attack. First, however, he was to make the salt-boilers surrender.

Daniel was in a very tight place indeed. He knew that the fort was weak, and that the Indians outnumbered the white men by five to one. He tried, therefore, to delay the

Indians as much as possible, and promised them that he would persuade the salt-boilers to surrender, if they would promise to do them no harm. Then he advised them to wait until the weather was warmer before attacking Boonesborough. He argued so persuasively that they agreed to follow his advice. Then he led them to the salt camp, where he persuaded his twenty-seven comrades to surrender.

Daniel soon found, however, that the word of a Shawnee was not to be trusted. Some of them wanted to torture and kill the captives, and a palaver was held which lasted two hours. Daniel addressed the Indians, and pleaded hard for his comrades. His words were listened to, and the men were spared; but their guns, knives, and axes were taken from them. Then the savages led them northward to Detroit, where there was a French governor willing to give twenty pounds a man for British prisoners.

Daniel, however, was not led off with his comrades. Black Fish had taken a fancy to him, and now adopted him as his son. He called him Big Turtle, probably because of his broad, sturdy build. The chief and his squaw showed their new son much kindness, and did all that they could for his comfort; nevertheless, a strict watch was kept upon him night and day to prevent his escape.

Daniel pretended to be quite content. He whistled and sang at his tasks, and took the utmost pains to do everything to please his captors. He shared his game with them when he went hunting, and in the shooting matches took good care not to carry off the prize. All the time he was watching and listening, and secretly planning escape as soon as the chance should come.

One day the Indians made him "run the gauntlet," but thanks to his agility he did not suffer much. He ran in a dodging, zigzag course, leaping from side to side, and by sheer nimbleness eluded the blows aimed at him. He did not let his tormentors have it all their own way. Using his head as a battering-ram, he toppled over several of the warriors, and in this way reached the end of the line with only a few bruises.

At last the day of escape arrived. While Black Fish and his men were boiling salt a huge flock of wild turkeys flew over them. The Indians all looked up at them, and instantly Daniel dived into the brushwood. So skilfully did he hide himself that they could not find him, though they searched for hours. As soon as they gave up looking for him, and the coast was clear, Daniel pushed on with all speed for Boonesborough. One hundred and sixty-five miles of wilderness lay before him, but that was not an impossible journey for a man of Daniel's endurance and courage. In four days—during which time he had but one meal—he reached home and staggered in at the gate of the fort.

It was as though he had risen from the dead. He had long been given up, and his wife had gone back home with the children. During his absence the fort had been hard pressed, and the people in it were almost at their last gasp. Daniel's return was a message of hope and cheer. Once more they were under the leadership of the most famous Indian fighter of the time.

Ten days went by, and then the Indians attacked Boonesborough; but Daniel was more than a match for them. He held the fort until a party of militia arrived and swept the Indians out of the district.

At eighty years of age, Daniel was still a hunter and a trapper. He died on September 6, 1820, at the great age of eighty-six years. Twenty-five years after his death a law was passed that his body should be brought from Missouri, where he had died, and should be laid at rest hard by the stockade where he had fought so nobly. Garlanded with flowers, the coffin was brought to the place and re-buried, amid the noise of speeches and celebrations. So ends the story of a hunter, scout, Indian fighter, and true man.

THE STORY OF SAM HOUSTON

Edited by JOHN H. CLIFFORD

IN the village of Timber Ridge Church, Rockbridge County, Virginia, and within a few miles of the aristocratic little town of Lexington, was born, March 2, 1793, Sam Houston, future president of the Republic of Texas.

Born of Scotch-Irish stock, he possessed the shrewdness and strength of the Scotch, together with the enthusiasm, the fiery eloquence, the dramatic intensity of the Irish race; and his magnificent physique, his slow but sure command of language, combined to produce in him one of the most picturesque figures of American history. The Houston family, at different times, in the Lowlands of Scotland, had held places of provincial importance, and was of sufficient rank to have a coat of arms.

Samuel Houston, father of the subject of this sketch, served in General Daniel Morgan's brigade of riflemen during the Revolutionary War, receiving at its close the appointment of major and inspector-general of the frontier troops. He died in 1806, while on a tour of duty in the Alleghany Mountains, leaving a widow and nine children.

Little Sam Houston was now a boy of thirteen, sturdy and strong for his years, and giving promise of the tremendous physical and mental energy, inherited from both parents, that was characteristic of him to the day of his death. After Major Houston's death, Mrs. Houston decided to move her family to the new settlements in Tennessee, where, perhaps, she thought there would be a better opportunity to increase her worldly possessions. We must remember that this was the pioneer age, and that the far-famed fertility of the Tennessee soil offered brilliant prospects to ambitious and energetic young farmers.

Nothing daunted by the long journey before her, Elizabeth Paxton Houston, with her six sons and three daughters, set out for the distant bourn in Tennessee, which lay on the other side of the Alleghany Mountains. The band of Virginia emigrants settled in Blount County, about eight miles from the Tennessee River, which was at that time the boundary line between the Cherokee Indians and the white settlers. A cabin was built here, and the Houston family lived the healthful but toilsome life of pioneers.

In this region there were few opportunities for education. Little Sam Houston used to run from his work in the fields to take his place in the spelling-class in the "Old Field School," where only the very simplest rudiments of an education could be acquired. But he had an active mind and a very vivid imagination.

Crowded away in chest-corners and pack-saddles, a few old books had made the long journey over the Alleghanies from Virginia along with pots and pans, homespun clothes, and farming tools, and among them was a be-thumbed copy of Pope's translation of the "Iliad." This was little Sam's treasure, and night after night he would sit by the pine-knot fire and in the bright red glare of its flames read over and over again the story of Troy and Ulysses. It was all very real to him—the heroes, the fights, the camp-fires, the walls of Troy—as real perhaps as the lowering mountains, the dense woods, the fields of waving grain that he saw every day before him; for imagination is the most powerful magician in the world.

It may be that all these fancies helped to kindle in the boy the military ardor that was a distinguishing trait of the man.

He had not been long in Tennessee when his older brothers, who no doubt thought that regular discipline was better than so much reading of books, placed him as a clerk in a trader's store. The drudgery of this sort of life was not to be borne by the lad who had always lived a free, open-air existence, and who had, moreover, a natural taste for freedom and adventure. One day he was found missing from his place among

the boxes and barrels. He had gone across the river and taken up his abode among the friendly Cherokees.

AMONG THE INDIANS

The Indians received him among them as a friend and brother. He adopted their dress and manners and speech, and the repeated visits of his brothers could not prevail on him to return to the counter.

The Cherokees, it is said, were among the most civilized of the North American Indians. They lived in cabins, cultivated the fields, and had a written language of their own. But in spite of the fact that their life was not far removed from that of their pioneer neighbors, in nature and heart they were savages.

Sam found them congenial, however, and whenever any attempt was made to induce him to return to his home, he said that he would "rather measure deer-tracks than measure tape," and that they might leave him in the woods. He lived with the Indians till his eighteenth year, from time to time visiting the white settlements in order to get necessary supplies for himself and his forest friends.

At last, however, he found himself in debt to the Cherokees for trinkets and ammunition that he had bought from them, so he decided to return to civilization and earn some money.

It seems a curious thing that the ignorant boy should have attempted to teach school, but that is just what he did, and he actually succeeded so well that he raised the price of tuition from six to eight dollars a year, "one third payable in corn, one third in cash, and one third in variegated cotton goods." He paid his debts very soon, but how long he continued to improve the minds of the Blount County children history does not tell us. His efforts in educating others had taught him his own deficiencies in that line; so after giving up his little school young Houston attended the Maryville Academy, where he completed his educational outfit so far as schools were concerned.

IN THE SECOND WAR AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN

The war between the United States and Great Britain had broken out, and in 1813 a recruiting party visited Maryville. Sam Houston, who inherited his father's passion for military life, enlisted at once, replying to his friends' remonstrances that he would "rather honor the ranks than disgrace an appointment"; and he added, with quite a dramatic flourish, "You shall hear of me!" Mrs. Houston handed him his musket as he started off, saying:

"Go; and remember, too, that while the door of my cabin is open to brave men, it is eternally shut to cowards."

Houston was made sergeant on the same day that he put on a uniform and marched to join the Thirty-ninth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. While at Knoxville he received, through the application of his friends, the appointment of ensign from President Madison.

The Creek War was now on. This tribe and others had been aroused by the eloquence of Tecumseh and his brother, the "Prophet," and they had determined to make a desperate fight for their land and homes. On August 10, 1813, the Indians attacked the whites at Fort Mims, Alabama, and a frightful massacre followed.

General Jackson and General Coffee defeated them at Talladega and Talluschattee, but the spirit of revenge had not been broken, and frequent raids were made upon outlying settlements, and all sorts of outrages committed.

General Jackson and General Coffee soon decided upon an exterminating campaign, and the volunteers were called out. Sam Houston's regiment joined the army and marched to To-ho-pe-ka, or Horseshoe Bend, where the Creeks had rallied for a last stand. Here, on a bend in the Tallapoosa River in Alabama, seven hundred warriors had collected to fight for what was really their just cause.

Jackson's army, numbering two thousand men, arrived here on August 27, and one of the most desperate battles ever fought between a civilized and disciplined army and an un-

trained but dauntless savage race ensued. Desperation and barbaric valor could not prevail against civilized warfare.

Sam Houston, who was in the extreme right of his regiment, dashed forward in front of the line as it charged upon the breastworks. With a leap and a scramble, he gained the summit of the palisade, from which, just a moment before, Major Montgomery had fallen with a rifle-ball in his brain. As he stood on the palisade, a barbed point whizzed through the air and planted itself deep in his thigh. He sprang down and, at the head of the men who followed, drove the Indians back. Pausing for a moment, he called to the lieutenant to pull out the arrow. Twice the young officer tried to draw the weapon from the wound, but it was so deeply imbedded in the flesh that he could not. In an agony of pain the wounded man held his sword over the head of the officer and cried: "Pull it out! pull it out, or I'll kill you!" The uplifted sword added strength to the lieutenant's arm, and the next pull withdrew the arrow. Houston made light of the wound, and disobeying Jackson's command to retire to the rear, he renewed the attack on the breastworks and began fighting again.

Soon after, Jackson called for volunteers to storm a certain ravine, and Sam Houston dashed forward, calling to the men: "Follow me! follow me!" but without looking back to see if they were following. When he got within a few yards of the entrance to the ravine two bullets lodged in his shoulder, and the upper part of his right arm was shattered. He looked around as his musket fell to the ground. Not a man had followed him, and he was obliged to draw back out of the deadly range of the enemy's fire.

He received little attention, as his wounds were supposed to be fatal, but his magnificent constitution saved him. Nearly two months after the battle, he reached his mother's cabin in Tennessee, so emaciated that she did not recognize him. The news of his daring had gone ahead of him. He had kept his promise—"You shall hear of me!" For his gallantry at To-ho-pe-ka he was promoted lieutenant in the regular army, and after the war he was ordered to report at New Orleans.

In 1817 he was appointed sub-agent of the Cherokees, at the request of General Jackson, who from that day at To-ho-pe-ka was his lifelong friend, and Houston was instrumental in establishing a friendly feeling between his old comrades, the Cherokees, and the whites. His influence among them was powerful and effective always. While serving the country in this capacity he made enemies of those outlaws in the Indian country who were smuggling stores from Spanish Florida. These desperadoes in turn brought charges against him, from which he cleared himself before the President and Mr. Calhoun (between whom and himself there was always enmity), but his proud and sensitive spirit was wounded and he resigned from the army May 18, 1818, after five years' service. After leaving the army he studied law and when admitted to the bar settled in Lebanon, Tennessee, where his shrewdness, his eloquence, and his popular manners gained for him an excellent practice. Removing from Lebanon to Nashville, he continued in practice, and in 1821 was elected major-general of the Tennessee militia, a political and honorary office, but adding nothing to his income except in the way of influence and prestige.

POLITICAL CAREER

In 1823, at thirty years of age, he was elected a representative to Congress from the Ninth District of Tennessee, which he served for four years, occasionally taking part in the debates, and always as a member of the Jackson wing of the Democratic party. These two men, Houston and Jackson, had a strong attachment for each other, Jackson's stern character dominating the enthusiastic temperament of the younger man, and both were on the Committee on Military Affairs.

Whatever may have been Sam Houston's eccentricities, and however bombastic and theatrical his manner and diction may have been, when dealing with serious questions of state he knew how to be powerful and dignified, and he carried weight when he appealed to the legislative bodies of the government or to the popular feelings of the people.

During his second term in Congress he fought with Gen-

eral White his first and only serious duel. This duel was fought on September 23, 1826, at a dueling ground in Simpson County, Kentucky, called Linkumpinch, just across the Tennessee line.

White was supposed to be mortally hurt (he afterward entirely recovered from his wound), and an indictment was brought against Houston, the governor of Kentucky making a requisition upon the governor of Tennessee for his surrender. The terms were not complied with, and strange as it seems to us now, Houston's popularity was increased by this duel. It shows, too, what strength of character he possessed, when it is remembered that from that day to the end of his life he was opposed to dueling, and that even among those who believed it a point of honor to accept fight in this way, he firmly and repeatedly declined to accept challenges. To political inferiors he would always say: "I never fight downhill." On one occasion he was charged with having been very abusive by a man, to whom he replied: "Why, I thought you were my friend." "Why, so I was," said the aggrieved party, "but I don't propose to be abused by you or anybody else." With the peculiar humor that he sometimes flashed out, Houston replied: "Well, I should like to know if a man can't abuse his friends, who the devil can he abuse?" The whole affair ended in a laugh.

In 1827 he was elected governor of Tennessee by a majority of 12,000 votes over Cannon and Willie Blount, the old "War Governor," as he was called. This election was probably due to the fact that he was the representative of the Andrew Jackson party.

There must have been an almost hypnotic influence in this man's power over men, for anybody else who dressed as he did would have been ridiculous. On the day of his election, August 2, 1827, he appeared at the polls unannounced, mounted on a magnificent dapple-gray horse. He wore a tall bell-crowned beaver hat; a shining black patent-leather stock, or military cravat, incasing a standing collar; a ruffled shirt, black satin vest, shining black silk trousers, gathered at the waistband and very full about the ankles; a gorgeous parti-colored

Indian hunting-shirt, fastened in at the waist with a bead-embroidered red silk sash, which was clasped by large silver buckles; embroidered silk stockings, and pumps, as the long shoes were then called, ornamented with brilliant silver shoe-buckles.

In this very fantastic and absurd costume the new governor made his theatrical entrée into his great political office; yet in spite of all the sensationalism that no other man could have carried off, he made his power felt, and from start to finish his administration was successful and satisfactory.

RETURNS TO THE INDIANS

Houston probably would have been elected to a second term had not the misfortune of his life now occurred. On January 16, 1829, he married Eliza Allen, the daughter of a political friend. Three months later Mrs. Houston left her husband and returned to her father's house. The affair remained a mystery till the lady's death. Houston sent in his resignation, and again buried himself with his old friends, the Cherokees. With a chivalry that only a brave man ever shows, he had simply said: "Eliza stands acquitted by me"; and then, like a wounded animal, he hid himself from those who knew him. Oo-loo-tee-kah, or Jolly, the under chief of the Cherokees, who had received Houston as a boy into his tribe, now joyfully reclaimed his old friend, though he wisely advised him "to go back to the white people." The counsel was not accepted, and the former governor of Tennessee adopted the habits, manners, and dress of the Indians, and was formally received under the name of Co-lon-neh, or the Raven, as the son of Oo-loo-tee-kah.

On state occasions Houston, or Co-lon-neh, the Raven, appeared in the blanket, buckskin hunting-shirt, leggings, moccasins, and turkey-feathers of the Indian brave, and took part in the councils.

During this voluntary exile he was not forgotten. Reports were circulated that he was about to invade a province of Mexico at the head of an Indian army, with the intention

of becoming the emperor of Texas. General Jackson was so disturbed by these rumors that he wrote to him: "Indeed, my dear sir, I cannot believe you have any such chimerical and visionary scheme in view. Your pledge of honor to the country is a sufficient guarantee that you will never engage in any enterprise injurious to your country, or that would tarnish your fame."

In 1832 Houston was again in Washington, and it was at this time that he administered a caning to William Stanberry, a member of Congress, who had had him denounced in the papers.

The affair caused a great stir in Washington circles. Houston was arrested by the sergeant-at-arms and brought to the bar of the House. After a powerful defense made by Francis Scott Key and the prisoner himself, he was discharged from the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and although he was reprimanded and fined, the fine of \$500 was remitted by President Jackson, who was "moved thereto by divers good and sufficient reasons." Nothing could prove more conclusively how society felt in those days about such matters. Houston had really behaved badly, not to say brutally, yet Jackson had remarked that a few more such affairs would teach representatives "to keep civil tongues in their heads." One can easily imagine the dramatic way in which Houston on the occasion of his defense quoted the lines:

"I ask no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted. They have torn me and I bleed."

The sympathies he did not ask or need were freely given by those who remembered his valor at Horseshoe Bend. It scarcely speaks well for the code of the day when one reads that his attack upon Stanberry really made him more popular than ever.

Mrs. Houston, having secured a divorce from her husband on the plea of abandonment, Houston contracted an Indian marriage with a half-breed woman by the name of Tyania Rodgers, the descendant of an English officer, and a woman of great physical beauty.

At this time he had fallen into dissipated habits, and would go on terrible debauches. The Cherokees contemptuously changed his name from Co-lon-neh, the Raven, to a word that meant "Big Drunk." But beneath this apparent weakness lay great strength, and from this low and degraded state he was soon to be called upon to play a noble part in a noble strife, and to redeem his name and achieve a lasting fame in the pages of American history.

CONDITIONS IN TEXAS

At this time Texas, which belonged to Mexico, was a vast area of unpopulated wilderness. In the 268,684 square miles of this territory there were only a few small towns in the interior—San Antonio, Nacogdoches, Goliad, and others dating from the period of Spanish colonization—and a few villages that had grown up around the missions of the Franciscan friars. There were also a few seaports like Galveston, Brazoria, and Velasco. Colonies had been founded by grants from the Mexican government, given to contractors. Austin's, De Witt's, De Leon's, and the Irish colony of McMullen and McGlorie were the most important of such settlements.

Beyond the Sabine River and between the boundaries of the United States and Mexico was what was called the "Neutral Ground," which was really a refuge for criminals of both countries. Here thieves, escaped murderers, and all sorts of outlaws found an asylum; and Williams, in his "Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas," tells us that it was quite the custom for fraudulent debtors to chalk on the shutter the cabalistic letters "G. T. T." (Gone to Texas), which was a defiant declaration that they were safe from the arm of the law. This "Neutral Ground" was very injurious to the American colonies that under the legal grants were established in the Mexican Province of Texas.

Stephen F. Austin, whom Houston called the "Father of Texas," was born in Austinville, Virginia, in 1793, and was a remarkable man. In 1820 his father, Moses Austin, set out for Texas and obtained from Governor Martinez, of San

Antonio, authority to settle an American colony in Texas. He died, however, before his plan was carried out, but left the dying injunction to his son Stephen to consummate his project, which under great difficulties the son accomplished.

Austin's colonists were of a high type of mankind, and under their leader's control order, discipline, and an archaic sort of honesty were established. People left their doors unfastened without fear of robbers, and there was scarcely any disorderly conduct. Major Hutter, the United States pay-master sent to settle the claims of Texas soldiers in 1840, traveled the country, unescorted, with a half-million dollars in gold in his ambulance, and was never molested, though his rank as well as his business was known, and his halting-places were usually twenty miles apart, so lonely were the roads. Men did not give or take notes, verbal promises of payment being deemed sufficient. Such was the state of things in Austin's colony before the war for Texan independence.

Mexico finally grew jealous of the Americans within her provinces. By the constitution of 1824 Mexico was made a republic, and the two provinces of Texas and Coahuila were united under the title of the "State of Coahuila and Texas." The United States had proposed to purchase the territory of Texas, which still further aroused Mexico's jealousy.

In 1830 there was another revolution in Mexico, and Bastamente, now in power, issued decrees forbidding further immigration from the United States, prohibiting the introduction of slaves, and establishing custom-houses for the collection of imports upon trade. He also began sending a thousand soldiers, most of whom were criminals and convicts, to stations in the country, which was virtually making Texas a penal colony. All these things disturbed and angered the Americans greatly.

From this time the Americans began to oppose the infringement of the rights given them in their grant, and gradually the hostilities grew into a war with Mexico. Santa Anna was now heading another revolutionary movement, and Texas promised to support him in exchange for a restoration of the liberal constitution of 1824, and it was hoped that Texas might

enjoy the privilege of self-government as one of the states of the Mexican republic.

In 1832 Sam Houston went to Texas with a commission from President Jackson to arrange treaties with the Comanche and other Indian tribes for the protection of American settlers on the border; but it is most likely that it was understood between the President and his emissary that Houston was to look into the state of affairs, and report as to the power of the people in case they should try to throw off the Mexican yoke.

Major Elias Rector, a native of Virginia, but for many years a noted character in the southwest, and known throughout that country as the "Fine Arkansas Gentleman," was a fellow-traveler with Houston on his journey to Texas, and used to tell an interesting anecdote of his traveling companion. When they parted at a certain spot the Major handed Houston a razor as a sort of farewell token of regard. Houston accepted the gift, and turning toward his friend, said impressively: "Major Rector, good-by! God bless you. When next you see this razor it shall be shaving the president of a republic." How the prophecy was fulfilled may be found in the history of the war for independence in Texas.

TEXAS REVOLTS FROM MEXICO

The action that directly brought about the revolution in Texas was the passage of the decree reducing the number of militia to one for every five hundred persons, and ordering the rest of the inhabitants to give up their arms. Arms were necessary to the Texans at that time, not only as a means of existence, for they depended to a great extent upon their guns for their food, but also as a protection to their lives and property.

Anarchy soon reigned in certain parts of the province. William B. Travis, who was to win deathless fame in his heroic death at the Alamo, together with many other Virginians, South Carolinians, Georgians, and Alabamians, was eager to resist this arbitrary edict, and before long fighting had begun between the two factions.

Stephen Austin, who had been detained in Mexico by Santa Anna on one pretext and another for two years, finally returned to find affairs in very bad condition.

At a meeting at San Augustine, October 5, 1834, it was declared that Texas would no longer submit to the destruction of its rights and liberties by the central government of Mexico. A company of volunteers was raised, and Sam Houston was elected commander-in-chief of the forces in eastern Texas, and at once began to organize and forward volunteers. Austin, who had been elected commander-in-chief of the western forces, begged Houston to become the sole head of the army, but this he refused to do.

It was decided, against Houston's advice, to make an attempt to capture San Antonio, the oldest as well as the most important Spanish settlement. San Antonio stood in the lovely valley of the headwaters of the San Pedro Creek and the San Antonio River. Around it rolled the prairie, while groves of lofty pecan-trees shaded the river that wound through the little city and the many springs that abounded in the neighborhood. Southward stretched for ten miles the stations of the stone churches of the missions, each surrounded by a stone wall for a protection from the Indians.

Across the river from San Antonio stood the mission of the Alamo—which means the “cottonwood-tree”—the very name of which recalls a scene of fiendish treachery on the one hand and heroic devotion on the other.

General Austin intended attacking San Antonio at once, but before this was accomplished the contending forces had met at Concepcion, where the Mexicans were defeated and withdrew to San Antonio. Austin now settled down to a sort of blockade of the town. Houston was sent to San Felipe to organize a civil government, and Austin, who had been elected a commissioner to solicit aid in the United States, resigned from the army, his place being filled by General Edward Burleson.

On December 3, Colonel Milam begged General Burleson to attack San Antonio. Stepping out in front of the general's

tent, he waved his hat and shouted to the disorganized men: "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

An impetuous crowd answered the cry, and at dawn the next morning the attacking force moved forward toward the Spanish town. The Mexicans finally retreated into the Alamo, and the next day General Cos sent a flag of truce to General Burleson and terms of capitulation were agreed upon.

General Burleson went home December 15, leaving Colonel Johnson to hold the Alamo. Meantime, while the Texas soldiers were winning victories the consultation at San Felipe was also doing good work, and Houston in his Indian blanket and buckskin clothes was preparing a decree of provincial independence under the constitutional government of Mexico. (When somebody made a slighting remark about General Houston's style of costume, President Jackson replied: "Thank God there is one man, at least, in Texas, whom the Almighty had the making of, and not the tailor.")

The United States failed to take any very deep interest in the troubles of her citizens in Mexico, and except in individual cases there was not much help given them. Complications and internal dissensions arose, and finally Houston virtually gave up command of the army, though he rendered the greatest services to the colonists by keeping the Indians in good order.

Austin had negotiated loans for the Texas army, and enough supplies were purchased to keep the soldiers together after a fashion.

While things were in a weakened and confused state in Texas, Santa Anna had consolidated his power in Mexico. He determined to attack the Texas garrison in the Alamo.

BATTLE OF THE ALAMO

The Americans, or Texans, were taken by surprise February 22, 1836; and now followed one of the most heroic deeds ever chronicled. The commander in the mission now was Lieutenant-Colonel William Barrett Travis, a North Carolinian, twenty-eight years of age. The second officer was

Colonel James Bowie, the inventor of the terrible bowie-knife; and among the garrison was the famous David Crockett.

Travis must have known that with his handful of men—about one hundred and eighty-five—shut up in the mission buildings of the Alamo he had almost no chance against Santa Anna's two thousand veterans.

There is an antique heroism, almost archaic in its simplicity, in the appeal the young commander sent out for help. It was dated February 24, 1836, and addressed: "To the people of Texas and all Americans in the world."

"FELLOW-CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS:

"I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continued bombardment for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon-shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. . . . Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!

"W. BARRETT TRAVIS,

"Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding."

Colonel Fannin started on the 28th to relieve the beleaguered garrison, but his ammunition-wagon broke down and it was impossible to go on. March 3 Travis sent his last message for the help that never came.

On Sunday morning, March 6, the Mexican bands struck up the air "Deguelo," "Cut-throat," which meant "no quarter," and the final assault was made.

The Americans fought like heroes, but their little force was no match for the hordes that scaled the wall and carried the redoubt, forcing the Texans back into the convent and hospital.

The adobe wall gave way beneath the cannon-shot, and the Mexicans stormed the breach. The Americans fought from room to room and the last struggle was made in the church. In that sanctuary of the Prince of Peace was perpetrated a horrible butchery of helpless men. Crockett, with his long rifle "Betsy" in his hand and his coonskin cap on his head, fell at the entrance. Bowie and Travis were among the first to fall. Bowie was killed while lying partly disabled on a cot, firing his pistols to the last. The Americans had agreed to blow up the magazine rather than be butchered by the Mexicans, for they knew Santa Anna's barbarity; but just as Major Evans started to fire it he was shot down.

At nine o'clock the Alamo had fallen. Five persons who had hidden were brought out and shot, although the Mexican officers begged for their lives. After the slaughter was over—and not one of the brave defenders was left alive—Santa Anna had the bodies piled together and burned.

The fall of the Alamo made a profound impression in the United States, and the spirit of vengeance began now to animate the Texans. Years after the tragic event a lofty granite shaft was erected in the capitol building in Austin in memory of the heroes of the Alamo.

An eloquent line tells the story:

"Thetmopylæ had its messenger of woe—
The Alamo had none."

The execution of the prisoners of Goliad on Palm Sunday, March 26, inflamed the feeling to a full climax of hatred and fury, and it was the cry "Remember the Alamo; remember La Bahia!" that led the Americans to victory at the battle of San Jacinto which really established Texas as a republic.

PRESIDENT OF TEXAS

Sam Houston, commander-in-chief, and the hero of San Jacinto, was immediately elected president of the new republic, and Major Rector was reminded of the razor and prophecy. Santa Anna was now prisoner, and notwithstanding the threats of the populace, President Houston was wise

enough to treat him with consideration and finally release him, as he did not wish to prolong hostile feeling with Mexico.

"Old San Jacinto," as he was now called, was not for some time in favor of annexation. Several times the new republic sought to unite herself with the United States, and several times the Union declined with thanks. Finally, however, it became a party issue and on December 29, 1845, Texas ceased to be a republic and became the "Lone Star" State in the Union.

It was unselfish in Houston to oppose annexation, for personally it meant more honors for him. He had filled two terms as president, and by the Constitution could not hold that office again. Texas as a State would give him the best gifts in her power to bestow. With him, Texas was first. He loved the land he had saved from ruin. His marriage with Miss Margaret Moffette Lea, of Alabama, had been the greatest blessing, for under the influence of his wife he gave up his dissipated habits, and in his old age a happy family of sons and daughters were gathered about him.

LOYAL TO THE UNION

When the Civil War broke out, Houston, who had been for several terms United States senator and had been governor of Texas, was entirely in favor of preserving the Union. In consequence he was deposed as governor and overwhelmed with abuse by the secessionists. When the State of Texas seceded he refused to take path to the Confederate government. This was a brave thing for a Southern man to do.

Houston, however, was strong to the last in his conviction that the Union should be preserved, although he, like all Southerners, felt it proper to fight for the rights they believed to be theirs under the Constitution.

His son, Lieutenant Sam Houston, was one of the Confederate soldiers wounded and taken prisoner at Vicksburg July 4, 1863. About three weeks later, July 26, Sam Houston died, aged seventy years. His last words, before uttering the name of his wife, were "Texas! Texas!"

A plain white slab in Huntsville, Texas, where he died, marks the last resting-place of one whose earthly life was full of turmoil and strife.

HIS PERSONALITY

Houston had many strong prejudices, and aroused violent antagonism, but with all his faults he possessed splendid virtues. His reverence for women was beautiful, and he always addressed them with the title "Lady"—which was no idle word on his lips. His first wife on her deathbed revealed the fact that she had told him soon after their marriage that her love was given to another man, and with his intense chivalry (and wounded pride, perhaps) he had felt it his duty to part from her, unwilling to try to force affection or loyalty. Such was the mystery of his early life, about which venomous tongues whispered much evil report of a noble and chivalrous gentleman. He was hated as much as he was loved, but he was unquestionably a patriot and a hero, and typified a romantic period of the nation's history.

THE STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

THIS is a story of photographs. If only it could have a phonographic attachment, so that you could both see and hear the man whom I wish to show you—"the most wilful, the most despotic, the most interesting of all our Presidents," as one of the latest of American historians denominates Andrew Jackson of Tennessee—the vividness, as well as the interest, would be increased. For the Jackson voice was a part of the Jackson character.

But if we can reproduce his manner, we may imagine the voice. The first picture is that of a boy of the hills.

In a low, rough house of logs among the hills, where the red soil of the Waxhaw Settlement, in North Carolina, seemed almost typical of the blood and ruin that had fallen upon all that region in the merciless work of "Tarleton's quarter," a boy, hot with anger, stands openly defying his captor. He was born at the Waxhaw Settlement, March 15, 1767, and is now a tall, raw-boned, red-haired, freckle-faced lad of fourteen, big for his years, perhaps, with the prophecy in his lean but sinewy form of the future hardy and athletic frontiersman of that rough and rolling hill-country of the Carolinas. The man is a British officer, haughty, arrogant, overbearing, a type of that conquering race in whom contact with the conquered always bred contempt, while superiority of intelligence and refinement expressed itself in cruelty rather than in courtesy.

In this case the brutalizing spirit of conquest was very evident. As one who had part in the massacre at the Waxhaw Settlement, and the slaughter at Hanging Rock, this English gentleman had been hardened into the pitiless soldier and the contemptuous master.

"These peasants," he declared, referring to the conquered

colonists of the Carolina highlands, "have no rights. They must be taught their place as low-bred scum and dirty traitors. Here, boy! clean this beastly red mud of yours from my boots. And hark ye, do it quick! I'm in haste."

And he flung the long military boots, well besmeared with the red Waxhaw clay, at the boy whom the fortunes of war, or the tyranny of treachery, had made a captive to the hated troopers of Tarleton.

But though captive, this boy of fourteen was by no means cowed.

"Clean your own boots! I'm no nigger slave," he cried passionately. "I am a prisoner of war. Because you've got us down, you needn't think you can jump on us"; and stung to anger by the British officer's demand, he kicked the boots back so vindictively that they caromed on the Englishman's pet corns and literally made him "hopping mad."

AN UN-SOLDIERLY ACT

He whipped out his sword and springing upon his plucky and defiant captive struck viciously at the boy, unmindful of consequences or of that "fair play" which is so thoroughly an English trait. But surprise and anger had killed all courtesy in the big dragoon officer.

"You miserable little rebel! You cur! You blackguard!" he shouted. "How dare you? Take that for your impudence—and that—and that!"

Thwack! thwack! the British sword came down upon the Carolina boy with lunge and cut. It laid the supple wrist open to the bone; under the shock of thick red hair it left a cut from which streamed the still redder blood.

Then the sense of unfairness which had led him to strike an unarmed boy roused the Englishman's drowsy conscience, and he regretted what he had done.

"It was your own fault," was all he said, however, as he kicked the muddy boots from his path, and left their cleaning to his servant. So, after all, the big dragoon did not have his way. The boy from the Waxhaws did not clean those boots.

But the scars made by the sword of the brutal British officer remained with the boy through all his long and active life, and as he never forgot so he never forgave that contemptuous and cruel attack, and he took good payment for it from England's arrogant power, all in good time, and with interest. For that fourteen-year-old Carolina boy was Andrew Jackson.

He was born in poverty, cradled in adversity, and reared in ignorance; but he had the strong and sturdy Scotch-Irish blood running in his veins—the blood that has given so much in brain and sinew to America.

Andrew Jackson never knew a father; he saw his mother and brothers die as the victims of British cruelty and neglect. Left thus, without home or family at fifteen—an orphan of the Revolution—it is not to be wondered at that a hatred of all things British became almost a part of the reckless, mischievous, resolute, sturdy, and vindictive boy.

Somehow, he raised himself from ignorance to intelligence. He migrated into the new lands beyond the mountains, and “grew up with the country” in Tennessee. Farmer, merchant, lawyer, public prosecutor, district attorney, member of Congress, senator, judge—thus he rose to eminence in the new State of Tennessee, where he was respected as able, honest, fearless, ready to give and take blows—traits that in new sections have ever been necessary to popularity and standing.

IN THE WAR OF 1812

Jackson soon became an acknowledged leader, not only in his own State and neighborhood, but in the whole section; so when war with Great Britain broke out in 1812, Andrew Jackson, major-general of Tennessee's volunteer militia, became major-general and commander of the forces of the United States in the southwest.

These forces were not very great, but Andrew Jackson advanced to the command by vigorous measures and signal victories that overthrew and completely shattered the Indian rising in 1814, known as the Creek War, and broke the com-

bined Spanish and British power in Florida. He never neglected an opportunity to "chastise" the British power by which his boyhood had been made miserable; and when at last, in January, 1815, he found himself face to face with the British army before New Orleans, he felt that the day of reckoning was at hand, and determined to win or die.

When that time came, when the British army invaded the South, the hour brought the man. "Andrew Jackson," says Maurice Thompson, "was a fighter who fought to kill and who would brook no interference with his methods, no inquiries into his plans, no suggestions as to the extent of his authority. It chanced that he was the right man for the emergency; no other man could have saved New Orleans."

In the beautiful January weather, when that fair sub-tropical land of southern Louisiana lay bright and glorious in the rioting sunshine, there was gathered behind a shaky and uncertain breastwork of mud and dirt and useless cotton-bales a motley army of barely six thousand men—regulars, volunteer militia, new levies, creoles, Yankee sailors, Baratarian pirates, hunters, sharpshooters, frontiersmen—as curious a mixture of old men, young men, veterans, and recruits as one could well imagine, armed with a laughable assortment of weapons from blunderbusses to backwoods rifles, and marshaled under an indomitable, determined, redcoat-hating general. Facing them, behind and about a flimsy fortification of mud ramparts and sugar-hogsheads, was marshaled a strong and splendidly disciplined British army of fifteen thousand veterans of the Napoleonic wars.

So they stood awhile—the invaders and the defenders. Then out from behind their defenses, straight on through the open, over the oozy swamp-land and across the half-filled ditches, came marching a solid red-coated column of British soldiers, perfectly drilled and valiantly led.

The Americans are silent, but ready. Four deep, the lines of picked riflemen and musketeers, with weapons ready, wait to get the range. It comes speedily as nearer and nearer moves that gleaming, unbroken column of red, its commander, General Pakenham himself, leading it on.

Suddenly, from the breastwork of mud and cotton-bales, the rifles cracked, the muskets bang, the supporting batteries boom and crash. The riflemen have the range. Staggered by the withering fire, the British column shivers and sways, almost broken by its deadly reception; it wavers, then reforms, sweeps forward with a sudden rush, recoils and breaks as a second volley flashes from the American line and mows its way through those veteran ranks.

"What, veterans of the Peninsula, conquerors of Napoleon! will you break before raw militia led by a blustering bush-fighter? Form again! Form again! One rush all together and you'll tumble their crazy mud walls about their ears. Turn again, men; turn and at 'em!"

With commands and entreaties the desperate British leader reforms his panic-stricken column and once more leads it against the American earthworks.

Again the deadly rifles speak; again the withering fire rakes the English line. But it stands firm. Then Pakenham, waving his hat above his head, urges his men to one supreme charge.

"Over the works or die!" he cries; and then, struck in arm and thigh and breast by those merciless bullets of the border men, the brave British leader sways in his saddle and dies before the works are reached.

Still the advance continues. But now all the American guns are in action, from the overcharged 32-pounders in the battery to the old horse-pistol in the hand of some green recruit. In one terrible, fearful fire, as fearful as ever burst from a repelling line, the guns of border State men, creoles, and pirates pour their hail of death into the British columns, while up and down the American line marches the grim, relentless, cool, and commanding leader, avenging the death of his mother and his brothers, wiping out in blood the disgrace that had fallen upon his boyhood in that Carolina hill hut thirty years before.

"Give it to 'em, boys! Blow 'em up, boys! Show the redcoats how an American fights," he shouts. And the redcoats learned. Their marshaled columns break, shattered un-

der that terrible fire, and at last, with fully two thousand dead and wounded strewing the ground, with their leaders killed, their officers picked off by rifleman and sharpshooter, the British turn in flight, the South is saved, and Andrew Jackson has made his name forever famous as the victor of New Orleans—victor, with but eight men killed and thirteen wounded.

It is well to add: While it does not dim the military glory of Jackson and his men, the fact that peace had already been agreed upon, and that neither side knew it, must ever cast a shadow of sympathetic regret over the admiration justly bestowed upon American skill and valor.

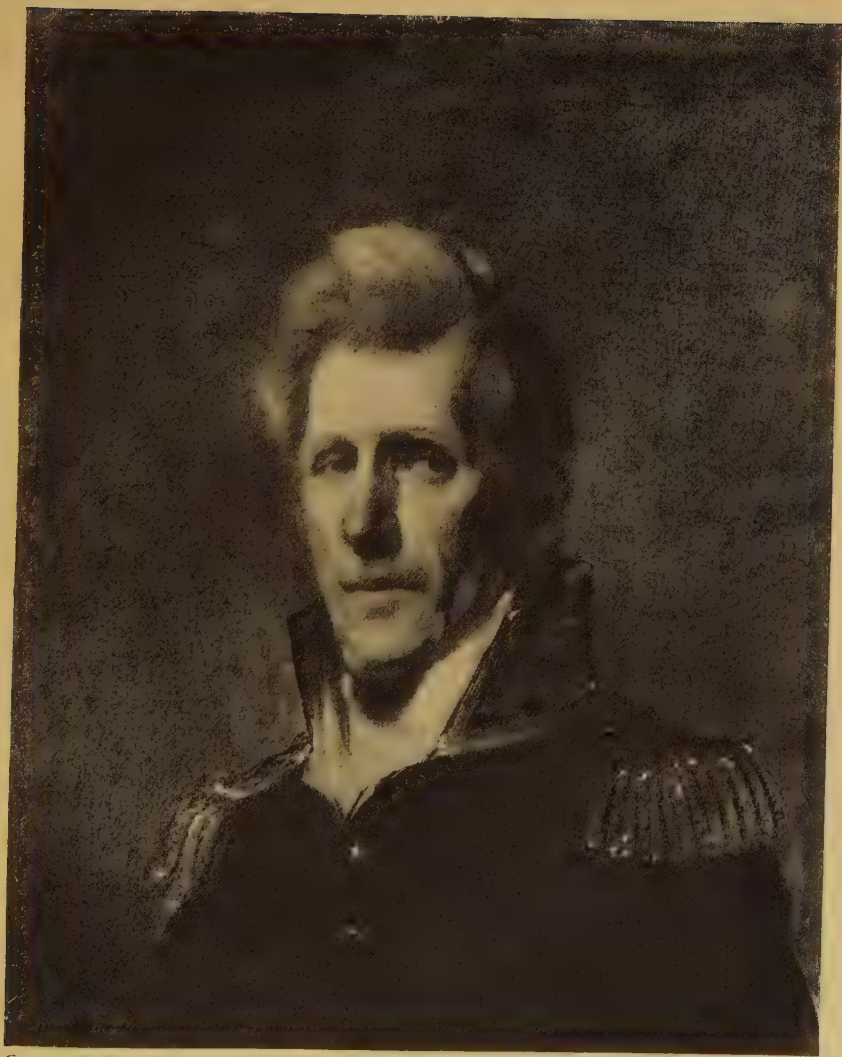
The Creek War and the battle of New Orleans made Andrew Jackson President of the United States. Although a dozen years passed between the victory at New Orleans and the Presidential election of 1828 the fame of Andrew Jackson grew stronger through the years. He was very nearly elected in 1824, and when, four years later, a Presidential campaign was again fought Jackson was elected President over John Quincy Adams by an electoral vote of 178 to 83—more than two to one. He was a popular hero.

BREAKS THE POWER OF THE CREEKS

One or two other pictures of the man between those years of indignity and revenge I should like to show you.

One is on the battle-field of Talluschattee, where Jackson broke the power of the Creeks. Disaster and death had overtaken the hostile Indians. Hundreds of dead and dying lay upon the field; throngs of disconsolate prisoners were forced into the white man's camp. From the arms of a dead Indian mother a little child was taken, and as Jackson inspected the prisoners, he saw the Indian baby, and, humane in victory, tried to save it.

But no Creek mother would take the baby. "Why save him?" they replied to the General's command. "His people are dead; his wigwam is empty; his father was a brave and died with his face to the foe. Let him die too. Kill the warrior's son now; it is best."



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON

From a Painting by Samuel L. Waldo.

Then the General swore a mighty oath.

"That boy shall live," he said, "even if I have to tend him myself. Take him to my tent."

The camp was bare of supplies. Lack of rations—a terror in every war, and the foeman's greatest ally—had almost caused a famine, and the general's larder was as lean as the rest. But a little brown sugar was discovered, and with this, mixed with water, Jackson kept the Indian baby alive till he could send it to the settlements. There it was cared for at his expense till his return to his home—the Hermitage, near Nashville—where Mrs. Jackson, good motherly soul, took it in at once. She and the General "raised" Linconyer, as they called their Indian "son," educating him, loving him, and caring for him till his death from consumption when he was seventeen years old. The boy was very dear to the General and "Aunt Rachel."

Another photograph is of the harsh but loving soldier as he leaves the Hermitage—the home he had built for his dearly loved Rachel—to enter the White House as President of the United States. Alas! he is to go alone. For kindly "Aunt Rachel" is dead. She whom the General had defended from slander, rescued from ill-treatment, loved, married, and fought for, had died just as the husband of whom she was so proud had reached the pinnacle of ambition and of fame. She died on the very day set by the people of Nashville for a jubilee over the General's election. The jubilee was changed to mourning, and Andrew Jackson never recovered from the loss of his dearly loved wife. It saddened all the rest of his life, which ended at the Hermitage June 8, 1845.

You will find, I think, a peculiar interest in the picture I shall now present you in the words of old Alfred, Jackson's last surviving slave. Standing beside the temple-like mausoleum in the garden of the Hermitage, within which lies the dust of Andrew Jackson and his faithful wife, and calling the attention of some Northern visitors to the willows that shaded the Jackson tomb, old Alfred said:

"Dese yer willows wuz planted by Gin'ral Jackson. Ole Mis' she jes' done buried an' de trunks wuz all packed fer to

go to Washin'ton, an' Gin'ral Jackson he went right off yander beyand de quarters an' cut four willow switches. Den he come down yer, an' he tuk his knife an' made a hole an' stuck one on 'em at each corner, jes' as you see 'em, an' dey growed, eb'ry one on 'em 'cept dat ar' one yander what was struck by lightnin'; an' dere dey is now. Den, when he done planted dem willow switches, de ole Gin'ral went back to de house to get in his carriage, fer to go to Washin'ton. An' he look down yer to old Mis' grabe, an' he look at de house jes' like good-by, an' he done tuk off his hat to de house, jes' like it was a lady; an' den he dribe away."

You all know what a dramatic, stormy administration those eight years of President Andrew Jackson made. No man was more devotedly followed; none was ever more cordially hated. Absolutely fearless, vigorous in methods, quick in action, emphatic in speech, if Andrew Jackson thought that a thing should be done he did it, careless of consequences.

Let me show you one other picture—this is of President Andrew Jackson.

ANDREW JACKSON, THE PRESIDENT

In a little room on the second floor of the White House at Washington, the tall, gaunt, grizzled, lonely old man of sixty-six sat smoking his corn-cob pipe—something that even the dignity of the Presidency could not induce him to give up. The old soldier's face was troubled, for disturbing news had come to him from that most disturbing section, South Carolina. The hot little State, inflamed over certain obnoxious tariff laws, had declared that the acts of Congress imposing them were null and void, and expressed its determination to resist their enforcement. As the President sat in his little room, smoking and thinking, a messenger entered with the latest tidings. The legislature of South Carolina had met; it had passed laws contrary to, and subversive of, those of Congress. The governor was authorized to call out the militia, equip and arm them, strengthen the defenses of the State, and prepare to resist the authority of the Federal government and the President of the United States.

When Andrew Jackson read this defiance of South Carolina, all the patriotism and all the passion in his nature burst into action. He sprang to his feet; he dashed his corn-cob pipe to the floor.

"By the Eternal," he said, "the Union must and shall be preserved! Send for General Scott."

Swiftly the preparations were made. General Scott was at once dispatched to Charleston; soldiers and sailors were disposed so as to be ready for instant action.

Then Jackson went again to his little room, seized the big steel pen that was his favorite aid in writing, and dashed off page after page of a proclamation to South Carolina, the words of which are ringing yet as a challenge to treason and a plea for peace.

So rapidly did he write, that a new page would be completed before the ink was dry on the page that preceded it. He threw into this writing the glow of his patriotism, the intensity of his passion, the fervor of his determination to keep the Union intact; and when one of his advisers suggested a change or toning down of a passage, the General refused.

"No, sir!" he said decidedly. "Those are my views and I will not change them nor strike them out."

That proclamation and the President's prompt action crushed the rebellious attempts of the "Nullifiers," as the South Carolina hotheads were called. The country approved; South Carolina receded; and the Union was preserved by "Old Hickory," as the General was called from the tough and unbending nature of his imperious will.

"I have had a laborious task," said the wearied but determined old man, after that historic episode was over, "but nullification is dead, and its actors and courtiers will only be remembered by the people to be execrated for their wicked designs to sever and destroy the only good government on the globe. . . . The free people of the United States have spoken and consigned these demagogues to their proper doom. Take care of the Nullifiers you have among you. Let them meet the indignant frowns of every man who loves his country."

Just such prompt and vigorous measures, too, did he bring to whatever needed instant attention. With the same sternness with which he crushed nullification he demolished the institution called the United States Bank, in which he did not believe, and which he considered a menace to the republic. He brought England to terms; he made France pay a just but delayed indebtedness; he settled disputes of long standing with Spain and Denmark; he forced Europe to recognize and admit the strength and importance of the United States as a nation.

He was impulsive; he was hot-headed; he was obstinate. He was the soldier in office, knowing no master save his own will, which, however, he declared, was the will of the people. It did appear to be so; for the majority of the people believed so thoroughly in Andrew Jackson that his two terms as President were among the most popular, as they were certainly among the most effective, of Presidential administrations.

Despotic, unyielding, masterful, but honest, loving, and sincere, he was loyal to his friends and vindictive to his foes; and yet, on his deathbed, he freely forgave all his enemies—"excepting those," he specified, "who slandered my Rachel"; and Rachel had been dead for fully twenty years.

HIS PERSONALITY

Andrew Jackson's life was a continuous progress from small beginnings to a great future. Farmer boy, soldier boy, saddler's apprentice, law-student, horse-trainer, lawyer, frontiersman, prosecuting attorney, land-speculator, State constitution-maker, congressman, judge, storekeeper, farmer, boat-builder, wholesale merchant, cotton-planter, stock-raiser, militia officer, general, conqueror of Indians, Spaniards, and British, governor of Florida, United States senator, Presidential candidate, and twice President of the United States—this was the life-record of Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, hero by popular acclaim. It was a record of steady progress through a long and busy life, marked, again and again, by those dramatic incidents and fiery outbursts that made him at once a terror and a triumph.

An energetic soldier and statesman of our own day, Theodore Roosevelt, says: "To a restless and untiring energy Jackson united sleepless vigilance and genuine military genius."

"It was," says Edward Channing, "a most important day for the United States and the American people when, under Andrew Jackson's lead, the forces of Democracy adopted the idea of the sovereignty of the people of the United States."

It helped then, as it helped in an even more trying time, to save the Union that Andrew Jackson so passionately loved; and it is well for young Americans to remember that it was because Andrew Jackson was so brave, outspoken, determined, and resolute that he silenced all opposition and triumphed over all enemies. Let them also remember that along with a tender heart he possessed a stern and inflexible honesty that rose almost to greatness, and made him for all time a typical and historic American.

THE STORY OF ROBERT E. LEE

By JOHN T. FARIS and the EDITORS

IT was natural that Robert E. Lee should be a soldier. One of his ancestors is said to have fought at the battle of Hastings, another was a trusted lieutenant of Richard Cœur de Lion at the siege of Acre, a third was honored by Queen Elizabeth, and heads of later generations rendered signal service in the early history of Virginia, while the work of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee in the Revolution is familiar to every schoolboy.

Robert E. Lee, the son of "Light-Horse Harry," was born in Westmoreland County, Va., January 19, 1807. He was born in the historic manor-house, Stratford, built by Thomas Lee, a brother of his great-grandfather. The fact that the East India Company and the Queen of England assisted by their gifts in the building of the Virginia home was a treasured tradition in the family.

On the large plantation surrounding the manor-house, Robert had abundant opportunity for the outdoor activities so dear to a boy. While he spent many months of each year at Alexandria, where his parents took their children in order to be near school privileges, the opportunity to return to the country was always welcomed.

While yet a boy he visited Arlington, across the Potomac from Washington, the home of George Washington Parke Custis. Here he played with Mary Custis. The playmate of his childhood became his wife two years after Lee left West Point. In the course of time, Arlington, a beautiful home, became his own.

General Lee, in later life, was fond of describing the ardor with which, as a youth, he engaged in open-air sports; how he passed many hours in the chase, not infrequently on foot, and yet without fatigue, as he had become so inured

to every form of rough exertion; how he acquired skill in horsemanship, which stood him in such stead as a soldier, by constant exercise on horseback unmindful of the weather; and how he cultivated an eye for topography by exploring field, wood, and stream. Doubtless by these early diversions he increased that natural vigor of constitution which enabled him, in the vicissitudes of his military career, to bear so many hardships, and to endure so many privations without apparent detriment to his health.

HIS CARE FOR HIS MOTHER

The frequent absence of his father in search of health, and of his older brother at school, threw much responsibility on Robert when he was still quite young. To him was committed the care of his invalid mother; and never did son look after a mother more tenderly. A friend said of him that, "discarding schoolboy frolics, he would hurry home from his studies to see that his mother had her daily drive; and might be seen carrying her to her carriage, affectionately arranging her cushions, and earnestly endeavoring to entertain her, and gravely asserting that, unless she was cheerful, she would derive no benefit from her airing. In her last illness, he mixed every dose of medicine she took, and he nursed her night and day. He never left her but for a short time."

This intimate companionship with his mother brought out the best that was in Robert. While he was caring for her, she was giving him a liberal education in those graces of character which combined to make him the Christian gentleman whom all who knew him loved and honored.

But he did not wait for years of maturity to show these qualities of mind and heart. In school he was the joy of his teachers, one of whom said, that "he was never behindhand in his studies; never failed in a single recitation; was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful in his deportment to his teachers and his fellow-students."

In his eighteenth year he entered West Point. His four

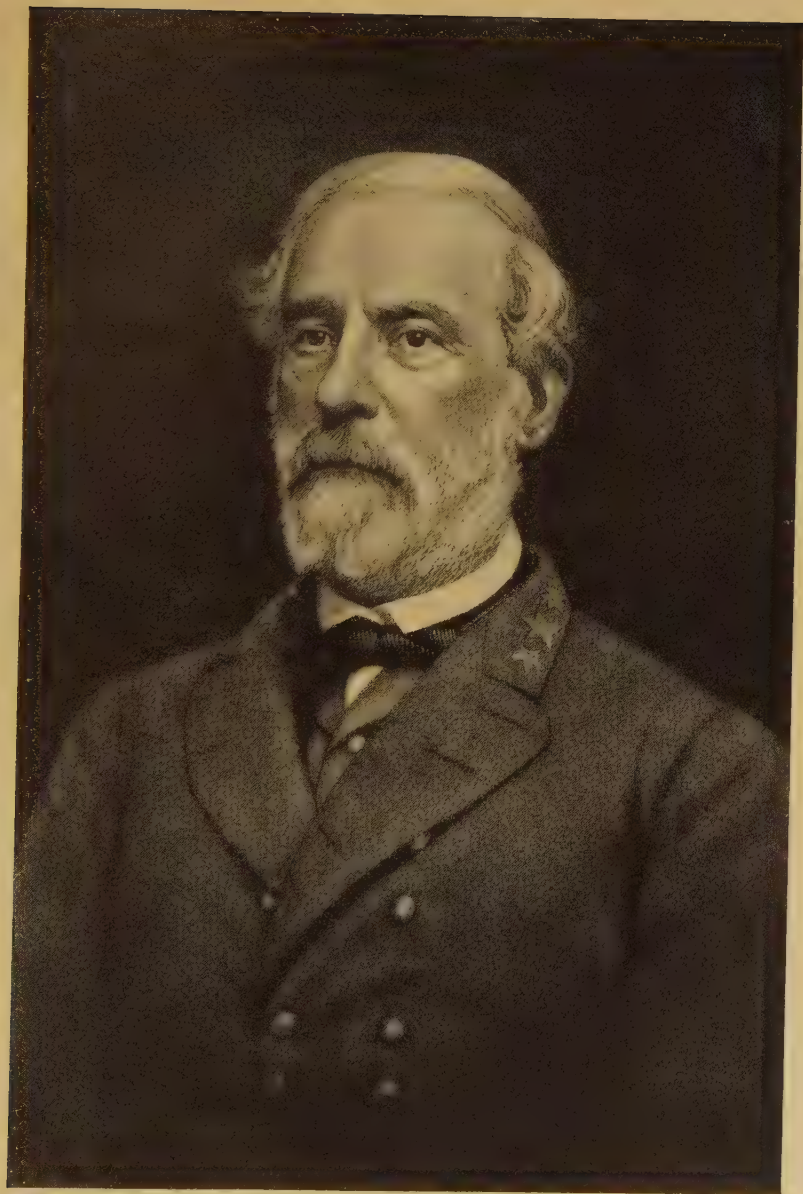
years there were a triumph. By his integrity of character as well as his scholarship, he made a record for popularity with his comrades and with his professors. It is a tradition at the Military Academy that his record was perfect in every respect. His friends learned to expect great things of him.

IN THE WAR WITH MEXICO

Lee's first task after graduation was engineering work in Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois. At the outbreak of the Mexican War, he was a captain of engineers, to whom was committed the task of studying the country for the divisions of the army of invasion advancing under the direction of Generals Wool and Taylor. At the siege of Vera Cruz he took part in the bombardment of the castle of San Juan de Ulúa, one of the strongest fortifications on the continent. The surrender of Vera Cruz was by General Scott attributed largely to the engineering skill of Captain Lee. In later engagements he distinguished himself so greatly that on all sides words of the highest praise were spoken of him.

A glimpse of his character is given by the story that, when the City of Mexico was occupied, a company of officers after deciding that much of the credit for the successful campaign against the city was due to Captain Lee, proposed the health of the modest officer. He was found drawing a map. The officer requested him to join his companions. "The earnest worker," so the account concludes, "looked up from his labor with a calm, mild gaze, and, pointing to his instruments, shook his head. 'But,' said the officer impetuously, 'this is mere drudgery. Make some one else do it.' 'No,' was the reply, 'I am but doing my duty.'"

After the Mexican War, Captain Lee, soon made brevet colonel, was in charge of important engineering operations, superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, and leader of troops engaged against the Indians in Texas. His last important assignment for the United States was as leader of the party sent to take John Brown at Harper's Ferry. In all these tasks he was most successful



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS

When Virginia joined her sister States of the South in seceding from the Union, Colonel Lee felt that his duty was clear. It was not easy to take up arms against the United States Government, but he considered himself first of all a citizen of his native State. To respond to the call of the Confederacy meant ruin. His beautiful home would inevitably be destroyed. But he did not hesitate.

It has been repeatedly pointed out that a desire to retain possession of his slaves had nothing to do with the decision to fight for the South. His own slaves had already been freed, and provision had been made in the will of Mrs. Lee's father that all his slaves should be freed in 1862.

The Governor of Virginia at once appointed Colonel Lee commander of the Virginia troops. When the Confederate War Department organized the united forces, he was made military adviser of President Davis, and to his genius in directing the movements of troops, the successes of the South in the early campaigns of the war have been attributed.

Later he was appointed commander of the army which was to move against the Federal forces in western Virginia. Early in this campaign, when a well-laid plan failed because of the unreadiness of subordinates to carry out instructions, "with characteristic generosity he omitted in his report of the operation all reflection on the officer responsible for the failure, one of the first instances of that forbearance in dealing with incompetence and even insubordination devoid of disloyalty to the cause, which he was to show at the critical moments of his military career." Of course, there was unfavorable comment on his failure, which he might have silenced by a bold and really useless attack on the Federals at Sewell's Mountain. But he would not purchase reputation at so great a cost. "I could not afford," he said, "to sacrifice the lives of five or six hundred of my people to silence public clamor."

President Davis, unmoved by the murmurings against General Lee, appointed him to other positions of responsibility. Coast defenses in Georgia and the Carolinas were constructed

in such a masterly manner that the war was nearly at an end before the Federals were able to overcome the advantage gained.

CHIEF COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH

In the Peninsular Campaign, when Lee was in chief command of the forces of the South, he showed the strategical ability for which he was famous. At first he was successful; later, failure followed failure. But the commander was the same gentlemanly soldier in time of failure as of success, ready to shoulder the blame and shield his subordinates.

At Fredericksburg still another side of the great commander's character was revealed. "Stonewall" Jackson, who was associated with him in the direction of the troops, sent to him for instructions. "Go tell General Jackson that he knows as well what to do as I," was the answer, which is called by Dr. Alexander Bruce "one of the most generous compliments ever paid by a commander to a general."

When, some time later, General Jackson was severely wounded at Chancellorsville—a battle which, it is agreed, was Lee's greatest success and marked the high tide of the Confederacy—he showed the same greatness as in the days when reproaches were being heaped upon him for his failures; for, in reply to word brought to him from General Jackson, whose left arm had been amputated, he sent a message to the wounded man that the victory was his. Later, he said of him, "He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right."

At Gettysburg, after three days' hard fighting, the army of invasion under Lee was defeated; then his generosity was as apparent as on the field of Chancellorsville. "It is all my fault, and you must help me out of it the best you can," was his remark to General Pickett. To Jefferson Davis he wrote suggesting that some "younger and abler man" be put in his place; but the President replied that one more fit to command or who possessed more of the confidence of the army or of the reflecting men of the country could not be found.

In the last days of the Confederacy, which had been pro-

longed by the genius of Lee in the face of a vastly superior force of well-cared-for men, while his own were half-starved and half-clothed, the hopeless Southern troops did not falter in their loyalty to their leader. Colonel Marshall, a member of his staff, wrote: "I can but describe his influence by saying that such was the love and veneration of the men for him, that they had come to look upon the cause as General Lee's cause, and they fought for it because they loved him. To them, he represented cause, country and all."

Lee's attitude in the supreme hour was heroic. When he might have prolonged the conflict by guerrilla warfare, and was urged to do so, he said: "No, that will not do. It must be remembered we are Christian people. We have fought this fight as long and as well as we know how. We have been defeated. For us as a Christian people there is but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation. These men must go home and plant a crop, and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis." And when, learning that he intended to surrender, one near him remarked: "What will history say of the surrender of this army in the field?" he replied, "That is not the question. The question is, is it right? If it is right, I will take the responsibility."

THE FIDELITY OF GENERAL LEE

Never was there a nobler expression of cheerfulness in the presence of defeat and despair than that which was shown by General Robert E. Lee. His armies had been reduced to starvation and almost to nakedness. They had, as Thomas Nelson Page says, "tracked the frozen roads of Virginia with bleeding feet; their breakfast was often nothing but water from a road-side well, and their dinner nothing but a tightened belt." The General "deemed himself happy to be able to send his wife one nearly dried up lemon," and he acknowledged with joyous gratitude her gift of a dozen home-knit socks with which to clothe the feet of his soldiers. At length, to save further bloodshed, he surrendered his decimated army to Grant. The ablest soldier of his time, perhaps of all time,

cheerfully acknowledged defeat. But "there was quietness in that man's mind. When the sky was darkened he had simply lighted the candles and gone on with his duty."

After the war was over, howled at by men who never had had the courage or the ability to stand against him in battle, he calmly sought only the opportunity to serve his native state in an honorable and useful way, and when some one tempted him with a fabulous sum for the use of his name replied pleasantly, "Do you not think that if my name is worth \$50,000 a year, I ought to be very careful about taking care of it?" Offered the presidency of a little college at a salary of \$1500, he accepted, and rode alone on his old war-horse, Traveler, into the college town one afternoon to take up a work for the youth of Virginia that lasted until he died.

Loyal son of an invalid mother, loyal soldier of the Union for a generation, loyal servant of the South during the war, loyal citizen of the Union after the war, loyal servant of God through his entire life—this is the record of General Robert Edward Lee. History has given its verdict of the greatness of the man who stepped into a position of extreme danger for no other purpose than to lift from the ground where it had fallen to the sheltering branch of a tree, a little fledgeling sparrow; and who paused to speak tenderly to a wounded soldier of the victorious army of the North, who had taunted him as he rode in defeat from the field.

THE STORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

IN the battle month of August, 1847, the American invaders were storming at the gates of Mexico. Over the stone citadel of Molino del Rey and upon the castle-crowded hill of Chapultepec floated the triumphant Stars and Stripes, until, at last, only the stout walls of the capital city, pierced with its defended gates, held back the conquering soldiers of Scott from the storied "halls of the Montezumas."

But those defended gates were stubbornly held by the valorous but poorly led and outgeneraled Mexicans, and while it was evident that the American cannon would in time blow out a path for entrance, it was desirable to clear this path at once, alike to inspire the besiegers and dishearten the besieged.

It was at this stage of the assault, while the brigades of Worth and Quitman were held back by the aqueduct embankment and the city gates, that a young lieutenant of the Fourth United States Infantry, scouting a bit on his own hook, saw off in the fields a little stone church which he began to study critically.

It was not so much the church as the belfry on the church that attracted him.

"That's the key to the situation," he said to himself. "That church is just in line with the gate. Back of that gate are the fellows we've got to drive off. If I could only get a gun into that belfry I believe I could drop some shot into the Mexicans at the gate and scatter them double quick."

The plan seemed so promising that the lieutenant resolved to try it at once. He hurried back to the lines; called for a few volunteers; borrowed one of those light cannon called a mountain howitzer, and, dodging the Mexicans, cut across the fields to the church.

The fields were seamed with numerous irrigating ditches

filled with water. But these did not disturb the plucky lieutenant. He and his men took the howitzer and its mount apart and, each one carrying a piece, they waded the ditches and at last reached the church. The gate into the city was less than a thousand feet away.

At the church door a priest confronted them.

"This is a church. You must not enter here," he said in warning.

"I fear we must, sir," said the young lieutenant courteously.

"You shall not! I will not let you," the brave priest declared sternly.

But the lieutenant was equally firm.

"Oh, I reckon you will," he said. "You see, we're coming in."

And brushing the protesting priest aside, he and his men forced their way into the church.

Piece by piece the howitzer was carried up into the belfry, put together, speedily loaded and trained directly upon the Mexican defenders of the San Cosme gate, as it was called.

Those defenders, intent on keeping back the besieging Americans, did not notice the little group in the church belfry, until, suddenly, with a spiteful bang! bang! the howitzer in the air sent down its unwelcome shot into the very ranks of the defenders of the gate. They could not dislodge this new and surprising battery in a steeple, and when, finally, its well-directed shot got the range and became unbearable they retreated from behind the gate.

General Worth heard the shots; he saw the puffs of smoke; he appreciated the strategy of the "embattled belfry."

"That's a bright idea," he said. "Ride over there, Lieutenant Pemberton, and see who's responsible for that. Tell him to report to me at once."

So Lieutenant Pemberton jumped the ditches and summoned the fighting lieutenant from his church steeple.

"Ah, Lieutenant Grant, it's you, is it?" said General Worth, as the young officer saluted. "Good idea of yours, that. Keep it up. I'll order another gun for you, and you can run that up there and blaze away with both of 'em. It's the best move

I've seen. If you can keep the gate clear we can knock it down. I'll have that other gun for you directly."

Lieutenant Grant saluted and went back to his battery in the belfry. He did not tell the general that there was only room for one gun in the steeple, because, as he explained years after, it was not proper for a young lieutenant to tell his commanding officer that he couldn't do it, even when ordered to crowd two guns into a belfry that was only big enough for one.

But his one gun did the business. It scattered the enemy, cleared the path for a final assault, and induced the Mexicans to beg off from such an assault by running up the white flag of surrender, and opening the gates of Mexico to General Scott and his conquering Northern army.

And it brought a promotion to the grade of captain for this young lieutenant, Ulysses S. Grant, Fourth United States Infantry. For he was mentioned for bravery, in special dispatches, and though he was as modest as brave the people who admire pluck picked him out as a hero.

Pluck was a distinguishing feature of U. S. Grant. As boy and man he displayed this quality again and again, from his wrestle with the bulky colt as an Ohio farm boy to his struggle with pain as the world's foremost soldier.

His story is a simple one, as are the stories of most great men. He was born in a country village of Ohio, known as Point Pleasant, on the banks of the Ohio River, April 27, 1822. His father was a successful tanner of that region.

Ulysses S. Grant—Hiram Ulysses was his real name—was a strong, healthy, go-ahead little fellow who did not greatly enjoy going to school, and did not at all like the tannery business. But if he had anything to do, either in work or play and whether he liked it or not, he went ahead and did it, because it was the thing to do.

One day a great opportunity came to this Ohio boy, although he really did not desire it; he obtained an appointment to enter the United States Military Academy at West Point to study to be a soldier.

He went even against his will, because he saw it was best for him to do so, and after four years of thorough training he

graduated, not very high up in his class, but still with the record of having been a fair scholar and a splendid horseman, and, on June 13, 1843, he was commissioned a brevet second lieutenant in the United States Army.

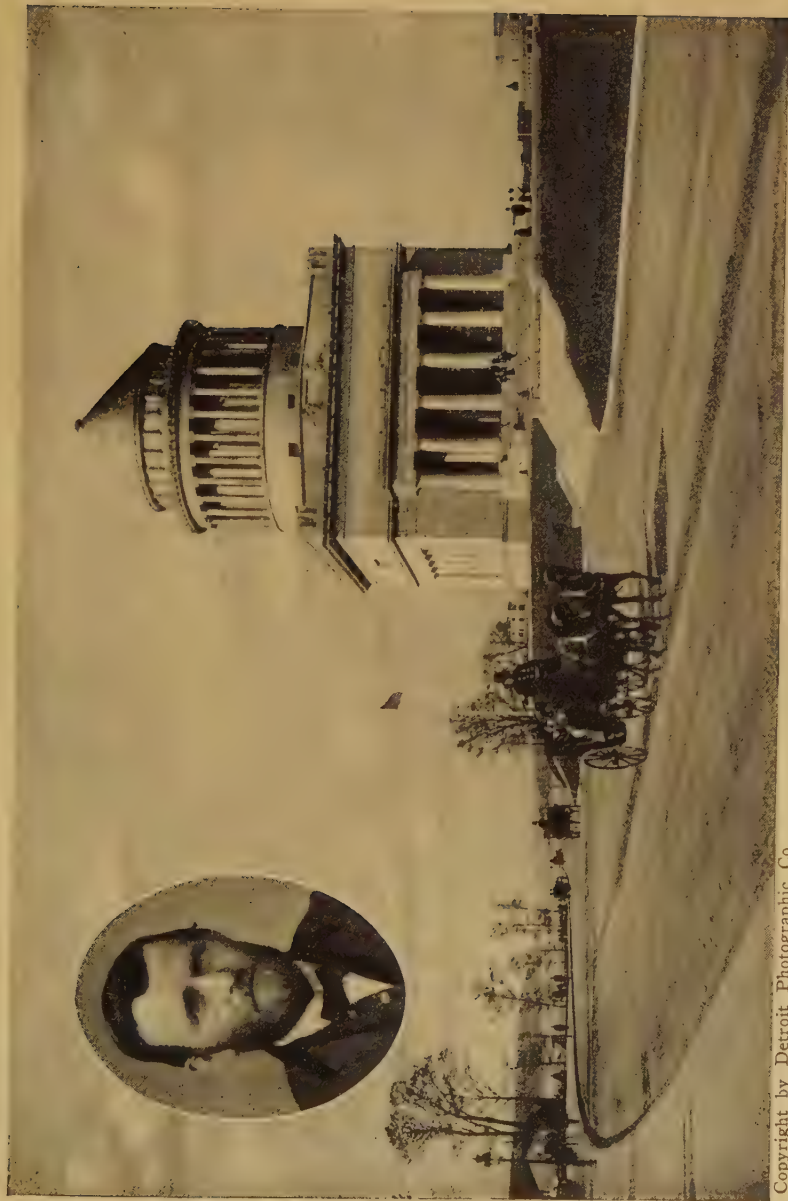
It was when he entered West Point that, by a mistake in entry and by his own silence, as well as the complicated system that makes it hard to rectify a mistake, he was entered on the books of the military academy as Ulysses S. Grant—and that is the name by which he went into history.

He fought through the Mexican war with conspicuous bravery, even though he was not obliged to fight, because he was quartermaster of his regiment. But Lieutenant Grant was not the man to shirk responsibility or to dodge duty.

After the war he went with his regiment to Oregon, by way of the Isthmus of Panama. On the isthmus the regiment was starved by inefficiency and stricken with the cholera; but Grant, as quartermaster of his regiment, fought the plague, inspired with confidence the panic-stricken men and women under his charge, forced the inefficient contractors to furnish food and transportation, and, at last, got his command across the deadly isthmus and aboard the transports.

A doleful experience in barracks on the Oregon coast led finally to his resignation from the army. For eleven years he had been a soldier of the republic, which, for a man who detested war and abhorred fighting, was a good record of devotion to duty. But he had married, and he felt that he owed a duty to himself, as well as the republic, and so, with his brevet of captain made a full commission, he retired from the army in March, 1854, and became a farmer near St. Louis.

He was not a success as a farmer; his health was poor, and it takes some time for a soldier of eleven years' experience to settle down to other work. Somehow things did not go his way, and he tried first one thing and then another. He tried lumbering, real estate, and bill-collecting with no better success than farming, and, finally, removed to Galena, in Illinois, where he "clerked" for his father and brother in their tannery and leather store. There he lived unnoticed and unknown, until in 1861 the Civil War broke out. Then, as he had been



Copyright by Detroit Photographic Co.

GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.
(Insert) GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

educated by the Government, he felt that he owed a duty to the Government, but, because he was a West Point graduate, he felt also that it was due alike to the Government and to himself that he be placed in a position where his knowledge could be put to the best service.

THE CIVIL WAR

He tried to get an army appointment, but could not; then he accepted the captaincy of a volunteer company, simply to drill them into shape; and, at last, just as he began to despair of serving his State in the field, he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois.

Then he began to show what he could do. His training and ability were soon recognized; he was made brigadier-general, and soon after commander of the military district of Cairo, in southern Illinois. In that position the test of ability speedily came, and U. S. Grant stood it as few others had done. While they argued he acted. He surprised and captured the Confederate camp at Belmont; he captured Fort Henry and immediately afterward Fort Donelson, deemed impregnable fortifications; he turned the battle of Shiloh from a defeat to a victory; and, at last, after cooping up the Southern army in their fortified city of Vicksburg, he besieged it so cleverly and determinedly that, at last, on July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant, and the Mississippi River was free from the lakes of Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. The tanner's son had become a great and successful general.

This important victory made Grant a major-general in the United States Army. He was given command of a great section called the Military Division of the Mississippi, and at once began an active campaign against the Confederates in southern Tennessee. He won the battle of Chattanooga, said by military critics to have been "one of the most remarkable battles in history"; he relieved the great mountain plateau between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi of hostile troops, and rose to the command of all the armies of the United States, as Lieutenant-General Grant.

Thereupon he took charge of the war in the East, and, as leader of the Army of the Potomac, he fought the brave Confederates and their able leader, General Lee, for a whole year, in a series of some of the bloodiest battles of history.

General Grant deplored and detested war. But once engaged in it, he fought to win.

"Give the enemy no rest; strike him, and keep striking him. The war must be ended, and we must end it now."

That was his theory of war, and he fought straight on, never halting in his opinion, never wavering in his actions, saying to those who questioned him: "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Thereupon the people and the President knew that they had a soldier to rely on, a man with a genius for successful war, a general who never took one backward step. In just thirteen months after Grant assumed his command as head of the American army the end came, and, in the apple orchard at Appomattox, the last stand was made, the last gun was fired, the white flag fluttered for a truce, and in the little McLean farmhouse the two great opposing generals met in conference, and the Southern army laid down its arms in surrender.

Then General Grant won a greater victory through kindness. For where he might have been harsh he was magnanimous. He was not one to exult over a valiant but fallen foeman.

"They are Americans, and our brothers," he said.

A brilliant and generous Southerner, Thomas Nelson Page, pays him this tribute: "Southerners have long forgiven Grant all else for the magnanimity he showed to Lee. By his orders, no salutes of joy were fired, no public marks of exultation over his fallen foe were allowed. History contains no finer example of greatness. Not Alexander in his generous youth excelled him."

He gave the late enemy back their horses, so that they could plow their farms for planting; he gave them food and clothes, and sent them all home to their families. "The war is over," he said to North and South alike. "Let us have peace."

Of course, his great success made him a hero. He was one.

But he bore his honors modestly. He hated to be made a show of, he declared; for he was a quiet, unpretentious, and silent man.

This, of course, made him all the more popular, for the world ranks that man highly who shows himself modest in success and magnanimous in victory. His own land, indeed, thought so much of him that the republic called him to its highest place, and Ulysses S. Grant was twice elected President of the United States.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

He served as chief magistrate of the republic in a hard and stormy time—the period of reconstruction. Aiming to deal justly with all men, he made many enemies; he may have made mistakes, but he kept to his course as steadily and persistently as when he was a leader in the field. To-day people realize how wise and able a President he was, and as that time of dispute drops farther into the past, the new America, the real union of States, will be found to have come to grandeur and glory largely because of the determined, unyielding, and noble stand of Ulysses S. Grant.

His two terms as President came to an end, and then Grant determined to see the world.

HIS TRIUMPHAL VISIT ABROAD

He saw it under great advantages, for whether he liked it or not he was a great man, and the whole world was glad to do him honor. Kings and princes, queens and rulers invited him to their palaces; the great ones of the earth vied in attentions and respect. He visited the queen of England at Windsor and the emperor of Germany at Berlin; he met the president of France at Paris; and was the guest alike of the boy king of Spain and the king of Portugal. The pope at Rome and the king of Italy saw and talked with him. The king of Denmark and the king of Sweden, the emperor of Austria and the czar of all the Russias, the viceroy of China

and the mikado of Japan—all met and honored the tanner's son who had been conqueror and President, while everywhere the people thronged the ways to see him and shouted their welcomes to one who, from the people, had sprung into greatness and renown.

Then he came home again, the same simple, modest, clear-headed, practical American citizen and gentleman, the hero of a nation, who had shown all the world how a man can be a great soldier and a great American and yet be an unpretending, quiet, and high-minded man.

But they were to see him fight one other battle. It was the hardest that any man can fight—the battle against wrong, dishonor, and death.

When General Grant came home again after his journey around the world he did not like to be idle, so he put what money he had into business and began, so he thought, to grow rich. He made his home in New York City, in a fine house presented to him by the people who so honored and admired him, and filled with the mementoes and trophies that told of his success and renown.

He had reached the pinnacle of fame. Honored by his countrymen, respected by the world, there was but one thing he desired—to leave his children a heritage equal to his fame.

A BUSINESS FAILURE

For their sake he went into business, hoping much; but he failed. An unprincipled investor caught the old soldier in his toils, traded upon the name, the reputation, and the honor of the man who trusted him, and, when the crash came—as come it did—the name, the reputation, and the honor of the great general were dragged in the dust.

He was stripped of everything; he was almost penniless; all his money was gone and, worse still, others who had trusted in him had lost their money too. This thought quite broke the hero down. The general who had never known defeat was well-nigh defeated at last.

It made him sick. It weakened a constitution already un-

determined by the shock of a fall on the ice, and developed a trouble in his throat that brought him months of suffering, of torture, and of agony.

But just as he had marched to battle courageously, so, now, he faced disaster as bravely. He set to work to make his losses good, and because all the world wished to hear about his great deeds of war he set himself to the task of writing the story of his life and his campaigns.

He kept himself alive to do this. For over a year he fought ruin and a terrible pain as stoutly as he had ever battled with the enemies of the republic, while the pity of the world went out to him, and kings and beggars sent him words of sympathy.

Day after day he labored, while disease battled for the mastery. In June, 1885, he was removed to a mountain-top near Saratoga, but still he labored on, now brought very near to death, now snatching from pain and weakness another day of respite.

DEATH

So he held death at bay until July. At last his book was completed. He had won his last fight. Then, his work finished, his desire for life was gone. Pain and weakness held him a little longer a sufferer, and then, on July 23, 1885, in the cottage on Mount McGregor, the end came quietly; the news spread over the land and to the uttermost ends of the earth. General Grant was dead.

The world mourned. Men and women everywhere had learned to honor the great general, as much for his victories over disaster, disgrace, and pain as for his conquests in war and his leadership in peace. Amid the tolling of bells and the booming of cannon the republic laid her greatest soldier to rest, and as she had honored him in life, honored him also in death.

On the heights of Riverside, overlooking the lordly Hudson and the great city of New York, there rises above the ashes of this simple but grand American a splendid monument, which is a landmark for miles around. It seems almost

too great a display for one who was himself the most unassuming of men. But it testifies the nation's regard for him who was twice its chief magistrate—the republic's pride in the great soldier whose deeds meant the republic's salvation. And as time goes on, longer than that great gray mausoleum shall stand above his silent dust, while the words honor, duty, courage, simplicity, will, and loyalty mean anything to the world, so long will the nation remember and the republic revere the name and fame of Ulysses S. Grant.

APPRECIATIONS

As to the closing scene at Appomattox, "there is not in our whole history as a people," says Charles Francis Adams, the grandson of John Quincy, "any incident so creditable to our manhood, so indicative of our racial possession of Character. Marked throughout by a straightforward dignity of personal bearing and propriety in action, it was marred by no touch of the theatrical, no effort at posturing. I know not to which of the two leaders, there face to face, preference should be given. They were thoroughly typical: the one of Illinois and the New West, the other of Virginia and the Old Dominion. Grant was considerate and magnanimous, restrained in victory; Lee, dignified in defeat, carried himself with that sense of absolute fitness which compelled respect. Verily, 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.'"

His quiet way of facing the dazzle of earth's high places mightily impressed Walt Whitman. "I like it," he said in his diary. "Seems to me it transcends Plutarch. How those old Greeks, indeed, would have seized on him! A mere plain man—no art, no poetry—only practical sense, ability to do, or try his best to do, what devolved upon him. Nothing heroic, as the authorities put it, and yet the greatest hero."

GREAT HEARTS IN GREAT DAYS

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

By J. EDWARD PARROTT

The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust!

CLAD in coat of mail, his shield blazoned with the leopards of England, his surcoat broidered with the Red Cross, Richard I is the very beau-ideal of a knight. Tall, stalwart, handsome, fair-haired, and blue-eyed, the gaze of all men lingers admiringly on him. A good general, a skilful engineer, a wise judge of men, he might have been a renowned king; but, alas, his lust for war, his thirst for adventure, his fierce delight in conflict made him a mere soldier—the foremost of his time, it is true, but nevertheless a killer of men, and not a builder of states or a benefactor of his land. Still, he shines beyond all other English kings as the hero of song and story, and as the mirror of the knighthood which prevailed in his day.

Richard figures in history as the outstanding hero of the third Crusade.

Sixteen years before this Crusade a new conqueror arose in the East, the great Sultan Saladin, a knight worthy to cross swords with Richard himself. Jerusalem was now in his hands, and pious Christians felt a deep pang of shame that it should be so. Once more a Crusade was preached, and once more the good and the bad, the pious and the impious, the just and the unjust of Christendom swore to drive the Saracen from the holy soil which his foot polluted.

Never was Richard so busy, never was he in higher spirits. He worked all day, snatching an hour or two in the evening to spend with his loved troubadours. In the August of the year 1189 his galley "Trenche-mer" set sail from Marseilles, and spread its sails for Messina, where Richard and Philip

of France were to foregather. Winter was to be spent peacefully under Sicilian skies; but trouble was not long in brewing. The townsfolk having beaten and insulted his men, Richard forthwith stormed their city. As a notable squire of dames, he then took up the cause of his widowed sister Joan, who had been despoiled of her dowry by her brother-in-law, the new king. Restitution was made perforce, and Richard by his gallantry and lavish bounty soon became the theme of all tongues. Philip of France, as proud and haughty as Richard himself, looked on sullenly, and a passionate jealousy of the English king began to take possession of him. In the spring Philip set sail for Palestine, leaving Richard to follow him.

The Lady Berengaria, the beautiful daughter of the king of Navarre, now joined Richard. He had fallen in love with her three years before at her father's court, and she had promised to be his wife. Her flower-like beauty and her girlishness were a strong contrast to the robust frame and towering height of her kingly lover. But in spite of her delicacy and youth, Berengaria must have had some of the lion in her heart too, to have braved so many dangers and difficulties as such a journey and life in a camp meant in those days.

The English fleet now set sail, encountering terrible storms. Three of the ships, on one of which was Berengaria, were driven on to the coast of the island of Cyprus. The ruler of the island would not allow the princess's ship to shelter in the harbor, and when the other two ships were wrecked in the tempest, he seized the goods of those that were drowned, and imprisoned those who escaped to the land.

When Richard discovered his lost ships, and learned from the captain of the one still afloat how they had been treated, he was greatly enraged. However, three times he sent messengers to the ruler, begging him to free the crusaders and restore the food he had seized. But all these requests were haughtily refused.

Then Richard made war on the ruler, and they fought till night fell, and the ruler and those of his army left to him fled into the mountains. At break of day, Richard and his

men, marching along without any noise, came upon the camp and found them all sleeping. With a great and terrible cry they entered the tents and fell upon the sleeping host like wolves. The ruler and a few of his followers escaped, but they left behind them precious treasures, horses, arms, beautiful tents, and a wonderful banner all inwrought with gold, which Richard at once sent to the monastery at Bury St. Edmunds. One of the horses, a fleet and beautiful bay, he took for himself, and it carried him through many battles in the Holy Land.

The fight went on until the whole of the island was subdued and the ruler taken prisoner. Then, having freed his knights, Richard turned his thoughts once more to Palestine. But first he and the Lady Berengaria were married, and for a few days the clash of arms gave place to the songs of minstrels, and the spirit of revelry reigned throughout the Christian camp.

Three weeks later, Richard having left the island in charge of trustworthy men, his fleet set out for the Holy Land. They arrived at Acre, a seaport town on the coast of Palestine, and found the French king at the head of a large army of crusaders besieging the town, but little progress had been made.

A change came over the spirit of the attackers when Cœur de Lion arrived. Up rose a great wooden castle to top the walls; here and there huge catapults hurled missiles into the town; while beneath the pent-houses was heard the sound of pick and spade as the sappers undermined the walls. Now ague seized the king, but his ardent spirit would not let him rest. Carried in a litter to the trenches, he himself pulled a bow against the Saracens on the ramparts, and by example, stirring words, and promises of reward, encouraged his soldiers to press the siege with all possible vigor.

Early in July the town was yielded, and in the first moment of success bickerings began among the Christian leaders.

When the Crusaders entered the city, Richard perceived Leopold of Austria's flag planted side by side with his own on St. George's Mount. "Who has dared," he said, laying his hand upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice

like the sound which precedes an earthquake, "who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?"

"It was I, Leopold of Austria."

"Then shall Leopold of Austria presently see the rate at which his banner and his pretensions are held by Richard of England."

So saying, he pulled up the standard-spear, splintered it to pieces, threw the banner itself on the ground, and placed his foot upon it.

"Thus," said he, "I trample on the banner of Austria."

In these words does Sir Walter Scott recount the story. Peace was ultimately made between the two, but Richard had made another foe, who was soon to take ample revenge on the haughty island king.

The fame of Richard dwarfed that of every knight who wore the Cross in Palestine, and the bruit of his valorous deeds made him a terror to every Saracen in the land. For years after, an Arab would cry to the steed that stumbled, "Fool, dost thou think thou sawest King Richard?" But the odds were fearfully against him. Every day disease thinned his ranks, and in the long march from Acre along the coast his men suffered terribly, though they turned in wrath and smote, hip and thigh, the Saracens who harried them. Barely, too, did Richard escape the daggers of the assassins sent to do their murderous work by the Old Man of the Mountain, who dwelt at Lebanon. One of them entered Richard's tent, and was about to strike when the English king caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and with it crashed in his assailant's skull. No wonder men believed that he bore a charmed life.

And now he turned his steps to Jerusalem itself, but the Frenchmen forsook him, lest it should be said that an English king had recovered the Holy Sepulcher. Never was he so cast down as at this defection. Without their aid his little army could not hope to succeed. As he wrestled with his grievous disappointment, a knight begged him to ascend a mount from which he might gaze upon Jerusalem. But the king snapped the switch which he held in his hand, and cast

his surcoat over his head, while the angry tears gushed forth. "O Lord God," he prayed, "suffer not mine eyes to behold Thy holy city, since Thou wilt not grant that I deliver it from the hands of Thy foes!"

Back again over the weary sands of the desert he toiled, sick at heart and sick of body, but not so sick that he could not again drive the enemy before him. But he had failed, though he had done all that man could do. Saladin agreed to a truce of three months, three days, and three hours. The great Saladin himself, who had a deep regard for his noble foe, sent him snow from the mountains, and pears and peaches from his own gardens; and his brother Saphadin visited his sick friend, and wept over his helplessness.

With this poor result Richard was forced to be content. So he left the Holy Land, never to return.

Richard, however, was never long without the adventures which he so ardently sought. On the homeward voyage he landed at Ragusa, on the Adriatic shore, meaning to pass through Germany in disguise. But the gloves in the belt of his page betrayed him as a great personage, and he fell into the hands of his foe, Leopold of Austria, who at length found himself able to pay off old scores. Ultimately Richard was sold to the emperor, who put him in chains, and raked the past for offenses wherewith to accuse his royal captive. For a time Richard disappeared entirely from view, but the place of his captivity leaked out at last. An old story tells us that his whereabouts were discovered by the minstrel Blondel, who loved the king, and set out on a weary quest to seek him. From castle to castle he passed, singing under the walls a song which Richard had composed. One day, to his great delight, he heard a voice which he knew full well trol out the second verse of the song from a dungeon cell. Forthwith he hastened to England and told the news. Historians, however, frown upon this pleasing story.

Richard was tried at a Great Council, where he defended himself boldly, and cleared himself of all the charges urged against him. Nevertheless, his captor would not let him go without ransom, which was valued at twenty-seven times the

king's weight, and amounted to the colossal sum for those days of \$500,000. Richard wrote home to his ministers and begged them to collect the money as speedily as possible, as he was weary of captivity. While they were raising the ransom, which was a grievous burden even to rich England, Richard whiled away the weary hours by writing ballads, one of which ran thus:

"Never can captive make a song so fair
As he can make that has no cause for care,
Yet may he strive by song his grief to cheer.
I lack not friends, but sadly lack their gold!
Shamed are they, if unransomed I lie here a
second Yule in hold."

But his people were not "shamed." The Pope and other Christian powers were indignant at the ill-usage to which the champion of the Cross had been subjected, and the emperor thought it wise to yield to that public opinion which almost unanimously condemned him. So when three-fourths of the ransom had been paid, Richard was set free, and sailed with all speed for England.

Not even now was peace to be his lot, for his false brother John was in arms against him. John, however, was soon pleading that forgiveness which Richard of the generous heart was always ready to grant. Then he was crowned afresh, to rid him of the stain of his captivity; and now that his kingdom was regained and all was peaceful, he looked about for new battles to fight.

He had not far to look. Philip of France was an old enemy, and he had treacherously supported John in his endeavors to gain the English crown while Richard was "in hold." An uneasy peace followed a French defeat, but a few years later war broke out again, and once more a truce was proclaimed. Soon after, Richard's subjects in Poitou were in rebellion, and Richard went south to quell the rising. By chance he learned that one of his vassals had unearthed a rich treasure-trove in the shape of a golden chess-table and men. Richard claimed the prize, but his vassal was unwilling to surrender it, whereupon the king laid siege to his castle of Chaluz.

During the siege an archer in the beleaguered keep shot at the king and hit him in the breast. The wound was not serious, but the doctor who attended him soon made it mortal. Ere long the king knew that he must die. As he lay on his death-bed the keep was taken, and the archer who had shot the fatal arrow was brought before him.

"What have I done to thee, that thou shouldst slay me?" demanded the dying king.

"Thou hast slain my father and my brothers with thine own hand," replied the man undauntedly. "Torture me as thou wilt, I shall die gladly, since I have slain him who did me so much ill."

"Well, I forgive thee," said Richard, always generous to a bold foe. Then he bade his servants give the man money and dismiss him unhurt. Let us ever remember that, with all his faults, all his pride, his love of pleasure, his vainglory, his animal passion for warfare, Richard's dying request was for mercy to the man who had robbed him of life.

He had been King of England for ten years, not one of which he had spent in his own country. The higher duties of kingship—the making of good laws, the patient study of his people's needs, the example of his own life among them—had no attraction for Richard. He was an adventurous warrior, and war was the business and joy of his life. But he had noble qualities that placed him far above many of the kings and great warriors of his day; qualities that made him the very center of the romance and chivalry of that knightly age, and even yet make Richard Cœur de Lion a name of great renown.

JOAN, THE MAID OF FRANCE

By J. EDWARD PARROTT

THE scene is the ancient cathedral of Rheims. A great concourse of nobles in glittering armor with pennons and banners fills the nave. Trumpets are sounding, and outside the crowd raises cheer upon cheer. The sun streams in through the painted windows, casting rainbow hues on the exultant throng. Ten thousand candles are burning, and the smoke of incense is ascending. At the high altar, clad in the ermine robe of state, kneels the dauphin of France. An archbishop, wearing his miter and the splendid robes of his high office, places the crown upon the prince's head, and anoints him with the sacred oil out of the ancient flask which the priests say came straight from heaven. The dauphin is king in very deed, and a great shout of joy echoes and re-echoes from the vaulted roof. And now all eyes turn to the striking figure by the side of the newly made king. You see a noble maiden, clad in knightly armor, and holding a drawn sword in one hand and a white banner in the other. She kneels at her prince's feet, and tears of joy fall from her eyes as she greets him "king" for the first time. "Now," she says, "is the will of God fulfilled."

Who is this maiden, and why holds she such an honored place amid this noble throng? It is one of the most wondrous stories ever told. What Wallace did for Scotland this maid has done for France.

In the year 1429 there was a young girl living in Domremy, a village in the east of France. She was named Joan, and was the daughter of James d'Arc and Isobel, his wife. Joan was but a country maid that was wont to herd the cattle by day and sew and spin in the evening. She was a strong, handsome girl, nobly formed, with dark hair and lustrous eyes. About her thirteenth year she grew silent and dreamy,



JOAN OF ARC
From a Painting by J. Ingres

and loved to steal away from her companions to the village church, where she knelt for hours together in silent prayer.

One day she was standing in her father's garden when she heard a Voice, and saw a great light. The Voice bade her be diligent in work and prayer, for God had chosen her to save France. She replied that she was but a poor girl who could not ride, or lead soldiers in the wars; but the Voice spoke to her again and again, telling her that she must go. The saints appeared to her, too, and they gave her the same message, and added words of counsel and warning. The Visions and the Voices were with her night and day, and at length she felt that she *must* do their bidding.

Truly her land was in a piteous condition at the time. The Duke of Bedford, the famous Talbot, and many another knight of renown, were leading English armies to and fro, besieging towns, burning villages, and filling the land with slaughter. Woeful tales of death, plunder, and famine found their way to the quiet little village of Domremy, and Joan's heart was filled with grief at the miseries of her beloved France.

As for the dauphin, the rightful king of France, he only held the country south of the Loire, and did not hold even that securely. His strongest fortress was the city of Orleans, which was even now closely besieged by the English. To make matters worse, the dauphin was a man of no spirit and enterprise. He had very little hope of beating the English, for, like the rest of his countrymen, he had lost heart and deemed his foes unconquerable. A handful of English archers by their very presence could send five hundred Frenchmen flying in terror to the woods.

By this time the Voices and the Visions had so wrought upon the Maid that she left home without taking leave of her father and mother (not that she did not hold them in honor and respect, but lest they should hinder her intent), and went to Vaucouleurs hoping for an audience with Robert de Baudricourt, the commander of the town. Now, her uncle lived in the town, and to him she betook herself, and told him how the saints and angels had urged her on her mission, and

how the Voices had said, "Daughter of God, go on! We will be with you." The uncle listened and believed, and led her to the captain, who laughed at her, and bade her uncle chastise her for a foolish maiden.

But again she came to him and told him how a terrible misfortune had happened that very day to the dauphin's army near Orleans. As Vaucouleurs was many leagues from Orleans, and even the swiftest runner could not have brought the news so quickly, the captain gave ear to her; and when he knew that she had spoken the truth, he saw that she was no mere hysterical country girl, but one endowed with supernatural gifts. "My lord captain," she said, "know that for some years back, at divers times, God hath made known to me and commanded me to go to the gentle dauphin, who should be and is the true king of France, that he may give me men-at-arms, whereby I may raise the siege of Orleans, take him to be anointed at Rheims, win back Paris, and drive the English from the realm."

Robert hearkened to her words, and furnished her with man's attire. A young knight gave her a horse, which to the surprise of all she rode well; and, dressed in a gray doublet and black hose, she rode away to seek the dauphin, who was then at Chinon. To test her, the dauphin dressed one of his knights in his princely attire, and himself, in a plain and sober dress, mingled with his courtiers. But Joan went straight to him and, kneeling on one knee, cried, "Fair sir, you are the dauphin, to whom I am come."

"Nay," said he, "yonder is the dauphin," pointing to a richly dressed knight in the company.

"No, fair sir," repeated the maid, "it is to you that I am sent."

The dauphin was surprised, but he did not yet believe in her. One day she took him aside where nobody could hear and whispered to him the purport of his secret prayer, and assured him that he was the rightful king. Then the dauphin had faith in her, and when his council and the clergy had examined her straitly, and at last had reported that "to doubt the maid would be to resist the Holy Spirit," he agreed to send her

with a train of provisions which he hoped to be able to get secretly into Orleans. While armor was being made for her, she bade the dauphin's servants dig behind the altar of the Chapel of St. Catherine at Fierbois, and there they would find a sword with five crosses on the blade. The sword was found, and she girt herself with it, and taking her banner of white with the image of the Lord and two angels on it, thus she led her small company toward Orleans.

As she lay at Blois she sent a letter to the English captain who was besieging Orleans, bidding him depart in peace, or else she would fall upon him with blows, and "we shall see who hath the better right, God or you." The English laughed at her words, and threatened to burn her as a witch if they caught her. Nevertheless she advanced, and entered the town, whereat the spirits of the citizens rose and their confidence returned.

And now, being strengthened by fresh troops and fresh stores, they no longer acted merely on the defensive, but began to assault the English forts, and with Joan as leader captured two of them. Then Joan led them against the Bulwark and the Round Towers. All morning they fought without success, and at one o'clock in the afternoon a bolt from an English cross-bow wounded her in the shoulder. The arrow was extracted, and still the fight went on.

After sunset the captain wished to withdraw for the night, but Joan begged him to fall to again. She mounted her horse and rode to a quiet place and prayed, and then returned to the fight. She alighted from her horse, and taking her standard in her hand, waved it to and fro so that all men saw it. "Take heed," she said, "when the float of my banner shall touch the Bulwark." "It touches! it touches!" they cried. Then said she to her men, "All is yours; enter in."

With a great rush the French climbed the scaling-ladders, captured the Round Towers, stormed the Bulwark, and put to the sword most of the defenders. That night, the English, terrified by the reappearance of the Maid, raised the siege and departed, leaving their big guns and much victual behind them. So the town of Orleans was delivered, and Frenchmen every-

where began to believe that the Maid was really an angel of God sent to deliver France.

Without delay Joan rode to the dauphin and besought him to make ready to be crowned at Rheims, the old coronation place of the French kings. But he would not set forth until the way was cleared of English. So with six hundred lances and some infantry Joan led an attack on them, and drove them before her. And now in June the dauphin, at her entreaty, gat him on the road for Rheims, Joan warning him that "she would only last for a year, or not much longer, and that he must make haste." At Troyes the garrison yielded, and ere long the dauphin was in Rheims, and the scene in which you saw the Maid for the first time took place.

Hardly was the coronation over ere Joan urged the king to march on Paris. As he advanced, town after town opened its gates to him, and Bedford dared not give him battle. But when the first attack on Paris failed, he withdrew, like the coward that he was, and would not persevere, in spite of all Joan's prayers and tears. Almost broken-hearted, she hung up her arms in the church of St. Denis, and begged leave to go home to her father and mother and herd the cattle as of yore. The king, however, would not let her go; but gave her a pension and a title of nobility.

Now in Easter week of this fateful year the Voices spoke again to her and said that she should be taken prisoner before Midsummer Day. They encouraged her to be resigned to her fate, for God would help her. The Maid knew full well that to be captured meant being burned as a witch; nevertheless she halted not in her purpose, deeming her end glorious if only she could give her body to be burned for her country.

The town of Compiègne was closely besieged by the English and the Burgundians, and was like to yield. So the Maid rode thither with her brothers and two or three hundred men to raise the siege. She charged the Burgundians, but was surrounded and taken prisoner and held to ransom. The French would not pay a franc for her, and so her captors sold her to the English, who "feared not any captain, not any chief in war, as they had feared the Maid." She was brought

before the Bishop of Beauvais and tried for witchcraft. After a long and tedious trial, and after suffering every kind of insult and hardship, she was found guilty, and was tricked into signing a paper confessing her guilt. And all the time the miserable French king made no sign, and lifted not his little finger to save her.

On May 30, 1431, they led her into the market-place of Rouen and burned her alive. With her dying words she testified to the truth of her Visions, and underwent her awful doom with the courage of a martyr. So she died, pressing to her lips a rude cross which a pitying soldier held out to her.

The old legends tell that as the flames leaped round her, and her spirit departed, a pure white dove, the harbinger of peace, rose from out the smoldering pile and winged its way toward heaven. In very truth peace did spring from her ashes. Her heroic example gave new life to the crushed spirit of her countrymen, who rose and drove the invader from their shores. Four years later, nothing was left of all the English conquests in France but the town of Calais.

SEVEN NATIONAL HEROES

NO people love liberty more dearly than those who dwell among the mountains or by the sea. There are two small nations in Europe that were once under the yoke of a foreign oppressor, and each of which found heroic leaders to win their freedom. One is a nation of mountaineers, and the other a sea-going folk.

The first of them is Switzerland, which once was subject to the Austrian archduke, who was sometimes emperor as well. Switzerland is divided into districts called cantons; and an officer appointed by the archduke used to rule them, and to rule very harshly.

HOW ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY

Switzerland won its freedom at the battle of Sempach, where a great hero of the Swiss people gave his life for his country. A great host of Austrians came against the Swiss. They were clad in stout armor and had long spears and swords; but the Swiss were not protected by heavy mail. When the Swiss rushed upon their foes, they could not break through, but were thrust down and cut to pieces.

Then Arnold von Winkelried bade the Swiss draw together in the shape of a wedge or triangle, and follow him; and he ran upon the Austrians, stretching out his arms and gathering the enemies' spears in them till all the points, as far as he could reach, were drawn together and pierced his own body, so that he fell and died. But in this way he made a space where there were no spear-points, and there the wedge of Swiss drove in, and so fought hand to hand with the Austrians and put them utterly to rout. After that the Austrians saw that it would be no use to try to force their rule upon the Swiss.

HOW SCANDERBEG HELD THE TURKS AT BAY

Another race of mountaineers found a heroic leader who won them freedom for a time. The Turks, who were followers of the religion of Mohammed, began to make conquest of lands in Europe a little more than five hundred years ago.

On the western side of what afterward became the Turkish Empire, is a mountainous land called Albania. Here the conquering Turks made their way, and forced the lords of the land to submit to them; and they carried away the young son of one great lord, and brought him up in the faith of Mohammed.

The young man, who was called George Castriot, fought in the Turkish armies, and became skilled in war. Yet he had no wish to serve the Turks, though he waited his own time, and when he was nearly forty years old he, with a band of Albanian followers, suddenly left the Turkish army and seized a fortress called Croya. Having done this, he declared himself a Christian, and called upon the Albanians to rise and wage war upon the Turks.

The Albanians drove out the Turks and took him for their leader, and because he showed himself so great a soldier men called him Scanderbeg, which means the Lord Alexander. The Turks sent mighty armies against him, and were very great warriors, yet he overthrew them in battle many times, though they might have four or five times as many men as he. For twenty-five years he held the Turks at bay, so that they feared his name greatly; but after he died, the Albanians, lacking a leader, and getting no aid from other nations, were overcome by the Turks, and lost the freedom which Scanderbeg had won for them.

ANDREAS HOFER, THE INNKEEPER, WHO FOUGHT NAPOLEON

Among the dominions of the Austrian emperor is a land called the Tyrol, which borders upon Switzerland, and Napoleon caused the Austrian emperor to give the Tyrol to the king of Bavaria, who was always ready to do his bidding.

But when the Austrians went to war again with Napoleon, the Tyrolese rose up under Andreas Hofer, who was an inn-keeper, and drove the French and the Bavarians out of the Tyrol, though they themselves were only peasants. For a short time Hofer was made their ruler, as a loyal subject of the Austrian emperor, though he would not obey the Bavarian king and the emperor of the French.

But the French armies defeated the Austrian armies, and the Tyrolese could not openly resist the power of Napoleon unaided. And then, though the brave Hofer hid among the mountains, a traitor was found who showed the French where he was. He, being taken prisoner, was tried like William Wallace and Joan of Arc, and was condemned and shot as a rebel. Yet the stand that Hofer made helped to give heart to the other nations of Europe to rise against the rule of Napoleon, and so in due time Napoleon was overthrown, and the Tyrol was restored to its old freedom, for which Hofer had fought and died.

HOW WILLIAM THE SILENT WAS PUT TO DEATH BY A SPANISH PLOT

The sea-going people which won its liberty was the little state of Holland, where there are no mountains at all. In the days when Queen Elizabeth ruled in England, Holland and Belgium were ruled by King Philip of Spain, who tried to take away their freedom and to force them to give up the Protestant religion. He sent a merciless governor, the Duke of Alva, to Holland, with great armies, and the Protestants suffered great persecution. The Prince of Orange, called William the Silent, one of the nobles of Holland, formed a league to drive out the Spaniards; and though the Roman Catholic part of Holland would not join him, he led the Protestants so that they utterly refused obedience to Philip.

Yet, if the Dutchmen had been a little less sturdy, and William a little less resolute, they must have been crushed. They got some help from Queen Elizabeth, and a little from the French; but they owed far more to the skill and per-

sistence of William than to anything else. Therefore Philip encouraged men, some of whom were merely scoundrels, though others were honest men who thought it right to kill by any means the man who fought so stoutly against the power of the Church of Rome, to murder William, and William, too, died for his country's freedom. After this the courage of the Dutchmen did not fail, but they went on fighting, and at last the power of Spain was broken, for there came open war between Spain and England, and England won. So the Spaniards gave up trying to subdue the Dutch, and Holland became free.

GARIBALDI, WHO MADE ITALY A NATION

Two other of our heroes lived not very long ago. You know that Italy to-day is one of the great nations of Europe, and one of the men who helped most to make her so was Garibaldi. When he was born, Italy was made up of several states, some of which were subject to Austria, while the northern part was ruled by the king of Naples, who was not an Italian.

Now, there were many people in Italy who wished to be free from foreign rulers, and there were some who dreamed that all Italy might become a free and united nation.

So, while Garibaldi was still a very young man, though he was already a skilful sailor, being a fisherman's son, he joined in a revolt against the rule of the Austrians. This, however, was easily crushed, so that he had to flee to South America. There he took part in the wars that were going on because the land was very unsettled, and he became famous as a leader whose men were always ready to follow him to the death.

But after a time he returned to Italy and joined in a fresh revolt, gathering men who were ready to fight because Garibaldi filled them with his own great love of their cause. Yet they were not strong enough to overthrow the Austrian rule, and again he had to go away. He came to the United States. Yet again he returned, and once more the men of

north Italy rose. This time they were victorious, and before long all Italy became one nation. And this was in great part because Garibaldi filled those about him with his own courage and enthusiasm, even when their cause seemed hopeless.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, WHO FOUGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF HUNGARY

The other of these two national heroes of recent times, Louis Kossuth, set himself to win freedom for Hungary from the rule of Austria, at the time when the Italians were seeking their own liberty. He was not a soldier, but a writer and orator, and a statesman; but the Hungarians made him their leader. They were defeated at the time, and Kossuth had to flee from the country. Later, the Hungarians agreed to accept the emperor of Austria as their king if they could have certain rights of governing themselves; and this they owed, in the first place, to Kossuth. But Kossuth himself was not content with this. He would not own allegiance to Austria, and he died some years later, not in Hungary, but in Italy.

HOW SCHAMYL FOUGHT FOR HIS NATIVE LAND

All countries cherish the name of some patriotic man who has fought for the liberty of his native land. Just as Wales has its Llewellyn, Scotland its Wallace and its Bruce, Italy its Garibaldi, so the Caucasus has its Schamyl, who, for more than a quarter of a century struggled to keep the wild mountain land of his birth free from Russia's iron grip. He was weakly as a child, but his physical strength was developed by outdoor games and sports, so that he grew up sturdy.

Schamyl was absolutely fearless, and such a youth of his word, that, when he found remonstrance without result in curing his father's drunken habits, his oath to kill his parent if he again transgressed brought the father to his senses, and to the end of his life he abstained altogether from alcohol, knowing that Schamyl would carry out his threat.

When Schamyl was twenty-six years old, in 1824, he began his long fight against the Russian generals who were sent to

subdue the land. He was a born leader, courageous in attack, skilled as a strategist, and clever in retreat. Many stories are told of his hairbreadth escapes from the Russians. Once his little band was surrounded by their enemies. If they could not fight their way through the bayonets of the Russians they must either starve or be cut to pieces, for they knew not the word "surrender." Schamyl, who was ever the foremost and the boldest in attack, galloped alone through the enemy's lines, and reached in safety his mountain fastnesses. He was the only one to escape with his life, and his pious Mohammedan countrymen believed the angel Gabriel specially protected him.

During another fight Schamyl killed three Russians, but was himself pierced through by a bayonet. Yet he slew his assailant, and got away as by a miracle. He was then chosen chieftain and ruler of the Eastern Caucasus by his compatriots.

A mountain fortress long held by Schamyl was at last captured by the pick of the Russian troops, and again he was the only man to escape. It is said that he let himself down the steep rock by a rope to the river below, boarded a raft, and thus got away. Many generals were sent against Schamyl, but he eluded them all, and time after time rallied his countrymen to his standard. One general died through shame at being conquered by such a small band of mountaineers.

Russia's attention was for a time diverted by the Crimean War; but that over, new efforts were made to overcome Schamyl and his brave countrymen. The end was inevitable, for Russia's resources were enormous compared with Schamyl's. The latter took refuge in a little fortress on a hill in Daghestan, and there, when all except forty-seven of his men were killed, seeing that, even if he did escape, there were no longer any patriots to rally, he submitted.

Schamyl was not a wild brigand, but a wealthy man of culture and high character, who ruled with justice and ability, was merciful to the Russian prisoners, and fought for love of his country during many long weary years.

WILLIAM WALLACE

He wes cummyn of Gentil-men,
In sympil state set he wes then;
Hys Fadyre wes a manly Knycht;
Hys Modyre wes a Lady Brycht.

NOW let the great patriot hero whom Scotland delights to honor, even after the lapse of six centuries, tread the scene. He is William Wallace of Elderslie, a young knight of some twenty-seven years, massive of build and mighty of thew and sinew, fit foe for Edward himself. His face is long and fair, his hair light-brown, his eye clear and piercing, his expression solemn and sad.

A foul outrage has driven him to the hills, where he is nursing his wrath and biding his time. An English officer has encountered him and his nine followers in the streets of Lanark and has taunted him with insulting words. His long sword has leaped from its scabbard and the insulter has been laid low. The alarm has been sounded, and armed men have rushed to the spot; but Wallace has fought his way through them, and has found a refuge at last in an inn, where, seeing his pursuers close upon him, the good wife disguised him in a gown and set him down to the spinning-wheel, at which he sang and worked while the English searched the house. At night he escaped to Richardtown, in Ayrshire, where lived his uncle, Sir Richard Crawford.

Here again the insolence of an English lord and his servants caused a fatal quarrel. Wallace was fishing in Irvine water, his well-filled basket being held by a boy at his side. Lord Percy and his train passed by and saw the fish. Presently five of the servants returned and rudely demanded the basket of fish. Wallace, struggling against his indignation, offered half, but without more words one of the men seized the basket from the boy.

Wallace protested against the injustice, and for answer the man drew his sword. Wallace immediately struck him down with his fishing-rod, and seizing his sword, killed two of the other men, while two of them fled.

With such experiences as these, and others of the same kind, we can understand the growth of his hatred, and realize the enthusiasm he felt when John Baliol at last defied King Edward and gathered an army together to cast off the power of the English. And when the attempt failed and the conqueror marched through the country, receiving homage as he went, Wallace and a few other brave Scots still refused to bend the knee to the English king.

This defiance placed their lives in constant peril. They were outlaws; that is to say, they were proclaimed to be outside the law, and were therefore without its protection. An outlaw might be killed without punishment falling on his murderer, and a sum of money was paid to any who delivered him up to justice.

So the faithful few betook themselves to the woods and hills and lived a wild, free life, descending now and again, as opportunity served them, upon their enemies, terrifying them by their daring deeds. Wallace became their chief, and they worshiped him, loyally obeying his every direction and following wherever he led. Their life was one of constant adventure, with but one object—that of harassing and terrifying the hated conquerors of their country. Perhaps they would surprise and take a castle, or waylay a baggage-party, or spring upon a band of English soldiers on their way from one garrison to another. On one day they would be heard of in one part of the country, and the next news would be received of them in another part far away.

Wallace's faithful band grew less as time went on; one was captured and another slain, until at last he found himself a lonely wanderer. His heart often sank in his solitude, but his proud soul would not yield to Edward.

In the midst of his despair an event happened that increased all his old hatred and strengthened his spirit of rebellion. Some years before he had loved and married Marian

Bradfute, daughter of Hew de Bradfute. For certain reasons their marriage was secret, and Wallace only dared to visit his wife at her house in Lanark in disguise. One day, when he was on his way to her and but a few yards from the house, some idle English soldiers standing in the street began to make insolent remarks about him.

He would have passed them by, but, walking beside him, they continued their insults. Unable any longer to bear with them, he drew his sword, and a fight began. The clash of arms drew other soldiers to the spot, and Wallace would have been overpowered but that his wife, seeing his danger, at that moment opened her door, and he rushed into shelter and made his escape from the back of the house.

But the news spread that Wallace had again escaped from his enemies, and when Marian proudly admitted to the governor that she was Wallace's wife, she and all her household were put to death, and the house was burned to the ground. It was a terrible blow to Wallace. Heart-broken and desperate, he returned to Lanark, where he found himself surrounded by trusty friends, who were weary of the tyranny of the governor, whose last inhuman act had nerved them to rebellion. A swift vengeance fell upon the wretched man. Wallace and his followers forced their way into his house at night, dragged him from his bed into the street, and there killed him. Then they did not rest until all the English were driven out of the town.

THE SCOTCH REBELLION

This was the beginning of an open and determined defiance of the oppressors. Wallace found himself at last the leader of an army that was ever increasing. Several victorious battles were fought, and every victory brought fresh men to his standard—men who were weary of Edward's rule, and who saw in their heroic and dauntless leader one who would lead them to freedom.

Many of the nobles now joined Wallace, and among them Sir John the Grahame, who, to the end of his life, was Wal-

lace's faithful friend and companion. But they made many difficulties, and disappointed Wallace by their jealousy of him and their quarrels between themselves; and, fearful of losing their estates, they deserted him when the chances of success seemed to be against him.

The first great battle with the English army was near the town of Stirling. The English general sent messengers to Wallace offering a pardon to all if they would lay down their arms. "Go back," said Wallace, calmly, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the king of England. We have come here, not for peace, but to free our country."

The battle ended in a great victory for Wallace, which was followed up with others till gradually Scotland was won back to the Scots, and there was but one castle remaining in the hands of the English—that of Roxburgh.

It was a wonderful success, chiefly due to the fact that Wallace did not depend upon the help of the nobles, but called upon the people themselves to fight—the stout peasants who had never been used as soldiers. Each of these men was fighting for his own precious freedom—this inspired them with enthusiasm, and their leader inspired them with love, and there was the secret of their strength.

Wallace was now chosen by the people as guardian of the country, and he set to work to insure their comfort and contentment by every means in his power.

Now, each of the Scottish nobles had in his train a very large number of fighting men, but so great was their jealousy of Wallace, that many of them were not willing to give him the help he now so sorely needed. But Wallace's determined spirit never left him. The middle, and especially the lower classes of the people loved him, and were faithful to him, and with them he marched boldly against the enemy.

The armies were in no way equal. The English had a large body of the finest horse-soldiers in the world, all clothed in complete armor. Wallace had but one thousand horse-soldiers, poorly armed, less skilled, and with weaker horses.

Wallace drew up his spearmen in four *schiltrons* or circles. Between these schiltrons were his tall, handsome archers from

the forests of Selkirk and Ettrick. His small and doubtful force of cavalry was marshaled in the rear. It included the Scottish knights, many of whom were jealous of Wallace, and only half-hearted in Scotland's cause.

The trumpets sounded, and the English cavalry charged. At the first onset the Scottish horsemen, led by traitor lords, turned bridle and rode from the field. Then the English knights swooped down upon the Scottish archers, and after a terrible struggle slew them to a man. But again and again they recoiled from the "dark, impenetrable wood" of the spearmen. The bristling hedge of spears could not be broken by the shock of horse and man, but there were other and deadlier means available. The English archers won the first of those signal victories which made them the terror of the age. Drawn up in security scarce a hundred paces away, they shot their cloth-yard shafts with unerring aim. Thick and fast they fell amid the spearmen, and soon the living walls were breached. The English cavalry charged into the gaps where the dead and dying lay, and an awful slaughter raged. The battle over, the Scots betook themselves to flight, and Wallace barely escaped into Torwood Forest.

But even this victory did not lay Scotland at Edward's feet. Everywhere he found the country devastated, and he must either retreat or starve. Less than a month after the battle of Falkirk he sullenly led his army, stricken by famine and disease, southward to England. But he withdrew like the panther, only to spring again. Five successive times he led his army northward, and Scotland, exhausted by her long and heartrending struggles, at length lay at the conqueror's feet.

WALLACE IS BETRAYED

Once more Wallace was an outlaw on the hills. Edward had marked him down for death, and there was a price on his head. He lurked in the greenwood, hunted from cover to cover, with scarce a comrade to trust, and none to aid him. His former friend, Sir John Menteith, at length won the blood-money. Wallace was seized in his sleep, bound with cords, and



WALLACE TAKEN TO LONDON IN CHAINS.

hurried south. As he entered London the streets swarmed with spectators, all eager to see this renowned warrior of the North. His trial was a mockery. Vainly he protested that he was no traitor, for he had never sworn fealty to the English king. But he was doomed already, and all argument was in vain. He was condemned of murder, sacrilege, and treason, and suffered a ghastly and revolting death. His head was set up on London Bridge, his right arm at Newcastle, his left at Berwick, one leg at Perth, and the other at Aberdeen.

At his death Wallace was only thirty-five years old. The whole of his manhood had been spent in fighting for his country's freedom, and perhaps it seemed to him at the end that he had utterly failed. But he had roused Scotland into life, and though, as Thomas Carlyle has said, he could not hinder the union of England and Scotland, yet he it was who made it the union of brother and brother instead of the union of master and slave. Poets have sung his praises, monuments have been raised to his memory, and his name is dear and honored, not only in every Scottish heart, but in every heart that thrills at the thought of freedom.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

They thought to die in the mêlée,
Or else to set their country free.

A SUCCESSOR to Wallace had arisen even before his scattered limbs had rotted away. The new champion was the grandson of that Bruce whom Edward set aside in favor of Baliol. His father, in the old days, was a friend of "Longshanks," and young Robert Bruce had been trained in all the arts of war and the exercises of chivalry under the eye of the man whose mortal enemy he was destined to be.

He came upon the scene in the dark days succeeding the judicial murder of Wallace, in those bitter months when England's iron grip was on Scotland. He saw with deep indignation the wretched condition of his countrymen, and cautiously and secretly laid his plans for throwing off the English yoke. He made a compact with his friend Comyn, who, too, had royal blood in his veins; but Comyn was a traitor, and revealed the plot to the English king. Bruce received warning, and ere long he settled accounts with Comyn. In the church of the Gray Friars at Dumfries the two met face to face. Angry words passed, and Bruce struck down his treacherous friend on the very steps of the altar. He rushed outside to his comrades. "I doubt I have slain Comyn!" he cried. "You doubt!" said one of them; "I mak' siccar"; and entering the church he dispatched the unhappy man with many fierce blows.

And now the Bruce had taken the plunge. There was no turning back; he must go forward to a crown, or suffer the fate of Wallace. A few faithful friends stood by him, and he hastened to Scone, the coronation place of Scottish kings. A friendly bishop lent him robes, the abbot provided a chair, and the statue of some saint was temporarily despoiled of its circlet to provide a crown.

The news of the outbreak speedily reached Edward, and

threw him into ungovernable rage. He swore that he would never rest until he had hanged, drawn, and quartered the presumptuous knave who had forsworn his oaths and seized the crown. Edward's nut-brown hair was snow-white now, and his once mighty arm was weak with age, but his determined spirit burned as fiercely as of yore. An advance guard was pushed on with all speed, and near Perth it came into touch with the Bruce, who barely escaped from it.

The Bruce had now to follow in the footsteps of Wallace, and wander, a hunted fugitive, over many a league of forest and hill. How true now seem the words of his wife at their hasty and impromptu coronation: "Alas! we are but king and queen of the May, such as boys crown with flowers and rushes in their summer sports."

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

Once the Bruce was waiting in a miserable hovel at Rachrin, greatly discouraged. His castle was taken, his wife was captured, his brother had been killed. Was it worth while to resist the enemies of his country any longer? As he lay on his wretched bed he attempted to make up his mind whether to yield or to go to the Holy Land and fight the Saracens.

"While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor, persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. 'Now,' thought Bruce, 'as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend

this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine and never return to my native country more.'

"Just then," so Sir Walter Scott tells the story, "the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterward sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat."

Deserted and distressed the Bruce lived the life of an outlaw, shooting his own venison and catching his own fish. But he cheered his little company by many a good-humored sally and the recital of heroic deeds. Summer passed, and the pageantry of autumn descended upon the woods; but still he was a king without a throne, a wanderer without a home.

But with the kindly spring he made another bid for fortune. He sailed to the Isle of Arran, and had hardly landed before he well-nigh walked into a trap laid for him. Then began a fresh period of difficulty and danger, of hairbreadth escapes and desperate deeds. Slowly but surely the tide turned in his favor. The preachers were with him; a prophecy had been discovered which assured him of victory; stout hearts began to flock to his side; his cause gained ground every day. By the middle of May he was no longer a hunted fugitive but a leader of forces. He had defeated two English earls in the field, and they had shut themselves up in the castle of Ayr, which he closely besieged.

Then old Edward began to move. He was too weak and ill to throw his long limbs across a horse, so they carried him on a litter in front of his army. At Carlisle the prospect of the strife he loved so well gave him a slight renewal of strength. He mounted his horse for the last time, and led the march in the old way. But it was the final flicker of life's flame, and at Burgh-on-Sands, within sight of the tossing Solway, he yielded him to the power that conquers even kings. To his



ROBERT BRUCE WATCHING THE SPIDER
From an Original Drawing by Raymond N. Hyde

bedside he called his vain, pleasure-loving son, and bade him swear a solemn oath never to cease from strife until the Scots were thoroughly subdued. "Boil the flesh off my bones," he is said to have cried, "and keep them safe, and as oft as the Scots assemble their forces, let my bones lead the van." So he died, fierce and implacable to the last, and the breath was hardly out of his body ere his degenerate son sighed for his jugglers and minstrels and the careless pleasures of the court he had left behind.

He advanced half-heartedly to Ayr; but the Bruce had retreated before him, knowing well the temper of his foe. At the first decent opportunity Edward hied him southward, and Bruce resumed his work of ridding the land of the English. One by one the castles were captured by storm or stratagem; day by day the English power grew weaker and weaker, and the Bruce grew stronger and stronger. At last the flag of England, once to be seen everywhere, flew only over the castle of Stirling. Its stout-hearted defender was almost starved into submission. He decided to surrender on midsummer day, unless he should be relieved before by an English army.

The new Edward must leave his elegant trifling and bestir himself, unless Scotland is to be hopelessly lost. Hitherto his reign had been singularly inglorious, and his barons had made him, as he said, no longer master in his own house. But he determined to show them that the spirit of his sire still lived in him—he would invade Scotland, and the Bruce should feel the weight of his heavy hand; Stirling would be relieved; he would take up the wager of battle that Scotland had thrown down.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

Forthwith he assembled the most powerful army that had ever yet menaced Scotland. Mindful of the archers' victory at Falkirk, he scoured the country for bowmen. Forty thousand mounted men did he gather around him, and a prouder and more confident array never took the field.

Bruce chose his ground well. His front and right were

defended by the Bannockburn, which winds through two morasses, and at one place has steep, wooded banks. On the left, where the ground was open, he had honeycombed the field with pits that looked firm and level to the eye, but were terrible snares for cavalry. Only one way of approach was open, and that was strewn with caltrops to lame the horses.

It was the Sabbath morning of June 23, 1314. On came the English host, with its countless banners, standards, and pennons waving in the breeze. The sun glistened from burnished helmet and spear as the dense battalions drew near. To an observer on the castle walls it would seem that they were about to make an immediate attack. The Bruce was arraying his men, clad in full armor, and carrying a battle-ax in his hand, but riding a light palfrey in place of the heavy charger that was to carry him on the morrow. That panoply of armor which he wore hid the real man. Out of harness, his strong and powerful frame, his close, curly hair, his full, broad forehead, his high cheek-bones, and the square and massive jaw tell of determination and dogged courage.

The English army halted, and a vainglorious knight, one Sir Henry Bohun, seeing the Bruce so poorly horsed, thought to do a deed of valorous renown. So he spurred his charger, and leveling his spear bore down upon the Scottish king. As he came rushing on at full speed, the Bruce twitched his palfrey's bridle, and the little creature obediently started aside. Then, as the knight rushed by, Bruce rose in his stirrups and smote him fiercely on the helmet with his battle-ax. It crashed through helmet and skull, and the riderless steed galloped wildly away. The first stroke of the great fight had been struck, and the Bruce had won. As he rode back to his lines his knights took him to task for his adventure, reminding him that an accident would have robbed them of their leader. Bruce listened to their chidings, and only replied, "I have broken my good battle-ax."

Another misfortune befell the English. Three hundred young horsemen, eager for the fray, saw a clear way lying before them to the castle. On they spurred toward it, only to find their road blocked by a party of Scottish spearmen, who

formed a deadly circle of bristling steel. In vain the knights spurred their horses to the attack; the schiltrons remained unbroken, though hidden from sight by the cloud of dust and heat which arose from the plain. Now the spearmen advanced and drove back the weary and disheartened horsemen. Grim foreboding this of the great fight just ahead.

The short summer night fell on the battlefield, and loud sounds of revelry came from the English camp. The Scots slept in the open, and when the sun had risen Edward saw them massed in schiltrons beneath their banners. "Will yon Scotsmen fight?" he asked of a veteran by his side. "Yea, siccarly, sire," he replied, and at the moment the Scots bent the knee as the crucifix was borne along their line. "Yon folk kneel for mercy," said the king; and again the veteran replied, "Yea, sire, but not of you. Yon men will win or die." "So be it," cried Edward, and gave the signal for his trumpeters to sound the charge.

On dashed the English horsemen with leveled spears, and now was heard the loud crash as lance clanged on shield. Down went men and horses, only to be trodden under foot by the ranks behind. Nothing could break the Scottish ranks.

But where were the archers who wrought such havoc at Falkirk? Now was their time. Alas, they had been badly posted, and were unsupported by men-at-arms. A few hundred Scottish horsemen were sufficient to send them flying hither and thither without the hope of ever rallying again.

Meanwhile a great hand-to-hand contest was raging. The shouts and cries of the warriors, the groans of the wounded and dying, the loud clash of meeting weapons were mingled, as the vast, dense mass of the English rose and fell like waves of the sea. It was a mob that fought on the narrow field, and not an army. The ground was cumbered with fallen men and horses. Many a good knight had no room to swing his weapon. He could not advance, and the pressure behind would not let him retreat. Slowly and surely the throng was pushed back by the Scottish spears, and the day looked black for England.

All discipline was now lost, and the battle was a series of individual struggles. Lifting their eyes, the hard-pressed Eng-

lish saw a fresh host marching down a neighboring hill, and heard their slogans peal out above the din and tumult of battle. They were camp-followers who had cut down saplings for banner-poles and spread their blankets for standards; but, in sooth, they looked a warlike and formidable band in the distance. The hearts of the English failed them at the sight; they wavered, and the Scots pressed on with redoubled vigor. The retreat had begun; it was soon an utter rout.

The English king galloped to Dunbar without drawing rein. His followers scattered hither and thither. All was over. The great battle was lost and won. "From the dust and reek of that burning day Scotland emerges a people, firm in a glorious memory."

This decisive battle of Bannockburn was fought in the year 1314, and though the English were for many years still hostile to the Scots, King Robert forced them to come to terms with him, and finally to acknowledge him as king of an independent kingdom.

THE HEART OF BRUCE

Then, in the year 1329, the end came for the heroic leader. He had long been broken in health, and feeling death near, he sent for the Black Douglas, and told him that long ago, when he was nearly despairing, he had vowed to God that if he were allowed to see Scotland free and at peace he would journey to Palestine and fight against the Saracens, who were trying to get possession of the land. In those days it was a very usual thing for Christian knights to make such vows, for Palestine was a Holy Land to them.

"Since," said the king to the Black Douglas, "this poor frail body cannot go thither, I have resolved to send my heart there, and it is my earnest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that for the love you bear me, as soon as I am dead you take the heart out of me and cause it to be embalmed, and carry it along with you and deposit it in the Holy Sepulcher of our Lord."

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

By J. EDWARD PARROTT

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
*Oh, Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.*

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.

WE are beside the shores of a remote loch in the western Highlands of Scotland. Great, gloomy hills rise from the water's edge; the whole aspect of the place is wild and solitary. At the head of the loch is a little plain, from which a narrow, rocky glen runs far inland. Not a soul is in sight; not a sound breaks the stillness.

Now you see a small company of men appear on the plain. In the center of them is a gallant young soldier, tall and slim, with a high, broad forehead, a shapely nose, rich, dark-brown eyes, and chestnut hair. He carries himself right nobly, and you feel as you gaze upon him that here at last is a real hero of romance. Full of hope and eager anticipation, he comes upon the scene; but as he waits, and the minutes lengthen into hours, his light-hearted gayety gives place to dejection. The

glen remains silent and deserted. Those who have sworn to meet here have not kept tryst. The young prince—for such he is—retires with a sinking heart to the shelter of a barn. Suddenly he hears the faint sound of distant bagpipes. His eyes light up, he springs to his feet, and hastily quits his shelter. His heart beats fast as he listens. Louder and louder grows the sound of the pibroch, and now on the sky-line of yonder hill you see Lochiel with seven or eight hundred Camerons. As soon as they sight the prince they raise loud huzzas, which echo and re-echo from the hills.

The clansmen form up, and the feeble old Marquis of Tullibardine, supported by a man on each side, proudly unfurls a royal standard. As its white, blue, and red folds lift upon the wind, cheer after cheer is raised, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails. A commission of regency is read, and the prince, baring his head, makes a brief but gallant speech. "I knew," he says; "that I should find in Scotland brave gentlemen, fired with the noble example of their predecessors, and jealous of their own and their country's honor, to join me in so glorious an enterprise. For my own part, I do not doubt of bringing the affair to a happy issue." The cheers which greet the prince's speech have scarcely died away before the Macdonalds, to the number of three hundred, arrive. Others follow, and before the camp fires are lighted fifteen hundred men have sworn to follow the prince to the death.

Who is this prince, and why has he invaded this remote and desolate part of Scotland? He is Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the grandson of James the Second, the son of the "old Pretender," a gay, light-hearted, active, robust, adventurous young man of twenty-five, who since boyhood has cherished the hope of winning back the throne of his fathers. There has already been one attempt, but it was a dismal failure.

A fierce continental war was now raging, and Britain was foolish enough to take a hand in it. To the exiled court, then established in Rome, England's embarrassment was the Jacobites' opportunity, and our young hero, "bonnie Prince Charlie," saw that he must shoot his bolt now or never. To his father he said, "I go in search of three crowns, which I

doubt not but to have the honor and happiness of laying at your Majesty's feet. If I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin." "Heaven forbid," replied James, "that all the crowns in the world should rob me of my son."

Some months of delay elapsed, and then an expedition was fitted out; but the winds and waves, never kindly disposed to the Stuarts, drove it back. Weary of waiting for further French assistance, Prince Charlie determined to stake all on a desperate venture. "I will go to Scotland," he said to Lord George Murray, one of the wisest and most trusted of his advisers, "if I take with me only a single footman."

His equipment makes us smile. He was about to challenge the might of Britain with a few hundred muskets, some broadswords, twenty small field-guns, a war-chest of \$20,000, and a barrel or two of brandy. The whole story would be a farce had not the splendid spirit of young Charles lifted it into a romance. Sailing from Nantes with a little privateer and a fast brig called the "Doutelle," he soon lost the privateer, which was driven back to harbor by a British ship. The "Doutelle," however, skirted the eastern shores of Scotland, rounded the tempestuous north, sailed amid the islands of the west, and landed him with seven followers at Eriskay, a little island of the Hebrides, on July 25, 1745.

Let us picture the scene. The French frigate lies off the little rocky isle, and the prince is eager to go ashore. During the brief voyage he has exercised that extraordinary personal magnetism with which he is endowed, and every man on board is his willing slave. No one, not even Napoleon, ever possessed so much of that strange attraction which can capture the imagination of men and women, and make them leave home, kindred, and friends in order to throw themselves into a perilous and ruinous cause. As the needle points to the pole, so do all men's hearts turn to him, whether in sunshine or in storm, in defeat or in victory. As the French frigate comes to her anchorage an eagle hovers over the ship. "Sire," says old Tullibardine, "the king of birds has come to welcome your royal highness."

A few hours later Charles trod the soil of Scotland for the

first time. The day was wet and stormy, and the opening of the campaign was most inauspicious. Next day a neighboring chief, Macdonald of Boisdale, was sent for. He came "over the water to Charlie," but bluntly advised the prince to return home. With that readiness of speech which marked him, the prince replied, "I am come home, sir, and I will entertain no notion of returning to that place from whence I came. I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me."

He refused to be rebuffed, and forthwith crossed in the French ship to the coast of Inverness, where he summoned the gallant Lochiel and other leading chiefs to meet him. And now his fate seemed to rest on the good-will of a single man. Lochiel had already denounced Charles's invasion as a rash and desperate undertaking, and he was in no mood to join the prince. Other leading men shook their heads, though Charles pleaded his cause with all the earnestness of despair, pacing up and down the deck, and pouring forth a torrent of eloquent words.

As he did so he espied a young Highlander listening attentively with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Here was a kindred spirit. The prince suddenly turned to him and said, "You, at least, will not forsake me." "I will follow you to the death," said the lad. "I would follow you to the death, even were there no other to draw a sword in your cause."

The lad's speech had an excellent effect on his hearers. Their Highland pride was touched, their Highland chivalry was aroused. Most of them flung their caution to the winds and eagerly embraced his cause. Lochiel, however, had yet to be persuaded, and Charles, tired of pleading, tried reproach. "In a few days," he said, "with the few friends that I have, I will erect the royal standard and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel can stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince." This was more than Lochiel could bear. "No," he cried; "I'll share the fate of my prince, come what may." Forthwith arrangements were made for the meeting at Glen-

finnan. You have already witnessed the gathering of the clansmen and the unfurling of the royal standard.

On the very day that the prince's banner first waved in the northern breeze, Sir John Cope, the commander of the royal forces in Scotland, moved toward the Highlands with three thousand men, mainly raw recruits, for well-nigh the whole British army was overseas in Flanders. Cope was a dull man of the stock-and-pipeclay school, and a thoroughly incompetent general. His object was to relieve the small garrisons of royal troops stationed at Fort William and Fort Augustus. When, however, he reached the rocky steep of Corry Arrack he found the clansmen in possession of the pass. Rumors were rife that every zigzag path was commanded by big guns, and that every rock concealed an armed Highlander. Turning aside, he marched toward Inverness, and thus left the southern road open.

With banners flying, bagpipes skirling, and drums beating, the Highland host, shaggy and unkempt as their own cattle, with a meager equipment and a strange assortment of weapons, pushed on toward Perth. The prince rode at their head, and every day he grew in favor with his followers. His frank, manly air and his gallant bearing knit him to them with "hooks of steel," and their spirits rose with every mile they marched. Opposition melted away before him. Leaving Perth, he marched on Stirling. The castle sent a few ineffective shots toward him as he crossed the Forth and proceeded toward Edinburgh. On September 17 he was in possession of the Scottish capital without striking a blow.

Forthwith "King James the Eighth" was proclaimed at the Mercat Cross by the heralds in all their finery, and the prince took up his abode in Holyrood Palace, where balls and banquets and other brilliant festivities were held. The time, however, was not suitable for such scenes of gayety. Cope had embarked his troops at Inverness, and had sailed south for Dunbar, where he had landed his forces.

He was now ready to march on Edinburgh, and Charles determined to give him battle at once. On the night of the 20th he led his army along the ridge of high ground toward

Inveresk, where he expected to meet the enemy. It was wise to keep to the high ground, for, as one of his captains said, "Even a haggis could charge down hill." As the troops moved off Charles drew his sword and said, "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard."

At Prestonpans Cope's army was discovered on the narrow plain between the hills and the sea. A deep morass lay between the two hosts, and Cope prided himself that his position was secure. Both armies slept on the field, and through the night watched each other. The prince lay among his men with a bundle of pease-sticks for a pillow.

During the night a local gentleman, who knew every inch of the ground, remembered that a path led from the height through the morass and round the left wing of the enemy. The prince was roused and told the good news, and immediately the order was given to advance. In deep silence the march was commenced, Lochiel leading the way.

The stars shone brightly overhead, but as the men advanced the mist gathered and concealed their movements. So, unseen, they threaded the narrow path, their soft brogues making no sound. The path had been left unguarded, and the Highlanders gained the plain, and were beginning to form when the mist lifted and disclosed them to their foes. Cope's men were taken by surprise. The Highlanders charged furiously, and in six minutes the battle was lost and won. Cope's army was in flight, and Charles had captured his cannon and baggage and seventeen hundred prisoners.

For six weeks after his victory Charles lay in Edinburgh, holding councils and drilling his troops by day, and dancing gayly by night in the oaken gallery of Holyrood, where his kinswoman, the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, had held her court. Not until the last days of October did he begin his march on England, in the full expectation that his easy conquest of Scotland would be repeated over the Border. No sign of the expected rising, however, met the invaders as they marched southward. The Highlanders began to desert, and his troops dwindled in number daily. A few recruits joined

his standard at Preston, but it was already evident that his dream of an English rising was vain.

Throughout the long, disappointing march the prince was the life and soul of his army. His tact, his endurance, and unfailing good-humor endeared him more and more to his faithful followers. The farther his army marched south the colder was his reception, until by the time he reached Derby it was plain that he had come to the end of his tether. The Duke of Cumberland had an army at Lichfield; there was a second army in his rear, and a third on Finchley Common.

The wiser of the Jacobite leaders now advised a retreat to Scotland. Charles, however, had not yet lost hope; all his talk at Derby was about the manner in which he should enter London, whether on foot or on horseback, in the Highland or in the Lowland dress. Lord George Murray pressed upon the prince the absolute necessity of returning to Scotland, and at length Charles was very reluctantly forced to give the order to retreat. Homeward in straggling, sullen groups the Highlanders retraced their steps, with the foe hard at their heels. Charles showed obvious signs of dejection, and constantly lingered behind his men. On December 20 the Highland army stood once more on Scottish ground.

Eight days later Charles marched to Stirling at the head of the largest army which he had ever commanded. Leaving a small party to watch the castle, he hurried to Falkirk, where he met General Hawley, who was advancing to the relief of Stirling. Here again the young prince was victorious; but hardly had the smoke cleared away from the battlefield before quarrels broke out among the Highland leaders, and Charles was forced to retreat. The Highlanders, laden with booty, returned to their homes, and Charles pushed on to Inverness, followed by the Duke of Cumberland with a strong force of Royalist troops. Cumberland encamped at Nairn, nine miles from the moor of Culloden, on which the remains of Charles's army lay.

They were ill-prepared for battle. The war-chest was empty, food was scarce, and the men were worn out with fatigue and privation. Lord George Murray proposed a night

attack on the royal army, and suggested April 15 as the most suitable date, because it was Cumberland's birthday, and sure to be an occasion for revelry in the English camp. Charles agreed to the proposal, and the march began; but so fatigued and hungry were his men that no less than fifty halts had to be called in eight miles. At two in the morning, the time fixed for the attack, the Highlanders were still four miles from the English camp. Cumberland's men had already aroused themselves, and the Jacobite host had to plod back wearily to Cul-loden once more.

The final hour had come. Cumberland advanced with his 10,000 troops, fresh, ardent, well-fed, and well-equipped, and the battle was decided before it was begun. At a distance of a third of a mile his guns opened fire, making blood-red lanes through the Jacobite regiments. They stood their ground with wonderful courage; but they were obliged to give way, and as dusk settled over the moor the cause of the Stuarts was lost forever.

Then came the grim sequel. "Butcher" Cumberland took such a cruel vengeance on the defeated foe that he well deserves his nickname. Several Scottish lords were beheaded, and measures were taken to prevent a similar rising in future. The tartan and kilt were proscribed articles of dress, the clan system was broken up, and military roads opened the Highlands to the rapid march of troops.

Meanwhile "bonnie Prince Charlie" was a fugitive, with a price of \$150,000 on his head. For months he encountered hairbreadth escapes and perils by land and sea. His life was made up of days of hiding in the heather, and nights of hunger, cold, fatigue, and anxiety in dim mountain caves. Yet, though his whereabouts were known to scores of people who might easily have earned the money and a pardon into the bargain, no one betrayed him, no one revealed his hiding-place. Men and women at the risk of their lives befriended him, and ultimately, by the aid of those whom he had brought to ruin and to the verge of the scaffold, he managed to escape.

Before we say farewell to Prince Charlie, the story of a woman's superb heroism and devotion must be told. When

Charles was hiding in the heather in South Uist, and the red-coats were within a couple of miles of him, a young lady, named Flora Macdonald, was introduced to him. She had lately come from Skye to visit her brother in South Uist, and Charles's faithful henchman, O'Neil, had heard of her and of her friendship for the Stuart cause. He met her secretly, and begged her to convey the prince to her mother's house in Skye, where he might be safe until he could be got away to France. The plan was most difficult and daring, for Flora's chief was then with Cumberland, and her stepfather was an officer in the Skye militia, and was at that instant scouring South Uist for the fugitive.

Nevertheless, Flora undertook the task, and O'Neil made her known to the prince. O'Neil proposed that Flora should obtain a pass from her stepfather for herself and her maid, Betty Burke, to go and visit her mother in Skye. Flora's stepfather was a Jacobite at heart, and he furnished her with the passports. Betty Burke was none other than the prince, who was now to don petticoats and follow Flora as her servant. The prince made but a poor maid; he walked with such manly strides that his disguise only served to attract attention. Further, he could not manage his skirts; at one time they trailed in the mud, at another time he held them above his knees. However, the boat was reached in safety, and "over the sea to Skye" went Charlie. The night was stormy, but Flora slept, and the prince watched over her and sang songs to hearten the crew. In the morning they only just managed to escape the boats of the enemy.

While the prince hid in the heather, Flora went to the house of a friend, Lady Margaret Macdonald, and arrived at a sadly ill-timed moment, for the militia were in the neighborhood and their officer was in the house. Nevertheless, arrangements were made, and Macdonald of Kingsburgh undertook to get the prince to Portree. The night was spent at Macdonald's house, and next day Charles managed to get to Portree, where he doffed his petticoats.

Here he hid for some time in a cave, and here, too, he said good-by to his brave preserver. He kissed her and said, "For

all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet at St. James's yet." He called her "our lady," and his last thought was for her. Thus he parted from the courageous woman who had ventured all for his sake. From this moment she fades out of history, but her place among the heroines is assured forever.

Months of flitting to and fro, of lurking in the heather and hiding in caves and ruined huts, followed, and at last news came to him that two French vessels were off the coast. Losing no time, he started off for the very spot where fourteen months before he had landed so full of hope. The ships were riding at anchor, a boat moored to a rock awaited him. The prince jumped in, and in a few moments was climbing the sides of the vessel, safe at last.

And here we leave him while his ship is rocking on the wave, and the stern men upon whom he has brought such sorrow and suffering wave him a last farewell amid their streaming tears. We will not dwell upon the later years of his life—years of misery and degradation, when the once gay, kind, brave, and loyal prince sank into a fierce, shabby, homeless, and almost friendless adventurer. For many years he moved about like a shadow, finding his way more than once to England. Let us not dwell upon the sad scenes of his later life. Let us think of him in his best moments, as the man who ennobled the Highland race for all time by calling forth a devotion, loyalty, and love the fame of which can never die.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

"For faith and hope are in their prime
In great Eliza's golden time."

QUEEN ELIZABETH now figures in our pageant. She is passing to her barge amid a crowd of courtiers, who buzz round her like bees seeking the honey of her smile. Among the spectators of her progress you observe a young man, comely of person, handsome of face, and gallant of bearing. Suddenly her majesty pauses; the ground is miry, and she hesitates to soil her dainty shoes. In a moment the young man has pulled off his rich plush cloak and has thrown it upon the ground for the queen to walk upon. She is flattered by the attention; she smiles graciously on the young man and says, "You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," he replies, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That is well said," the queen remarks, and at a bound the young man springs into her royal favor. It was afterward said that the spoiling of his cloak gained him a good many *suits*.

The young man whose introduction to the queen you have just witnessed is Walter Raleigh, a Devonshire gentleman who has already seen much warlike service, and has shown himself to be possessed of many qualities besides personal bravery and prowess in battle. In sooth he is one of the most heroic and brilliant men of that brilliant and heroic age—explorer, soldier, sailor, poet, prose writer, and true-hearted gentleman—"a spirit without spot," as Shelley finely calls him. Let us learn something of his career.

Raleigh was then a tall, well-built man with thick, dark hair, a bright complexion, and an expression full of life. His dress was always magnificent, and he had the faculty of dis-

playing himself and his capacities to the best possible advantage. His speech was bold and plausible; he was fearless and dashing, a man of a stout heart, a sound head, and a strong right hand.

All the world, again, knows and believes that other story of Raleigh's message, cut on the glass with his diamond ring:

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

And Elizabeth's encouraging reply thereto:

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

One could strip the latter story of some of its romance, of course, by pointing out that Elizabeth was twenty years Raleigh's senior, and fifty years of age at the date of the incident; but that would be against the rules. Queens, like actresses, have the right to decide for themselves how long they will remain young; and it is the first duty of a courtier to uphold that royal prerogative.

Now that Elizabeth had admitted him to her favor, she speedily raised him from the position of a poor gentleman adventurer to one of the most wealthy of her courtiers. He was knighted in 1584, and subsequently sat in Parliament for Devonshire.

Soon, however, he wearied of a life of luxury and busy idleness at the court, and arranged with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to join him in his projected voyage to Newfoundland. But Elizabeth positively forbade him to go, and reluctantly he bowed to the royal command.

Gilbert never returned from Newfoundland. On the homeward voyage he stuck to his little, unseaworthy vessel, the "Squirrel," and declined to take his passage on board the "Golden Hind," the larger vessel which convoyed him. To all arguments he had but one reply, "I will not forsake my little company, with whom I have passed through so many storms and perils." When the ships were to the north of the Azores terrible seas arose, and the "Squirrel" was well-nigh swamped.

Through all the foul weather Sir Humphrey, gallant gentleman that he was, sat on deck, calm and unmoved, reading



PUSHING PAST THE GUARD, HE FLUNG FROM HIS SHOULDERS HIS RICH VELVET CLOAK AND SPREAD IT OVER THE MUDDY SPOT.

a book. When they besought him to board the "Golden Hind" he said, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." During the night of Monday, September 9, 1583, the watchers on the "Golden Hind" suddenly missed the lights of the "Squirrel." She had gone down with all her crew.

Raleigh applied for the patent which Sir Humphrey, his half-brother, had held, and was accorded the royal permission to discover unknown lands, take possession of them in the queen's name, and hold them to his own profit for six years. At once he fitted out an expedition, which coasted northward from Florida and took possession of Roanoke Island, within the lagoons of what is now North Carolina. His captains returned with a glowing account of the "good land" which they had discovered, and Raleigh took immediate steps to colonize it. He called it Virginia, in honor of the virgin queen.

Accordingly, in the year 1585, he sent out Sir Richard Grenville with one hundred and eight men, and on Roanoke Island a little colony was established. Ralph Lane was left in charge of the party, and Grenville sailed for home, hoping for the best but fearing the worst. Unhappily the wrong sort of men had been sent out—soft-handed gentlemen who could not dig, and were ashamed to beg. Before long there were bitter quarrels in the little hive between the drones and the workers, food ran short, and the colonists were on the verge of starvation.

In the next year Drake touched at Roanoke after his attack on Cartagena, and seeing what a helpless, shiftless crew the colonists were, he carried them all back to England save fifteen. The colony had thus proved a costly failure, but the experiment was notable, because it was the first attempt to found a greater Britain beyond the seas.

One of the immediate results of the voyage was the introduction into Great Britain of the potato and the tobacco plant. Raleigh grew potatoes in his garden at Youghal, and thus gave Ireland her staple food. According to an old story, he was the first man to smoke tobacco in England. It is said that his servant, seeing volumes of smoke issuing from his mouth, concluded that he was on fire, and promptly poured a bucket of water over him, thus effectually putting out his pipe.

A second attempt to found a colony on Roanoke Island failed, and Raleigh was terribly disappointed. He could do no more; so in 1589, the year after he helped to repel the Armada, he disposed of his rights to a company of merchants, who made no attempt to found a new colony on the ruins of the old.

In the year 1592 Raleigh fell into disgrace with his royal mistress. She discovered that the man she had delighted to honor and enrich had actually dared to love one of her maids of honor. An excuse was speedily found by the jealous queen for sending Raleigh and his lady-love, Elizabeth Throgmorton, to the Tower. At length, however, the queen relented and restored Raleigh to liberty, but forbade him the court. The lovers were married and settled at Sherborne, where Raleigh busied himself in erecting a magnificent mansion and laying out its grounds with great taste. "I chose you and I loved you in my happiest times," he wrote his wife many years later.

About this time he made acquaintance with the Spanish legend of the fabulous wealth of El Dorado, the city of Manoa, in South America. The story fascinated his romantic nature, and he could not rest until he had attempted its discovery.

The king of this golden land, it was said, was sprinkled daily with gold-dust, till he shone as the sun, while Manoa was full of golden houses and golden temples with golden furniture. The kingdom was wealthier than Peru; it was richer than Mexico! Expedition after expedition had left Spain in search of this El Dorado, but the region was still plunged in romantic mists.

February, 1595, found Raleigh leaving England with five ships, and after a good passage of forty-six days he landed on the island of Trinidad, and thence he made his way to the mouth of the Orinoco. Here Raleigh soon found that it was impossible to enter the Orinoco with his ships, but, nothing daunted, he took a hundred men, with provisions for a month, in three little open boats, and went forward to navigate this most difficult labyrinth of channels, out of which they were guided by an old Indian pilot named Ferdinando. They had much to observe. The natives living along the river-banks

dwelt in houses all the summer, but in the winter months they built small huts, to which they ascended by means of ladders.

These folk were cannibals, but cannibals of a refined sort, who "beat the bones of their lords into powder" and mixed the powder with their drinks. The stream was very strong and rapid, and the men rowed against it in great discomfort, "the weather being extreme hot, the river bordered with very high trees that kept away the air, and the current against them every day stronger than the other," until they became, as Raleigh tells us, "wearied and scorched and doubtful." But Raleigh refused to return yet, lest "the world would laugh them to scorn."

Fortunately, delicious fruits hung over the banks of the Orinoco, and, having no bread, and for water only the thick and troubled water of the river, they refreshed themselves gladly. So they rowed on up the great river, through province after province of the Indians, but no El Dorado appeared. Suddenly the scene changed as if by magic, the high banks giving way to low-lying plains; green grass grew close to the waters' edge, and deer came down to feed.

"I never saw a more beautiful country," says Raleigh, "nor more lively prospects, hills raised here and there over the valleys, the river winding into different branches, plains without bush or stubble, all fair green grass, deer crossing our path, the birds toward evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes, herons of white, crimson, and carnation perching on the riverside, the air fresh with a gentle wind, and every stone we stooped to pick up promised either gold or silver."

The country was the province of Guiana. But it was not El Dorado, the object of their quest. Moreover, winter was advancing, and the explorers were already some four hundred miles from their ships, in little open boats and in the heart of a strange country.

Suddenly, too, the river began to rise, to "rage and overflow very fearfully." Rain came down in torrents, accompanied by great gusts of wind, and the crews, with no change of clothes, were wet through, sometimes ten times a day. "Whosoever had seen the fury of that river after it began to rise would

perchance have turned his back somewhat sooner than we did if all the mountains had been gold or precious stones," remarked Raleigh, who indeed was no coward.

They turned the boats for home, and at a tremendous rate they spun down the stream, sometimes doing as much as one hundred miles a day, till after sundry adventures they safely reached their ships at anchor off Trinidad. Raleigh had not reached the golden city of Manoa, but he gave a very glowing account of this country to his queen.

"Guiana," he tells her, "is a country that hath yet her maidenhood. The face of the earth hath not been torn, the graves have not been opened for gold. It hath never been entered by any army of strength, and never conquered by any Christian prince. Men shall find here more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with gold, than either Cortes found in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru, and the shining glory of this conquest will eclipse all those of the Spanish nation."

Raleigh lived peacefully at home for nearly two years, and then played a brilliant part in Drake's daring attack on Cadiz. He commanded the "Warspite," the leading ship, and though severely wounded, landed with his men for the storming of the town. His gallantry won him the queen's forgiveness, and once more he was a familiar figure about the court. Under Essex he commanded a ship in the fleet which sailed for Flores, in the Azores, to lie in wait for Spanish treasure galleons. His disobedience of orders in his capture of Fayal earned for him the enmity of Essex, who now became one of his bitterest enemies. Essex, however, came to the block, but not before he had done Raleigh considerable mischief.

Queen Elizabeth died in 1603, and James VI of Scotland became James I of England. There were plots to prevent his accession and to put Lady Arabella Stuart, an Englishwoman of the royal house, on the throne. The cowardly Lord Cobham was at the head of the main plot, and when arrested he made a lying confession implicating Raleigh, who was tried and found guilty of compassing the death of the king, of endeavoring to set Arabella Stuart on the throne, of receiving bribes



THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

From a Painting by Sir John E. Millais.

from the court of Spain, and of seeking to deliver the country into the hands of its enemy.

Raleigh's execution was ordered, and he wrote a touching farewell to his wife; but on the eve of the fatal day he was reprieved and committed to the Tower with the death sentence hanging over his head. For about twelve years he remained a prisoner. He was treated leniently, and given apartments in the Bloody Tower, where he lived with his wife and son and his attendants. Frequently the young Prince Henry visited him, and the lad grew fond of his gallant and brilliant friend.

Raleigh now busied himself in a variety of occupations: He designed a model of a ship, he condensed fresh water from salt, he compounded drugs, he began his "History of the World," and wrote verses and political pamphlets. Ladies would lean over the paling of the garden and watch the picturesque old magician poring over his crucibles, his face lighted up with the flames from his furnace. Fathers would bring their little sons to see the man who had sailed beyond the sunset, and had borne the brunt of the great duel with Spain, now almost the last of a little band of heroes whose names were fast passing into the mythic cycle.

About the year 1610 he revived his old project for discovering Manoa. Twenty years had now passed since he had returned from Guiana, but during his long solitude in the Tower his mind returned again and again to the fabulous riches of El Dorado, and he devised plan after plan for securing its wealth. He now made a proposition to certain lords of the Council, and they listened to it. "If I bring them not to a mountain covered with gold and silver ore," he wrote, "let the commander have commission to cut off my head there." All he stipulated for was that if half a ton of precious ore should be brought home he should have a free pardon. At length the king was persuaded to agree to the proposal, and in March, 1617, the order for his release was signed.

Raleigh and his wife adventured all they had in fitting out the expedition. Ere it sailed the Spanish ambassador intervened. He protested loudly that Guiana belonged to Spain, and that Raleigh's expedition proposed an invasion of Spanish ter-

ritory, and was simply a cloak for piracy on a gigantic scale. James warned Raleigh that he was not to fight the Spaniards, and on this understanding he was permitted to sail.

Misfortune dogged him from the outset. Foul winds and storms drove him back, and afterward scattered his fleet and sank one of his vessels. He had difficulty in getting water at the Canaries, and a hurricane drove him from the Cape Verde Islands. For forty days he lay in the doldrums, while his men fell a prey to scurvy and fever and grew mutinous. At length, when the remnant of his ten ships arrived off the mouth of the Orinoco, Raleigh was prostrate with fever, and his men had lost all hope of success. But his spirit was equal to the occasion. "We can make the adventure," he cried; "and if we perish, it shall be no honor to England or gain to his majesty to lose one hundred as valiant men as England hath in it."

While he remained off the mouth of the river, his lieutenant, Thomas Keymis, with five ships and four hundred men, undertook the great quest. For three weeks they battled against the mighty current, but when they approached the proposed landing-place they found a Spanish settlement blocking their path. This they stormed and burned, Raleigh's son being killed in the attack. Though the settlement was captured, the Spaniards were still in the woods, and Keymis, having done all that man could do, was forced to retreat. Raleigh met him with bitter reproach—"You have undone me by your obstinacy." Keymis said not a word, but betook himself to his cabin, where he ran a dagger through his heart.

Raleigh was now desperate. He proposed to go himself in search of the mine, but his men would not follow him. Then he suggested the capture of the Mexican Plate fleet; but they refused, saying that, even if they succeeded, the king would hang them when they got home. There was no help for it, so Raleigh was obliged to return to England. With angry reproaches to his "rabble of idle rascals," he set sail, knowing well the fate which awaited him.

In June, 1618, he was back at Plymouth, and was at once arrested. James was courting the favor of his "dear brother of Spain," and the Spanish ambassador had obtained a promise

from him that, "if Raleigh returned loaded with gold acquired by an attack on the subjects of the king of Spain, he would surrender it all, and would give up the authors of the crime to be hanged in the public square of Madrid." Now the Spaniard claimed his victim, and James actually proposed to keep his word; but he dared not do so, for England now regarded Raleigh as a champion of English interests against Spanish tyranny.

He was thereupon brought to trial. In the course of it the attorney-general said, "Sir Walter Raleigh hath been as a star at which the world hath gazed; but stars may fall—nay, they must fall when they trouble the sphere where they abide." There was a legal difficulty in the way: Raleigh was under sentence of death, and therefore could not be legally tried. The easiest way out of the difficulty was to order his execution on the old charge of treason. This was done. As Raleigh returned to his prison he remarked, "The world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution."

"Cherish my dreams!" was his last message to the brave-hearted youth of his own time, and of all times.

"When I began," the dean who attended him as chaplain reports, "to encourage him against the fear of death, he seemed to make so light of it that I wondered at him. When I told him that the dear servants of God, in better causes than his, had shrunk back and trembled a little, he denied it not. But yet he gave God thanks that he had never feared death. . . . He was the most fearless of death that was ever known, and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience."

He was so composed, too, that he could put his last thoughts in verse. The lines are still remembered:

"Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust."

Death was for him only an incident in life—a great occasion truly, but not the end of all. He dressed for it as for a great occasion—not without an eye to effect, wearing a black embroidered velvet night-gown over a hare-colored satin doublet, and a black embroidered waistcoat, together with a ruff-band, black taffeta breeches, and ash-colored silk stockings. He lighted his last pipe, and looked beyond through its curling pillar of cloud. And so, with a firm step he walked to the place of execution. He made his last speech in the firm tones of the man who is confident that posterity will hear.

“I thank God that He has sent me to die in the light, and not in darkness. I likewise thank God that He has suffered me to die before such an assembly of honorable witnesses, and not obscurely in the Tower, where, for the space of thirteen years together, I have been oppressed with many miseries.” When he had finished he said, “And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave.” As he laid his head on the block the executioner bade him turn his head to the east. “What matter,” he answered, “how the head lies, so that the heart be right?” And then, seeing that the headsman flinched from his task, in that rich West-Country accent which, even at court, he had never lost, “What doest thou fear? Strike, man, strike!”

And then the stroke fell, and a cry went up from the crowd—the cry with which the utterance of posterity began—the cry which Devon and England still echo to the eternal dishonor of the first Stuart king, “We have not such another head to be cut off.”



SIDNEY PASSED HIM THE WATER, SAYING, "THY
NECESSITY IS YET GREATER THAN MINE."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born in the year 1554, and died in the year 1586, when he was thirty-two years old. His was not a life full of great incidents and stirring adventures. It was a life full of hopes that, to our eyes, were never to be fulfilled; of heroic and beautiful qualities that, seemingly, were never to be used in their fullness. But it was long enough to win for him the lasting love of many close friends and of very many more who had only heard of him.

All that was best and highest in England in the glorious years of Queen Elizabeth's reign was to be found rarely combined in this one man. Great beauty, noble birth, culture, poetry, chivalry, and a gentle, childlike simplicity made up a character so harmonious and appealing that he became the idol of the nation. "His whole life," said one who wrote of him, "was a true poem." Living in an adventurous age, he could not help being also adventurous, and although circumstances drew him to Elizabeth's court, his mind was ever fixed upon some great work in the world, which the future would surely bring him.

He had reached the age of thirty-one when he determined to satisfy his love of adventure by a voyage to the west that was then being planned by Sir Francis Drake. Sidney was obliged to make his arrangements secretly, for the queen was a tyrant over her courtiers, and demanded their constant attendance. But almost at the moment of sailing the plan was made known to Elizabeth, and she at once forbade his taking part in the expedition, and ordered him instead to Flanders, where the English were fighting against the Spaniards. And here he met his death.

He had led a force up to the walls of the town of Zutphen. At the first charge his horse was killed under him; but mounting another, he led his men forward again. In the battle that

followed he was wounded, and his horse, taking fright, rushed with him from the field. He managed to keep in the saddle till he met some English soldiers, who carried him to the English camp.

On the way, feverish from loss of blood, he begged for water, and a soldier ran and brought some for him. But just as he raised the cup to his lips, his eyes met the eyes of another man, a poor dying soldier, who also had been wounded. His longing eyes were fixed on the cup, and Sidney caught the look and passed him the water, saying: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." It was a beautiful ending to a beautiful life, and will be remembered when far greater deeds are forgotten.

For days he suffered, none realizing the seriousness of his wound. But at last he himself realized that he was dying, and so told those around him. He was young, and none of his great dreams had yet come true; and at first the thought of death was terrible to him. But he fought against his fears, and they gave way to peace and gladness. "I would not change my joy," he said to those who watched by him, "for the empire of the world." A little while after he died.

His death was a great shock, not only to England, but to all Europe. The people of Flanders begged to be allowed to keep his body, promising to erect a royal monument to his memory. Even his Spanish foes poured out their praises and lamentations.

His body was embalmed, taken to England with military honors, and then buried with great pomp and splendor in St. Paul's. And the whole nation went into mourning. "It was counted a sin," says one writer, "for any gentleman of quality for many months after to appear at court or city in any light or gaudy apparel." The people realized that they had lost not only a brave soldier and a noble gentleman but a life of exquisite beauty, which they could not describe, but which had drawn from them unbounded love and sincerest admiration.

UNCROWNED NATION BUILDERS

THE MAN WHO BRIGHTENED THE DARK CONTINENT *

By JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

"To lift the solemn fringes of the night,
To open lands long darkened to the Light,
To heal grim wounds, to give the blind new sight,
Right mightily wrought he.
Forth to the fight he fared,
High things and great he dared.
He greatly loved—
He greatly lived—
And died right mightily."
—JOHN OXENHAM.

IT was a dark night—"the moon was lost," as the forest people say,—and the people of Akulu's village were sitting about the fires in the palaver house.

The young sons of Akulu sat together in a little group peeling and eating sugar cane. One of the older boys said:

"Some boys took new names to-day. Mr. Krug told us stories of brave men, and some boys said that they would name themselves for those brave men."

"Were those brave men white men or black men?" asked Akulu.

"They were white men," said Assam.

"What kind of bravery was their bravery?" asked Akulu. "Were they brave hunters or brave fighters? Tell me about that bravery!"

"It was not a bravery of hunting or of fighting—it was a bravery of walking alone in a strange country among strangers and enemies. They were makers of roads in the forest. Alone they approached great and angry headmen. Every one of these

* Copyright by the Missionary Education Movement. Used by special permission of the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. Not to be reproduced without such special permission.

brave men might say his nickname was: 'You walk alone! Where are your brothers?'"

At this moment Akulu rose and went out into the dark, where his call drum lay under the eaves of the house. Presently he drummed the call to his neighbors. Akulu was a great drummer; far, far away in the forest the murmur of his drumming was heard by other headmen sitting by their own fires. "That is a call from the town of Akulu Mejo," they said; and those men whose villages were neighbor to his rose to answer the call from Akulu.

He came back into the palaver house and sat down.

"Go on," said he to Assam, "this talk that you talk is a real word. It is well that other men should hear this talk about brave men. What were they hunting—these brave white men? Ivory, was it, or rubber? What goods did they carry? Were they traders? Tell us news of them."

"There were many," said Assam. "There was a great one named Livingstone. Mr. Krug told us that among all the sons of the white man none exceeds that man for bravery."

"Where does he have his town—that man Livingstone?" asked Akulu.

"He is dead now. He died when Mr. Krug was a baby."

"That would be a long time ago," said Akulu. "Was he a son of the English?"

"He was a son of the Scotch—and that is a tribe I do not know, but brother to the English."

"Was he a son of a chief?"

"He was not. The people of his father's house worked with their hands—they were weavers of cloth—the cloth of the white man. Himself he made cloth until God called him to do the work of the tribe of God. Then he studied many things in books. He studied medicine."

"It is a strange thing," said Akulu, "how these people of the tribe of God must always be studying in books."

Said Assam, "He studied medicine."

"Was he a great doctor in his own town?" asked Akulu, "and a maker of magic?"

"He was not. The great deeds he did were not done in

his own town, but in the country of the black people. This country that the white people call Africa?"

"Was he a great walker?" asked Akulu.

"He was the best. Even Ze Zom, who walks so well, cannot have walked more than Livingstone."

"Where did those walks begin?"

"If you walk many seasons—rainy and dry seasons—then you come to that beach where Livingstone began to walk. That place is called Capetown."

"Tell us," said Akulu, when his friends had sat down—"what the white man was hunting on these walks? What drew him so far from home?"

"Three things he was hunting. He was a hunter of rivers and waters."

"We hear," said Akulu, "though that is a strange word. What else?"

"A path he was hunting among strange tribes and in hard places—this path would be for the caravans of the missionaries who would follow after when the paths were known."

"We hear," said Akulu, "and that is not so strange. He was just the man who goes before the caravan with a cutlass."

"And a third thing he was hunting—that was news of the buyers and sellers of slaves. In those days there went many cruel foreigners—cruel they were and fierce. It was their custom to buy black people, and where they could not buy to steal. Men, women, and children they drove from their homes in the forests and in the grass country—out by the paths to the sea, where they sold them."

"To whom?"

"To white men. And these took them beyond the sea in great canoes—you know—what the white man calls steamers."

"But why must Livingstone learn about the slavers? A man of the tribe of God would never be slaving?"

"It was the news he was hunting—not the slaves. He said, —'If I see with my eyes and tell with my mouth the great sorrows of those slaves, their tears, their hungers, their thirsts, their wounds, their deaths by the side of the path, their poor dry bones still wearing the chains and the stocks,—if I get all

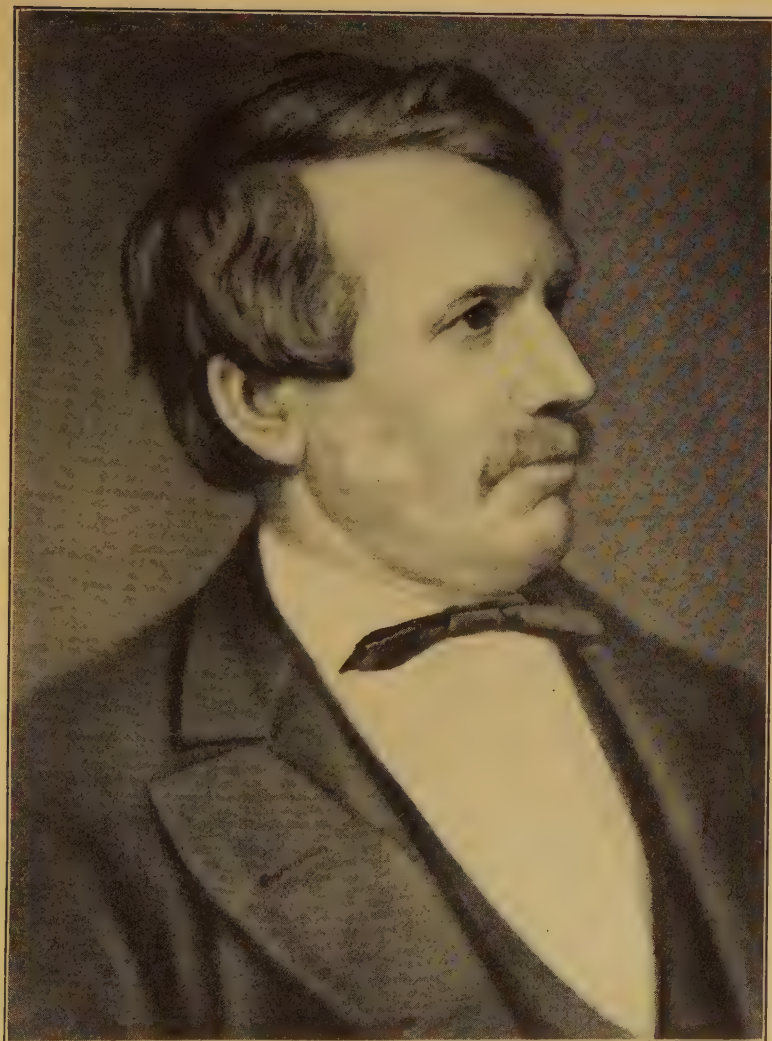
this news and tell it to the great tribe of the people of God in the world, they will listen and will be angry. They will rise up and forbid those slavers who come from without to spoil the villages of the tribes who live in the hidden places of Africa! When Livingstone came to Africa he was young and strong. He did not know at first that God was going to push him to walk so far. And I will tell you that the years that passed him while he did this work were thirty years as white men count years. And I will tell you that the miles he walked were twenty-seven thousand miles. Then I will ask you—was this a small work that he did, or was it the work of a real man?"

"Let me say," said Ze Zom, "I who am a real man, and a man who if the sun sets will walk by moonlight—I say that I never knew that a man could do so great a work." And the others in the palaver house agreed. Of other things Assam told them. He told them of the sign that God gave him while he was yet a young man, still busy in the south—

"That sign," said Assam, "was a little girl no bigger than your wrist. She was an orphan. Other men than the men of her father's house spoke of selling her. When she heard that talk of selling her she ran from the village to the path where Livingstone was passing. She sat down beneath his wagon. She begged Livingstone to take her in his caravan to his town—she would walk all the way behind his wagon. Livingstone gave her food and she was glad. That day began well for her—even so—suddenly she cried out with a loud crying—there was a man with a gun who had followed her! Now she thought, 'It is finished!' But no—a black man who was a man of God and who walked in Livingstone's caravan said to her—

"'Take the beads from your body.' She had many beads upon her body, and with those many beads, by the advice of the black Christian, she ransomed her body from the man who had followed her. He went away. Livingstone then hid that child in his wagon—so well that five tens of men could not have found her. This doing that he did for that little girl—I say it was a sign of the work he must do for Africa!"

Of the scar upon Livingstone's arm Assam told them—and



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

the day when the lion at Mabotsa sprang at Livingstone. Many lions were in that neighborhood and on one day one lion killed nine sheep!

"Livingstone and many black people ran to kill the lion. Livingstone fired a shot. The lion sprang at him and caught him by the shoulder with eleven of his teeth—the lion broke the white man's bone! He put his paw upon Livingstone's head——"

"He is a dead man now!" cry out the men in the palaver house.

"No—because there was a man to save him—a black man of God was there. He shot at the lion and missed, but the angry heart of the lion turned away from Livingstone; he sprang at the black man and caught him on the thigh, he caught a third man on the shoulder. Then some shot had found him—for he fell dead! But all those three men still breathed. God permitted them to live. This story that I tell you is a story that white men tell each other and, when they tell it, they marvel."

"Well, we marvel, too—even we, who are so wise in the things of hunting. That white man must have had a strong charm against lions!"

Assam told them of Livingstone's marriage with Mary Moffat. She was a daughter of a missionary, he told them, so that she understood all the customs of the tribe of missionaries—how they must be enduring, how they must wander among strange tribes and eat out of the kettles of strangers—she understood all those things. About their children Assam told, and the hardships of those early days when this family traveled by ox cart and before Livingstone sent his weary family home, and went on his way alone through the forests of Central Africa. In that palaver house that night mothers sighed over the death of that little month-old girl who was born and buried and whose grave was the first Christian grave in that wilderness. "Pity that woman," the women said, when they heard Assam tell of a five days' drought when Livingstone feared that his children must die of thirst.

"She was a brave woman," said Assam; "Livingstone has written that praise of her in his book. He said that the tears

fell from her eyes, but she did not accuse with her mouth. And on the fifth day a black man of that caravan found water!"

The women in that palaver house heard with sorrow that now Livingstone sent his family home—"because he was so sorry for them," said Assam, "so sorry for all the wanderings of those little children and that weary woman."

"But who now," asked the women, "would care for Livingstone and cook his food for him?"

"There were black men to do that," Assam told them, "for Livingstone had been eleven years as white men count years in Africa, and he knew the speech of many tribes. More than ever God was pushing Livingstone to the north, upon paths that were too hard for women and children. When Livingstone was alone he walked more quickly than a man may walk with his wife." The men in the palaver house understood that. Black people understand loneliness and homesickness with a great understanding. A black man or woman will die of this "dryness of the heart" that comes from homesickness.

"But could he not make friends with the black men he met by the way? Were there no great chiefs to befriend him, as my father befriended Ngutu?"

"There were such friends. The first of these was Sechéle. When Livingstone came to Sechéle's town, there was a great sorrow there because two children of that town were dying. And one of these was Sechéle's only child. Livingstone with his white man's medicine healed those two children. Not all the witch doctors in that country could heal those children, but the missionary healed them. Now I ask you,—What mischief did Sechéle then do to the white man who had healed the children of his town?"

"What could he do," cried out Akulu—"but make a bond of friendship!"

"That thing he did," said Assam. "And Livingstone spoke to him about the things of God. When he told Sechéle of the things of God, Sechéle asked him a question.

"Why did not the people of your tribe come to tell us this news before? My ancestors have all perished and not one of them knew what you tell me!"

"That word struck Livingstone to the heart. Afterward Sechéle became a person of the tribe of God and walked much in Livingstone's company, but Livingstone never forgot that word of reproach. It was a word to drive him north.

"And now," said Assam,—*"I am worn out with all this talking. My voice has died in my stomach. I want to go to bed."*

"Ah, my son," said Akulu, *"when will we hear how Livingstone walked?—is this all the news of his great walking?"*

"It is no more than the beginning," said Assam. *"Another night I will tell you more."*

Then all the brown bodies of men and women and children in that palaver house rose; they stretched themselves, they lit their reed torches at the fire, and the guests went away murmuring together of the great things they had heard.

Mejo said to Assam when they lay under their blanket in the dark of their hut—

"Ah, Assam, what new name did you choose?"

"I have not chosen yet," said Assam. *"I am still choosing."*

"I will tell you my new name," said Mejo. *"I choose the name of Livingstone."* Assam said nothing.

"Do you like that?" said Mejo.

"I think you are full of pride," said Assam. *"You chose a name that is too big for you. Since when do you walk upon hard paths and suffer hunger that you may tell those who are ignorant of the things of God? That is the work of a boy who calls himself Livingstone."*

ASSAM TELLS MORE ABOUT LIVINGSTONE

The next night when darkness began to fall Akulu beat on his drum the call to his neighbors.

"That is the voice of Akulu's drum," said one to another in all the little villages of that neighborhood. *"He calls us to hear the talk of his son Assam. They say that the talk of Assam last night was a great talk. We too, we must hear that talk."*

Then men took their spears in their hands and women took

their babies in deer-skin slings by their sides, and by the light of torches little companies walked single file on the paths that ran to Akulu's town. All about these people, who talked as they walked, the great forest was dark in the night. The dew was wet on the feet of those people. The torch-bearers waved their torches as they walked, and if there were snakes on the path they slid away from that light.

In the palaver house of Akulu too many people crowded. They sat thick upon the bamboo beds. They sat upon the clay floor of that house, having first made a little mat of leaves to sit upon. The many brown arms and the many brown legs were crowded together. The many heads of men and women turned toward Assam in the firelight. Bright eyes shone in that light and white teeth in many laughing, dark faces. Brass ornaments glittered about the necks and the arms of the women and the little girls, their hair was dressed and hung with garlands and fringes of beads and of shells. The women were tattooed and the men were tattooed with great drawings in a purple black upon their brown faces and upon their bodies. And now they listened with a great wonder and a great attention to the story of Livingstone's long way.

Upon Assam's map they followed Livingstone from Kobleng to Linyanti, from Linyanti to Loando, from Loando back to Linyanti, from Linyanti to Tette. From Tette they could not follow him home in the white man's boat—that journey was too strange for them. But they welcomed him back to Africa; they followed him up and down the Zambesi River on his second journey that was so much a water journey; they welcomed him upon his return from his second visit home. They made with Assam upon the map the heroic journeys of Livingstone's last eight years, when he wandered from Lake Nyassa to Lake Bangoweolo, from Bangoweolo to Lake Tanganyiki and from there north and west—always hunting the sources of the Nile, and so nearly tapping the sources of the Congo.

Those men and women in the palaver were glad when Livingstone found letters and a package from home at Linyanti. They laughed when they heard that Livingstone called



SHE SPLINTERED THE WHEEL LIKE MATCHWOOD.

the great falls of the Zambesi River after the name of a chief who was a woman (Victoria). They were angry at the great chief Mpende who would not befriend Livingstone, but who made charms and spells against him. They marveled at that courage with which the white man of God, when he must cross the Zambesi River with armed enemies at his back, sent his men and his goods over first, while he himself amused his enemies with his watch and his burning glass. They were so surprised at these marvels that they let the caravan pass.

"Did he not fear?"

"He did not fear," said Assam. "The night before this day, he had said in his heart,—'Perhaps they will knock me on the head to-morrow.' But he read in the Word of God that Jesus said, 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations—and lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world.' That word gave him courage, so that when he saw that he must get in the canoe, he thanked those people for their kindness, he wished them peace and he turned his back."

"*Akeva!*" shouted the people* who were of the tribe of God in that palaver house.

When Assam told them of Livingstone's home-going, they asked all the news of his town.

"*Besom b'akele hé!*" cried out the women—and that is to say—"Lucky ones go home!"

They asked were his children glad to see him. And Mary Moffat—was she glad? They liked to hear how Livingstone was admired in his own country, so that the people crowded him in the streets and in the house of God. They heard how the great chief of his country made him a present.

"The chief that was a woman?" asked Akulu.

"That one," said Assam.

"Then it would be a present of food," said Akulu—"food that she had cooked herself."

"Not of food," said Assam, "but of the yellow metal—the great treasure of the white man."

"And when Livingstone said he would return to the country of the black people, did she not send a present to the black

* *Akeva* is a kind of thanksgiving word.

people by the hand of that man who was going from her town to the towns of the black chiefs? Did she understand that custom?"

"She did," said Assam, "and she sent a present. That present was a boat to go upon the rivers that the work of God might be swift to pass among the tribes of the black people."

"She was then a person of God, that woman?" asked Ze Zom.

"She was."

"*Akeva!*" cried out the Christian women in the palaver house.

"If I could send her a present!" said one.

"If I could send her some peanuts!" said another.

"If I could embrace her!" said a third.

They rejoiced when Assam told that Mary Moffat came to meet her husband a day of one rainy season, and when they heard that on a day of the next rainy season she died, there was a great compassion in the hearts of those black people.

"Now, surely," they said, "he walks alone. Now he will not be wishing ever again to go back to his own house, where the hearth is cold!"

"But in his own country there were still his children," said Assam, "and, to see their faces, he did go back to his own country. He saw them, but he could not stay with them, because there were still hidden things in Africa that he had not found."

And Assam told his friends the story of the last eight years of Livingstone's life. About his caravans Assam told them, and how some of those men were treacherous. There was a new grief in that palaver house for the old wrong two black carriers did Livingstone when they ran away, on a rainy day, with his medicine chest, and left him ill without medicine. There was a new praise that night for the faithful boys Susi and Chuma, who did not fail their master even at his death. There was a new sorrow for those days of weaknesses and fever—those months when Livingstone could not walk because his feet were sore.

Assam told them of the Manyúéma tribe and that they were

cannibals. "The people of the Manyéma tribe," said Assam, "did many wicked things and Livingstone wrote those things in his book."

"Stop," said Akulu, "while you open a word for me. You are always speaking about this book—he wrote this thing in his book, he wrote that thing in his book. What kind of a book was this? I want to know."

"We too, we ask that question!" said they all.

"Every kindness," said Assam, "that was ever done to him and his men; every present of an ox or an ivory or a hen or an ear of corn; every great kindness and every least little kindness is written in that book. It is written that on a night of the rainy season, when he was upon a journey with Sekelétu, Livingstone lay down to sleep in his wet clothes and Sekelétu gave him his own blanket to cover his body that night."

"I like to think that man had friends," said Akulu, "when he was so long with the black people that the white people forgot him."

"They did not forget him," said Assam, "and I will tell of his great white friend. After those terrible things of death that Livingstone saw among the Manyéma people when the slavers killed them—Livingstone went away. He was sick with sorrow. He went to Njiji. That was a bad journey. Three times in one day he escaped death. One spear on that day grazed his neck; another spear fell at his hand, and a great tree in falling fell so near him that he was covered with dust. But the poor white man felt such a great weakness of the body that he thought he was dying as he walked. And on that day his goods were stolen from him—all that was left of his calico; a glass to see the things that are far away; his umbrella; five spears."

"Such a day!" said Ze Zom. "If I were not a person of God, I would certainly say that there was a charm to keep that man alive! God is a great keeper!"

"He was now no more than the bones of a man—hunger and sickness had caught him. But he thought always of the food at Njiji—where he would find much goods. He had begged his friends to send him a caravan of goods. He wrote

in his letter—"I will meet that goods at Njiji!" So he came to that place with an empty stomach, as a man returns from a hungry country to his own town and he believes that there is good food for him in the kettles of his own town.

"Well, when he came to Njiji—here is the thing Livingstone saw. He saw the slaves of the Arab whose name was Shereef and those slaves were coming from the market with all good things in bundles on their heads. They had traded the goods of Livingstone for those things of the market. Shereef had stolen that goods!"

"If I were a young man," cried out Akulu, "I would walk to that town of Njiji, and with my own hand I would kill that thief!"

"And we would walk in your company!" shouted the men in the palaver house.

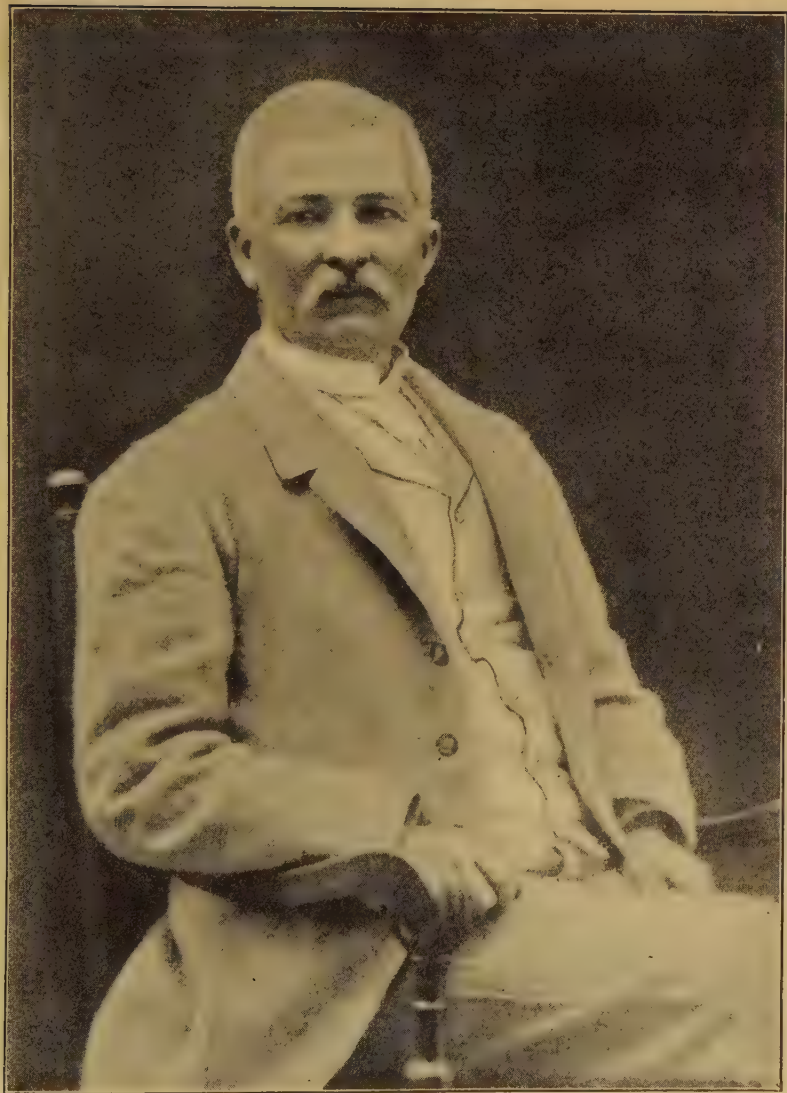
"Listen to the great escape God made for him. Five days Livingstone sat in that town eating what little food he could buy and his heart was heavy in his stomach. On the fifth day Susi and Chuma ran to tell their master that a white man's caravan was coming on the path from the rising sun. They ran to greet that white man; they thought he was an Englishman. But when Livingstone saw the caravan he saw that the first carrier had a piece of cloth—it was like the piece of cloth that is hung over the mission station on a pole."

"Then it was the American flag," cried out little Mejo.

"You have said it," said Assam, "and that white man was the man the people of America sent to find Livingstone. They said in their hearts—'All these days that Livingstone does the work of God in the hidden places of Africa—what is his news? Does he still breathe? Or is he dead? To answer these questions the people of that tribe sent Stanley.'"

"That was a great meeting of two white men," said Akulu, and the people in the palaver house listened to all the news of that meeting. They heard how Livingstone, when he saw all the goods in that caravan—the pots and kettles and tents and tin baths, thought in his heart: "Here walks a rich man and not a poor yagabond like me."

They heard how Stanley knew Livingstone by the cap he



SIR HENRY M. STANLEY

was always known to wear. They heard how Stanley took off his helmet when he saw Livingstone, and Livingstone took off his cap—as white men do in salutation. And that they then thanked God for their meeting.

The Africans were glad that night in Akulu's palaver house that Livingstone could speak with Stanley the tongue of his own tribe—after six years of loneliness.

"Surely," they said, "the talk of those two white men must have been as abundant as rain." They were glad of the many letters that Stanley brought Livingstone, and of the presents he brought him. When they heard that Stanley begged Livingstone to go home with him, they thought he must surely go. But no, Assam told them, Livingstone did not go home. He remained to finish his work.

"For five moons those two white men ate out of the same kettle, they walked in the same caravan, they slept in the same tent, they talked the talk of friends. Then Stanley rose up and went away. That morning he went away he could not eat for sorrow. Livingstone showed Stanley the path. Stanley looked at Livingstone many times; he thought in his heart—'Perhaps I will never see this man again.' He said to Livingstone—'The best of friends must part; you have come far enough, now I must beg you to go back.'

"Livingstone gave Stanley great thanks for his many good deeds to him. He said to Stanley—'God guide you safe home.' They parted. Who knows the things of the heart of Livingstone when he watched the going away of Stanley! No other white man had shown him such kindness. In his book Livingstone wrote about Stanley—'a dutiful son could not have done more.'

"No white man ever saw Livingstone again. All the kindnesses that Livingstone ever knew again were the kindness of black people."

Now it was very late at night—"the night was in the middle"—while Assam told his friends about the end of Livingstone's long way. They listened in silence. "With the eyes of the heart," as the Bulu say, they saw the last journeys of that tired man.

"Now he can no longer walk, and the men of that last and faithful caravan make a hammock swung to a pole and they carry him. At night they build little shelters where he sleeps. Coming to a village called Ilala they make a little shelter. The chief of that town is Chitámbo; he and his people are all away in their gardens. They hear that the white man is come; they return to look at him where he lies under the eaves of a hut. They lean upon their bows looking at him. The rain falls, and his men build the shelter. Those men know all the work of the white man's camp. Livingstone is glad that night to be in his shelter.

"The next day Livingstone is very weak; he cannot talk with Chitámbo who comes to salute him.

"The second night in the village of Ilala, Livingstone is no better. A fire is laid at the door of his hut and some of his men sit about that fire. Once in the night Susi went in to the hut and Livingstone speaks to him. Just before the crowing of cocks Susi and Chuma with three other men went into the hut. There was a candle burning there and by that little light the men saw their master on his knees beside his bed. They knew that to kneel was his custom when he prayed. But soon they saw that he no longer breathed. When they touched him they found that he was cold.

"They wrapped the body in cloth, and again they wrapped it in bark. They said 'good-by' to their friend Chitámbo and to the people of Ilala; they went off on the paths to the sea carrying their dead master.

"For nine moons they walked upon that journey and God cared for them. Many troubles they saw upon that journey, but none conquered them. Some tribes were friendly to them and some unfriendly. Once they feared that the body of their master would be stolen. Then they pretended to carry it away to bury it. But they did not bury it. They made a new cover for it. The old cover of the bark of trees they threw away, and about the body they wrapped calico until you would certainly have said, those men are carrying a load of calico. Now none of the tribes by the way knew that the body of a white man was among the loads.

"This long work of carrying their master, those black men did because they loved him; they were faithful men. When they came at last to the beach, they delivered the body to the white men there, and they were praised.

"The body was known by the old scar on the arm, where the lion had wounded Livingstone long days before at Mabotsa. So the body was received by the white men. By them it was sent across the sea. And Susi and Chuma were sent across the sea to tell the people of Livingstone's tribe all the last things of Livingstone and to receive the thanks of the people of his tribe for their long carrying of Livingstone's body.

"That body the white people buried in a great house of God that is in their great town (Westminster Abbey). They keep his memory. They send missionaries in companies upon the paths where he walked alone. They do not let his name die. Black men who hear his name, as we hear it, never forget that name again. We ignorant ones who say that the spirits of the dead return to harm us—what will we be saying about this white man who is dead since Mr. Krug was a baby, and only good things spring from remembrance of him?"

"I say that God, when He built the house that is Africa, made a servant to furnish it," said Oton the elder.

"It is near morning," said Assam, "and the star that keeps the dawn is risen."

"Good night, Assam," said all. "Great thanks!" And they began to light their torches and to go weary to their beds. But as they went they still spoke together of the things that they had heard.

"Assam," said Mejo in a sleepy voice, when they lay upon their bed, "I will be Susi or perhaps Chuma."

"Not yet," said Assam.

A NOBLEMAN OF JAPAN

By JANET HARVEY KELMAN

THOUGH Japan was open to foreign countries after 1854, it was still very dangerous for Japanese boys to have anything to do with people of other lands. In 1854 Niishima Shimeta was eleven years old. He had been born into a Samurai home, and he had the warrior's loyalty in his heart.

All through his boyhood he was a serious boy, and was careful to keep the days that were set aside for the worship of his ancestors. But even when he was very young he could not understand rightly about the dainty little figures to which he and his family did reverence. Day after day food and wine were brought to them and laid before them, yet they never ate nor drank.

A great many thoughts went careering through the boy's mind.

Other things were troubling him. Japan, of course, was the only great country in the world. Its Emperor had descended from a god and took the place of God to his subjects—Niishima knew all that quite well. He had known it ever since he could remember. He himself was a fighter, a son of one of the great warrior families of Japan who made up the armies that no barbarians could stand against, no, nor Chinese soldiers either, but what was the meaning of these great vessels in the bay? There was something in it that had not been explained to him, and an explanation he must find.

First he must find out about the little figures to which he bowed down. Could they help him? Could they help themselves? One day he started out with a determined look on his face. There was a tremor in his heart, but the old Samurai nature was in him and he would not flinch. He went to a stall in the bazaar and bought one little figure like those that

stood on the shelf at his home. Shimeta did not put the figure he had bought on to any of the shelves within his father's house. Instead of that he dug a great hole in the garden and dropped the figure into it. Then he filled up the hole and walked away. Day after day he returned to the spot and looked to see if the god would come up! The first god had sprung from the earth—so Shimeta had been told—why should not a god do the same again?

One day a small green shoot appeared above the ground. What could it mean? Was the god coming to life at last? Eagerly Niishima dug down. When he reached the figure that he had buried, he found a single grain of rice beside it. The grain of rice that he had buried unnoticed had had life hidden within it, but the figure itself lay as it had been placed with no sign of life or of power. The terror of what might happen was gone, but another fear had taken its place. What was a little boy to do if everything he had believed in was a mistake? That was the one big question. He had answered it so far, but his answer left a great blank.

But it was not only about the figures that he had worshiped that Shimeta had been asking questions. There were those ships in the bay.

The boy could not understand how it was that the Emperor had not given to his faithful subjects great vessels of war like those American ones. Gradually it began to come home to his mind that other countries had some good and useful things unknown in Japan, and he longed to stretch out his arms and gather in everything good for his beloved land. While these thoughts were in his mind he made one big resolution. He made up his mind that he would find out about these people at the other side of the world who had the great war vessels.

One day he saw a book written in Chinese which told about the history of America and its size and its towns and rivers. As he read he could not help feeling that the religion of a people like the Americans must have a great deal to do with their progress, and so he made up his mind that he would find out about Christianity too. Not long after this he saw a book

of selections from the Bible, in Chinese. He carried it away with him, and at night after everyone was in bed he took it out and read it.

If his heart beat wildly when he buried the god in the garden, it must have beat far more wildly as he sat in his bare little room and opened the first page, for the law was still in force that if anyone were found following the Christian religion he and all his family would be crucified. So Shimeta had much to make him anxious as he read—the thought of the ruin and death it would bring to his home, to his good and thoughtful father, his kind, unselfish mother, the four older sisters and the little brother. Yet with all that he read. Something impelled him to do it. The very first words held him spell-bound.

“In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth!” It was so great and wide. The heavens and the earth—not just Japan, not just America, but all. From that time a great new loyalty came into Shimeta’s heart—one that never was eclipsed, though at first he knew very little of what it meant. It did not mean that he loved Japan or his parents or his Baron or his Emperor less. But just as before loyalty to parents had to give way if it stood in the way of loyalty to his Baron, and loyalty to his Baron had to give way if it kept him from loyalty to his Emperor, so now he knew that for him, as long as life would last, all other loyalties would have to give way if they interfered with loyalty to his God, to whom his soul had leaped out in worship at the very first.

Shimeta had not been caught during these midnight readings, but though he was not to bring death to his parents he soon found that he would have to cause them terrible suffering by leaving the country. He saw that he would never get an opportunity to learn English nor to understand Christianity if he stayed in Japan, and so he made up his mind that he must go to America. The fact that he would be killed if he came back was not his only difficulty. The first difficulty was that it was almost impossible to get away. Though foreign vessels were allowed to trade at the port in which he lived, they were carefully searched ere they sailed away, and how

could he hope to be hidden from the quick eyes of the officials, especially as he must go on board hours before the ship was searched and might easily be missed in the meantime.

It was a terrible moment when Shimeta lay in a little press off the Captain's cabin while the officer searched the boat—but even that passed. The officer's boat grew smaller and smaller as it left the vessel behind it, and at last Shimeta felt the planks beneath him move with a new motion and knew that his desires had come true. Why was it that then, when he had got what he wished, when he was sailing away west toward knowledge and freedom, the thoughts that came crowding into his mind were of the flowers in the garden where he had played as a little boy at home?

At Shanghai, Niishima saw a New Testament in Chinese, but he had no money with which to buy it. He was a penniless exile wandering about the streets of the city, fearing each day that someone would recognize that he belonged to Japan and send him back to his own country, where he knew that if the law were carried out he would be executed and all his dreams would vanish. He still had his swords.

Though he had set his heart on learning all about the western ways of doing things and about their religion, that did not mean that he had ceased to be a Japanese and a Samurai, and to say that, says that he loved his sword more than he could have expressed. But then a Samurai would carry out his purpose whatever pain or loss it cost him to do it, and so Shimeta could not let even his swords stand in his way. With a quiet, set face that did not show at all what he was really feeling, he sold his swords, and with the money he bought the Chinese Testament.

Some time after this he was allowed by the captain of a vessel that was sailing to America to work his way across the sea. He had hard work to do and he had little time to think, but he managed to read his New Testament. One day he read, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Think what it meant to him. It meant that the great Spirit that he had thought of as so far away from

earth and its affairs took notice of the world, thought about it, loved it—loved it so much that He had given His Son for it.

To all Japan Fusi-yama is the sacred mountain. Shimeta had lived within sight of it all his childhood, and, besides its sacredness, it had for him the charm that gathers round the things that are linked with home and friends. And as he sought for some picture to express what he felt about these words of the New Testament, he said, "That sentence is the Fusi-yama of the Bible"; and so through all the years the thought that God loved the world and gave His Son for it towered high and commanding among the thoughts that came and went in Shimeta's mind.

The vessel in which Shimeta sailed touched at Boston. The captain, who had been kind to Shimeta and had taught him to read and to speak English, left him in the ship while he went to visit friends. Shimeta was in a sad plight. He had only a very little money which the captain had given to him. He knew no one in that great land of America. No countryman of his own lived in all its broad expanse. How would he get work? How would he learn? How would he carry out his purpose to fit himself to take home the best of all he saw and heard to his own land?

One day as he wandered on shore he picked up a copy of Robinson Crusoe. In the long hours as he waited for the return of the captain he read slowly through the pages till he came to a sentence that startled him. Robinson Crusoe in his lonely island had spoken to God as simply as one man might to another. He had told God what he needed and that was all. This was a new fact that Niishima had learned about the Great Spirit. Niishima could not doubt that this was true. It was so like the other things that he had read about God; and, if they were true, nothing was too good to be true. His next thought was that he must speak to God himself, and this is what he said in the ship in Boston harbor: "Please don't cast me away into miserable condition. Please let me reach my great aim!"

And God who had called Niishima from the land of Japan heard that prayer. The ship captain had spoken of Niishima

to Mr. Hardy, the owner of the vessel, and when Mr. Hardy saw Niishima he was so much attracted by him that he and his wife took him to their own home and treated him as they might have treated a beloved son.

Niishima's way was opened to the attainment of his great aim. Ere he was ready to go back to Japan, the laws that forbade a Japanese from leaving the islands had ceased to exist. He was welcomed back, and high government positions were open to him. He was urged to join the other eminent men who were seeking to build up a new Japan which should retain all that was finest in old Japan, and which should unite with it all that seemed best in other lands. But both then and later, when he was urged again and again to take office, Niishima refused. He felt that in these high posts he could do but little to meet what seemed to him the greatest need of Japan—the need to know that the great God cared for every creature that He had made, and that each man and woman might know Him and serve Him. What Niishima wished to do was to found a college in which his countrymen might learn what he had learned.

For a time this dream of his seemed too fair to be realized, but it was realized, and the "Doshisha," as the college is called, stands as a lasting memorial of the boy who dared everything to win for his country what it did not want! The Doshisha is the building that commemorates Niishima's work, but there are also living memorials of him throughout Japan, for his life was so beautiful that many of those who knew him were drawn to Christ. One friend, when asked to write of him, said, "You cannot gild gold."

Before Niishima left Japan he wrote a poem that meant something like this:

"The desire of a knight is like a maple-tree of the mountain. It is to return wearing glorious raiment."

When Niishima did return and thought of the poem he had written ten years before, he wrote another that meant this:

"Glorious raiment to decorate the fatherland lies hidden in the box, because it is not time to wear it."

Part of that glorious raiment has come from its hiding-place. Some day yet Niishima's dream will come true, and that hidden raiment will be the decoration of the fatherland.

YAMAMOTO, O YAYE

While Niishima was in America, a civil war had been raging in Japan.

The clan of Aizu was one of those that stood by the Shogun. This clan had a great castle, into the enclosures of which retainers and their families were gathered in time of war. The news spread in Aizu that the army of the reformers was marching forward against the castle. Quickly the houses outside the gates were deserted, and everyone thronged within the great palisades. The thin walls and roofs of the houses outside were quickly burned down, and nothing met the eyes of the invading army but heaps of charred ruins and, beyond the wide reed-grown moat, the great fortified walls of the castle.

These walls rose right up from the inner edge of the moat. They were solid and unbroken, and no enemy could hope to cross the deep moat and scale the walls, for at the top there ran a white fence made of bamboos covered with mud, and in this fence there were many gun-holes through which shot and arrows could come with deadly aim. At each corner of the castle wall there was a tower with rows of openings for a still deadlier shower of arrows and of shot than could fall from the lower holes of the fence. Within this outer wall there was an open space, and then a second wall like the first in everything except that there was no moat. Again within this second circle there rose a great tower with row upon row of gun-holes. The tower was so high that all the countryside could be seen from its upper storeys.

Within the castle there were two children—a boy and a girl. Ibuka Kajinosuke fought bravely in the sorties, and neither he nor Yamamoto O Yaye could ever guess during those days of battle and of ebbing hope that one day soon each of them was to rejoice that the reforming armies had won the

day. For win they did. First the Aizu clan was driven back from the outer wall. Then the inner wall was taken, and all who remained alive were gathered within the citadel of the castle itself.

No one grieved more than Yamamoto O Yaye when it was decided that the castle must be surrendered. The old stories of faithfulness to death were in her mind, and perhaps she would rather have had the Baron declare that they would die together in the stern old way of the Samurai, but she was only a little girl and she had to do as the others did. One moonlight night just before the surrender she wrote a poem on the castle wall. In the beautiful Japanese characters that she had learned to make as a little child, she wrote on the white fence, with an arrow-head, a lament for the castle walls that had so long sheltered the chief of the clan and his family, but would ere the next moonrise be desolate and deserted.

After the civil war was over she went to stay in Kyoto (which had just ceased to be the capital of the country) with her blind brother, Yamamoto. He had spent two years in prison, in an underground room in a house that belonged to him, during the troubles of the civil war. But after it was over he was appointed an adviser to the Kyoto-fu and was an important man in the city. He became much interested in the new thoughts and ideas that were in the air, and he was the first leading Japanese gentleman to encourage Niishima to found the college that he longed to have. Not only so, but he allowed Niishima to build the Doshisha on the very piece of ground on which he had been imprisoned, and Yamamoto and Niishima worked and planned together about everything.

But as Niishima came and went to the house of his friend, he often met Yamamoto O Yaye. Niishima could not long be anywhere without speaking about Christ, and the girl often heard of Him, and she who had so bitterly grieved about the overthrow of the ancient ways of Japan became a Christian, and some time afterward married Niishima. The courage she had shown in the Castle of Aizu stood her in good stead during the years when she and her husband had often to bear misunderstanding and scorn, and in other sad days, when she was

left a young widow, to try as far as she could to carry on the work her husband had left unfinished.

When Niishima left Japan a second time and traveled in Europe and America, he wrote other poems which showed that the new home that he and Yamamoto O Yaye had made together in Kyoto, near the Doshisha, had grown as dear to him as the home of his boyhood.

"It is harder to be parted during life than to be parted by death." "How can hearts be light when they part?" "A voyager westward sees each night in dreams a school by the banks of Kamo River."

And again, "Flowers in Paris are beautiful, and over London the moon shines fair, but in dreams I seek those by the side of the Shokokuii."

GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

By THE EDITORS

"This man was not great
By gold or kingly state,
Or the bright sword, or knowledge of earth's wonder;
But more than all his race
He saw life face to face,
And heard the still small voice above the thunder."
—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON was too unselfish to be a gold-laced idol of the cheap hero-loving mob, and too thorough a patriot to stoop to any of the arts by which ambition lifts itself up to glittering rank.

His natural bent and fitness was for the life of a religious ascetic given to meditative mysticism and active service among the poor. The call of duty transformed him into a dashing soldier, a fearless explorer, a deft handler of uncivilized hordes, a shrewd statesman, a masterful ruler, and, at last, a heroic martyr in his country's cause.

Gordon was born in 1833. He displayed no exceptional gifts during his youth, nor as a subaltern in the Royal Engineers. He served in the siege of Sebastopol, and earned the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for "personal knowledge of the enemy's movements, such as no other officer attained." From 1856 until 1858 he was laying down the new frontier lines of Russia, Turkey, Rumania, and Armenia. In 1860 he took part in the looting of the Peking summer palace by the English and French allies. The great Tai-ping rebellion was threatening ruin to the reigning dynasty in China, and this led to the engagement of Captain Gordon, in his thirtieth year, as commander of the imperial army—a ragged regiment of some

four thousand untrained Chinese, officered by one hundred and fifty European soldiers of fortune.

Gordon's success in smashing up the rebellion with his "Ever Victorious" army was not easily achieved. He had to turn novices into disciplined troops, teach them European tactics, and inspire them with courage by himself, cool and wide awake, moving among them wherever the danger was greatest.

Gordon led the men without ever carrying arms. He held only a little cane with which he directed his troops. The Chinese troops when they saw how he exposed himself and was never hurt, decided firmly that his cane was a magic wand. Even when shot through the leg at Kintang, Gordon stood giving orders till he fainted.

The Chinese government made him a Mandarin and gave him the rank of Ti-Tu, the highest army rank, and the Emperor decreed as follows:

"We command that Gordon be rewarded with a yellow jacket to be worn on his person, and peacock's feathers to be carried in his cap. Also that there be bestowed on him four suits of the uniform proper to his rank of Ti-Tu, in token of our favor and desire to do him honor. Respect this."

Gordon declined all presents of money and spent all his pay in making his forces efficient. "I leave China as poor as I entered it," he wrote home at the close of the war.

From 1865 until 1871 Colonel Gordon was stationed at Gravesend, near London, in command of the body of engineers charged with improving the defenses of the Thames. He disdained to be lionized by society. His house was school, almshouse, and hospital; the poor of the town were his most welcome and numerous guests; the sick found in him their most tireless nurse and minister of solace; and he gathered around him the rough lads of the streets, whom he schooled and trained to enter the army and navy. He called them his "kings." He gave them clothes, he kept them in his house for weeks, he taught them to read, and he got them places as midshipmen on board ships. "One day a friend asked him *why* there were so many pins stuck into his map of the world. Gor-

don answered that they marked the course of his boys on their voyages. He moved them from point to point as the boys sailed along and he prayed for them as they went, night and day."

The only decoration he really prized was a special gold medal from the emperor of China. Long afterward it came out that he had effaced his name from it, and given it to the fund for the starving weavers of Lancashire during the cotton famine. He was to be found at all hours, alone, in the slums with the suffering and among the roughs, but never upon public platforms as a talker. These six Good-Samaritan years were the happiest of his always self-sacrificing life.

In 1876 he was appointed governor-general of the Soudan, and the records of his doings and royal progresses through that region, from 1877 until near 1880, reads like a tale from the "Arabian Nights." Five months on camel-back at a stretch; a 4,000 miles flight, rather than journey; so did he speed on the swiftest beast ever known there; far ahead of his little force, hastening to the relief of garrisons sorely besieged by rebel tribes. Many a time the brave heart prayed for death in his overburden of cares and isolation, and inadequate means. But he never flinched, seeing that God willed the postponement of death.

How Gordon went alone on a mission to the king of Abyssinia, and on being proffered a lower seat, at once lifted it up alongside the king's, and sat there as an equal, with many similar instances of Gordon's characteristic simple strength, must remain untold here. He invited King Johannis to kill him (Gordon), as he could not kill himself because of his religious beliefs. Not this king only, but all who ever had anything to do with Gordon, whether savage or civilized, were strangely impressed by his absolute indifference to his own interests or fate.

On resigning his governorship Gordon was offered the secretaryship to the viceroy of India, a post of the highest responsibility and emolument. No sooner had Gordon set foot in India than he resigned, having changed his mind on the voyage. At once he rushed away to China, and his influence was

potent in preventing the imminent war between China and Russia.

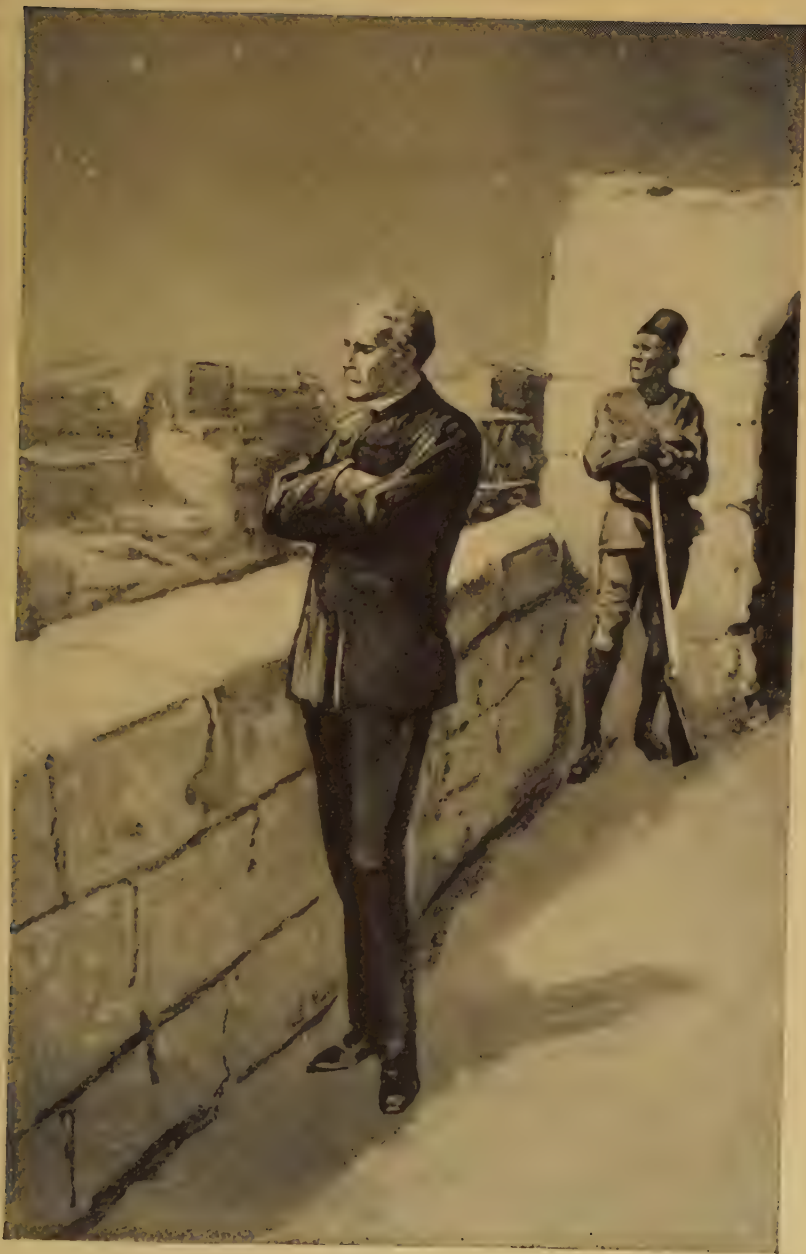
In 1883 Gordon indulged a long-cherished hobby of settling in Palestine, where he explored sites and developed theories of the Holy Sepulcher and other sacred places, planned a grand Jordan canal, and made a survey of Jerusalem. But the king of the Belgians wanted him to take the headship of the new Congo State. He liked the idea, and was arranging to retire from the British army when, unexpectedly, his government refused him permission to retire. They were in trouble in Egypt and the Soudan.

The story is familiar. The False Prophet (Mahdi) had gathered vast hordes of fighting men and had made telling conquests; an Egyptian army of 10,000, under command of the English Colonel Hicks, had been entrapped and exterminated. The British government was resolved upon evacuating the Soudan, leaving it to its own slave-trading home rule; but before this could be done the various scattered garrisons of the khedive, whom England backed up, had to be relieved and brought safely back. This was a stiff task, and Gordon was the man to do it. On February 18, 1884, he entered Khartoum. The people pressed about him, kissing his hands and feet and calling him "Sultan" and "Father."

"I come without soldiers," he told the people, "but with God on my side to redress the evils of this land. I will not fight with any weapons but justice."

To all who had complaints he gave a hearing. He then ordered burned in a great fire all the records of the people's heavy debt and the whips and rods that had been the implements of torture. He visited the hospital and the arsenal and flung open the doors of the jail. Two hundred men, women, and children were lying about in chains; some were innocent, some guilty, but most of these last had been imprisoned longer than their rightful sentence. After careful inquiry all were set free. At nightfall he ordered a bonfire to be made of the prison. Far into the night, men, women, and children were dancing round the blaze, laughing and clapping their hands.

He managed to send 2,500 people down the Nile in safety,



GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

when the Mahdi came up and hemmed him in. In April the wires were cut, and thereafter all was dead silence.

England was furious at the hero being thus caught in a trap, and no rescue forces sent to help him out. Mr. Gladstone's government made the strange reply that Gordon was not sent specifically to Khartoum, he went there in his discretion, and he was perfectly free to leave it. But he could not. At last, in August, his pitiless employers had to send out an expedition. It reached Khartoum in March, 1885. But it was too late. Hearing of the relief approaching, the Mahdi's troops forced the little garrison, and on January 26 Gordon was surrounded and stabbed to death as he came out of the mud-palace gate.

Only then, after long months of agonizing suspense, did his countrymen learn from the journals kept by himself and comrades, that Gordon had turned a few rickety river boats into armor-clad warships; had made brilliant sallies against the enemy; had built earthworks and forts; had trained and inspired the poor natives to do heroic soldier work; had laid mines; had struck medals for his braves; had gathered the food and fed all alike in equity; and in the teeth of five months' heart-breaking isolation, desertion, semi-starvation, the slaughter of his English comrades and the destruction of his little fleet, had held out in very despair against overwhelming numbers. His duty was clear, and he went down to his death with the contemptuous indifference to personal interest which illuminates his whole life with rare glory.

He did not fear to die. He wrote farewell letters home, and in his last journal were found these words:

"I am quite happy, though the sand in the hour-glass is very low. There is not fifteen days' food in the whole town. Good-by. I have tried to do my duty."

Of t as the shades of evening fell,
In the schoolboy days of old,—
The form work done, or the game played well,—
Clanging aloft the old school bell
Uttered its summons bold;
And a bright lad answered the roll-call clear,
"Adsum—I'm here!"

A foe-girt town and a captain true
Out on the Afric plain—
High overhead his Queen's flag flew,
But foes were many and friends but few;
Who shall guard that flag from stain?
And calm 'mid confusion a voice rang clear,
"Adsum—I'm here!"

The slow weeks passed, and no succor came,
Famine and death were rife;
Yet still that banner of deathless fame
Floated, unsullied by fear or shame,
Over the scene of strife;
And the voice, though weaker, was full of cheer,
"Adsum—I'm here!"

Heaven send, that when many a heart's dismayed,
In dark days yet in store,—
Should foemen gather; or, faith betrayed,
The country call for a strong man's aid
As she never called before,—
A voice like his may make answer clear,
Banishing panic, and calming fear,
"Adsum—I'm here!"

THE SWEETHEART OF A MILLION

YOU say you do not wish to wait until you are old to be beautiful. It is not necessary to do so, yet there would be something to be said for it, even if this were the choice. Not long ago a woman died in our country who was sweetheart to a million men. Did you notice that phrase?—sweetheart to a million men. She was a very old woman when the ovation occurred of which we wish to tell you.

During the Civil War she had, with all her wonderful energy and tenderness, nursed soldiers. Twice after it she broke down in health because of her exertions. Successively she took charge of the American Red Cross, the relief work in the Mississippi floods, at the Johnstown disaster, and in the Armenian massacre. At seventy-five she went personally to Turkey to superintend the relief expeditions. The following year she nursed and tended soldiers in the Spanish-American War with her own hands. Her last public service was in the Galveston disaster in 1900 when she was eighty. At eighty-three she was "packing her things" to go to Mexico. At eighty-nine she suffered a severe attack of pneumonia, and was told that she had but one chance of recovery. "Then I will take that chance," she replied.

You are aware that we are telling you about Clara Barton, and perhaps you did not know that she was beautiful. Listen to what Percy H. Epler says in his biography of her:

At a meeting in Boston in 1909 she purposely sought to avoid an ovation by remaining on the platform until she supposed that the audience had all turned to go. Then she started to walk down the aisle with General Shafter, with whom she was chatting. Suddenly she paused . . . to become conscious of a great audience still sitting, an audience of old soldiers, who refused to stir. As she turned toward them they rose, choking their emotions. Then the tumult broke.

"Three cheers for Miss Barton!" Voices hoarse with feeling rang out on every side.

"Tiger!" shouted one.

"No, not tiger," interrupted another. "Sweetheart!"

At this they collapsed, and the cheers broke into sobs.

AN ADMIRAL OF THE RED CROSS

When the battle of San Juan had been fought, and the victory on land had crowned the greater victory on the sea, Admiral Sampson proceeded to occupy the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. But it was not his flagship, the "New York," that led the line of war-vessels past the Morro Castle; another ship went before. It was the "Texas"—not the famous battleship that Captain Philip so gloriously commanded, but the transport "Texas," the Red Cross ship—that led the squadron. At the masthead floated the emblem of peace, and the commander was a woman, Clara Barton.

Never before was a conquered city entered thus. Miss Barton had not been told of the plan. The admiral sent her word to bring the "Texas" alongside the "New York," to take a pilot. The pilot came on board, and the "Texas" moved ahead at his direction. Into the mouth of the harbor, past the sunken "Merrimac," the "Texas" held her course, the battleships following behind. Then Miss Barton understood.

But how should they salute the captured city? Not with the shout of the victor, not with reminders of defeat. Miss Barton gathered her helpers on the deck, and as the "Texas" neared the dock, they sang Christian hymns. "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow," was the first; and then "America" followed. Then the work of relief began. The warships dropped anchor well outside; the "Texas" was in undisputed possession of the harbor and the city.

Those who met Clara Barton saw a slight and gentle little woman, with eyes that were penetrating but full of kindness, and hair that was soft and brown. Hardly a thread of it had turned white; it did not seem that she was old. She was so delicate, so perfectly a lady, you had to know her well to under-

stand the force that lay behind her quiet dignity, the unconquerable will beneath her gentle womanliness.

One day a friend asked her about her first experiences as an army nurse.

"You had done no nursing then, you were frail and unused to the sight of suffering. How could you bear all that you had to see on the battlefield and in the hospitals?"

"By forgetting myself utterly," she said, quietly. "That is the only way. You must never so much as think whether you like it or not, whether it is bearable or not; you must never think of anything except the need and what you can do to help."

BROTHER TO THE LEPERS

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

THE afternoon was waning in the tropical seaport; already the heat was tempered and the glare softened by the humidity of the slowly approaching dusk. A little while and the sun would sink silently into the immeasurable abyss beyond the waves, and the brief, delicious twilight, bathed for a moment only in the splendor of the afterglow, would adorn itself with clusters of trembling stars.

At such an hour, beguiled with reveries and soothed by the exquisite fragrance that exhales at dew-fall, I was startled by a piercing cry that seemed the last agonized protest of a riven heart. Not one voice only broke upon the stillness, but another and another, and yet another, until a chorus of despair rang shrilly over the low-roofed cottages in the grove that stood between me and the not far-distant shore. With no little emotion I hurried seaward, and speedily overtook a melancholy procession of weeping women following a few silent people, who were being conducted with decent haste toward the esplanade of Honolulu.

The miserable beings, with the dazed look of lingering death in their fearful countenances, were soon disposed on the deck of a small outward-bound craft; and then, in the few moments that intervened between the casting off of the shore line and the sudden impulse of the little steamer as she swung about in mid-stream, and made bravely for the mouth of the harbor, the pitiful wail of men, women, and children was renewed. Those grouped upon the extreme edge of the wharf were wringing their hands over the water, while rivers of tears coursed down their ashen cheeks. The others, upon the deck of the departing vessel, brooded for a time as in dumb agony, but anon an unearthly cry rang over the tranquil sea: it was their long farewell.

The sun, just touching the horizon, seemed to pause for a moment, while the great deep burst into a sheet of flame; tongues of fire darted and played among the wavelets as they tossed in the evening breeze; and the broad rays shot from cloud to cloud, painting them with glory, and crowning the peaks of the beautiful island with red-gold. Even the palm-trees were gilded, and their plumes glistened as they swayed rhythmically to the low melody of the tide that ebbd beneath them.

So faded that ill-starred bark like a mote in the shimmering sea. A few moments only, and the splendor died away; the twilight glow of the tropics is as brief as it is intense, and the sudden coming of night drew a veil over a picture that, though frequent, is nevertheless painful to the least sympathetic observer.

Darkness had come; the silence that came with it was broken only by the splash of ripples under the bow of some passing canoe, or the low moan of the water upon the distant reef. But the mourners were still crouching upon the edge of the deck, whence their eyes had caught the last glimpse of the fading forms of those whom they were never again to behold in the flesh; for those despairing but unresisting souls, swallowed up in the transfiguration of the sunset, were lepers, snatched from the breast of sympathy and from the arms of love, doomed to the hopeless degradation of everlasting banishment, and borne in the night to that dim island whose melancholy shores are the sole refuge of these hostages to death: an island as solitary, as silent, as serene as dreamland—mournful Molokai.

The first glimpse of Kalawao might lead a stranger to pronounce it a thriving hamlet of perhaps five hundred inhabitants. Its single street is bordered by neat whitewashed cottages, with numerous little gardens of bright flowers, and clusters of graceful and decorative tropical trees. It lies so near the base of the mountain that not a few of the huge stones that were loosened by the rains have come thundering down the heights, and rolled almost to the fences that enclose the village suburbs.

As we passed down the street, my companion, Dr. Fitch,

was greeted on every hand. He had been expected, for it was his custom to visit the settlement monthly; and many a shout of welcome was raised, and many an "*Aloha!*"—the fond salutation of the race—rang from doorway, window, and veranda. One group of stalwart fellows swung their hats in air, and gave three lusty cheers for "*Kauka*" (the doctor), topping them off with a burst of childish laughter.

Thus far, inasmuch as we had scarcely looked into the faces of these villagers, they seemed to us the merriest and most contented community in the world; but let it be remembered that we were all in the deep afternoon shadow, and our arrival was the sensation of the hour.

By the roadside, in the edge of the village, between it and the sea, stood a little chapel; the cross upon its low belfry, and the larger cross in the cemetery beyond, assured us that the poor villagers were not neglected in the hour of their extremity.

As we drew near, the churchyard gate was swung open for us by a troop of laughing urchins, who stood hat in hand to give us welcome. Now, for the first time, I noticed that they were all disfigured; that their faces were seared and scarred; their hands and feet maimed and sometimes bleeding; their eyes like the eyes of some half-tamed animal; their mouths shapeless, and their whole aspect in many cases repulsive.

These were lepers; so were they, each of them, that had greeted us as we passed through the village; so are they all, with a few privileged exceptions, who dwell in the two little villages under the cliffs by the sea.

Other lepers gathered about us as we entered the churchyard; the chapel steps were crowded with them—for a stranger is seldom seen at Kalawao—and as their number increased, it seemed as if each newcomer was more horrible than the last, until corruption could go no further, and flesh suffer no deeper dishonor this side of the grave. They voluntarily drew aside as we advanced, closing in behind us, and encircling us at every step.

The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded; his hair tumbled

like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works.

This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.

We were urged to dine with him. Good soul! he was conscious of asking us to the humblest of tables, but we were a thousand times welcome to the best he had. When we assured him that our dinner was even then in preparation, and that we had packed over with us all the way from Honolulu butter, flour, and other delicacies, he insisted upon our adding a fowl to our bill of fare, with his compliments and his blessing.

He was born in Louvain, Belgium, January 3, 1840; when he was but four and twenty, his brother, who had just entered the priesthood, was ordered to embark for Honolulu, but at the moment fell sick with typhoid fever. Young Damien, who was a theological student at the university, having received minor orders, and belonging to the same order—the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (commonly called Society of Picpus)—at once wrote to his superior, and begged that he might be sent upon the mission in his brother's stead. In one week he was on his way to that far country. He was ordained upon his arrival in Honolulu, and for a few years led the life of toil and privation which invariably falls to the lot of the Catholic missionary.

In 1873 he, in common with others of the clergy, was invited to be present at the dedication of a beautiful chapel just completed by Father Leonor at Wailuku, on the Island of Maui. There he met the bishop, who expressed regret that he was still unable to send a priest to Molokai; for the demand was far in excess of the supply. Father Damien at once said: "My lord, I hear that a small vessel will next week take cattle from Kawaihae to Kaulapapa; if you will permit me I will go there to help the lepers make their Easter duties."

His request was granted, and, in company with the bishop

and the French consul, he landed at the settlement, where he found a colony of eight hundred lepers, of whom between four and five hundred were Catholics. A public meeting was immediately called, at which the bishop and the consul presided. His grace arose to address the singular gathering, and said: "Since you have written me so often that you have no priest, I leave you one for a little time"; and, imparting the benediction, he returned immediately to the vessel which was to sail that very hour. Father Damien added: "As there is much to be done here, by your leave I will even accompany you to the shore." Thus the good work was at once begun. It was high time; the lepers were dying at the rate of from eight to twelve per week. The priest had not time to build himself a hut—he had not even the material with which to build it—and for a season he slept in the open air, under a tree, exposed to the wind and the rain.

Soon after he received a letter of congratulation from the white residents of Honolulu—chiefly Protestants—together with some lumber, and a purse of \$120; then he put up his little house, and began to feel at home. After remaining some weeks at Kalawao, he was obliged to go to Honolulu, there being no more convenient priest to whom he could make his confession.

He naturally called upon the president of the board of health, who seemed much surprised, but received the priest with frigid politeness. He then asked leave to return to the settlement on Molokai, and was curtly informed that he might indeed return, but that in that case he must remain there for good.

Father Damien explained to this gentleman how necessary it is for one priest to see another at reasonable intervals, in order to make his confession, and asked permission to visit Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, not far from Molokai, promising to return there directly in a small boat, as soon as he had attended to his religious duties. This was denied him. He was told that he must remain at Kalawao, and not leave it on any pretension whatever. Nor would the board permit the priest at Lahaina to visit Father Damien at Kalawao.

Here an eminent physician—one of the board of health—pleaded his cause, insisting that permission be granted the father to go and come at will. “This is the rule in all civilized countries,” said he; “the priest and the physician are exempt. They have privileges which no one else has, and which no one else should have.” The doctor was heartily seconded by the French consul, in whose hands the business of the mission was deposited; and Father Damien returned to Kalawao on a special permit.

Shortly after his return he received an official notice that he must remain where he was; and that on any attempt to leave the island, or even to visit other portions of Molokai, he would be immediately put under arrest.

Six months later a permit came, granting Father Damien leave to come and go as he pleased; but how seldom he cared to use it!

Father Damien's duties were never-ending. From early mass till long after his flock was housed in sleep, he was busy; and when at last he had sought his pillow, it was too often to lie awake planning for the future, and perhaps to be called again into the ward-rooms to ease the anguish of the sick or the dying.

The neat white cottages which have taken the place of the thatched huts of the natives were erected under his eye; and, furthermore, he personally assisted in the construction of most of them. The small chapel which he found at the settlement has become the transept of the present edifice; he, with the aid of a handful of lepers, enlarged the building, painted it without, decorated it within; and there he daily offers the holy sacrifice of the mass, preaches frequently, instructs the children, and fills all the offices of the church.

Forty orphan boys and girls are under his immediate direction. Houses with dormitories have been erected for them; and the girls, under the direction of suitable instructors, are taught needlework and the domestic arts. It has been found advisable to permit those who are of a marriageable age to marry the partners of their choice, and these marriages are duly solemnized in the presence of witnesses.

The spiritual wants of the priest's flock were sufficient to

fully occupy his time. On Sundays and feast days there was high mass at Kalawao; the celebrant was then obliged to hasten to Kaulapapa, and there again offer the divine sacrifice; now—at noon—he was permitted to partake of a little refreshment, the first since midnight; then back to Kalawao for vespers, benediction, and catechism; over again to Kaulapapa, to repeat the offices; and at last, at nightfall, home once more, to look after the affairs of his people, and to cook his own supper, and put his house in order for the night. He was indeed jack-of-all-trades: physician of the soul and of the body, magistrate, school-teacher, carpenter, joiner, painter, gardener, house-keeper, cook, and even, in some cases, undertaker and gravedigger. Great was his need of help, and long was he in need of it before it came. More than 1,600 lepers had been buried under his administration, and a death-bed was always awaiting him—sometimes two or three of them.

There is yet much to be done for the lepers. Many who seem whole and sound, who are still in the full enjoyment of life and liberty, are doubtless the unconscious victims of a disease that has been declared incurable by the best medical testimony of the age. The germ has been planted—it has possibly been inherited—and sooner or later it will make itself visible. The law of segregation must be enforced until the last leper has ended his miserable existence, and the survivors are delivered from the ravages of the plague. The Hawaiians are a susceptible people; possessed of much physical beauty, and of but little strength and endurance, they succumb easily under the influence of diseases that with us are of small moment.

Once I wandered alone into the chapel; a small organ was standing near an open window; beyond the window was the very pandanus tree under which Father Damien found shelter when he first came to Kalawao. I sat at the instrument, dreaming over the keys, and thinking of the life one must lead in such a spot; of the need and the lack of human sympathy; of the solitude of the soul destined to a communion with perpetual death—and, hearing a slight rustling near me, I turned, and found the chapel nearly filled with lepers, who had silently stolen in, one after another, at the sound of the organ. The

situation was rather startling; but when I asked where Father Damien might be found, they directed me, and stood aside to let me pass.

I found him where I might have known he was likely to be found, working bravely among his men, he by far the most industrious of them all. As I approached them unobserved, the bell of the little chapel rang out the Angelus; and on the instant they all knelt, uncovered, and in their midst the priest recited the beautiful prayer, to which they responded in soft, low voices—while the gentle breeze rustled the broad leaves about them, and the sun poured a flood of glory upon their bowed forms. Lepers all of them, save the good pastor, and soon to follow in the ghastly procession, whose motionless bodies he blesses in their peaceful sleep.

Angelus Domini! Was not that sight pleasing in the eyes of God?

.

Farewell! The time had come to say farewell. The evening before our departure we saw a pleasant phase of life at the leper settlement. The little steamer that visits them at intervals was due; long before sunset a faint smoke-cloud on the horizon heralded her approach, and the news spread like wild-fire from Kalawao to Kaulapapa; the excitement grew as the steamer drew near, and when she passed the little land of the proscribed, and blew a shrill, long blast, that was echoed in a half-dozen neighboring valleys, every one who was able to leave his bed was on his way to the landing. Many horses are owned at the settlement, and there is dry pasturage for many more; the cavalcade and the infantry soon depopulated one village, and filled the other to overflowing.

More lepers were arriving, and were welcomed with tears of sympathy to their new home. The scene was pathetic beyond description, and were it not evident that the exiles are as comfortable and as happy, in course of time, on Molokai as they can be anywhere in the world, nature would revolt at the spectacle. It is undoubtedly best as it is, and it is as well as it can be under the circumstances.

That was a gala night at Kaulapapa, but we were thinking most of our departure on the morrow.

With health and companionship, one might endure banishment, but these lepers are dying by inches; they sit about much of the time, with an air of hopeless resignation—sit there, waiting for the grave to open and receive them.

The martyrs of Molokai! If we pity the lepers, who are, fortunately, soon comforted after every grief, what shall we say of those servants of God who have dedicated their lives to this noble work? Think of their unutterable loneliness, shut in between vast stretches of sea and sky—a solitude that has driven men mad before now. They receive no guests, for no one cares to visit them; very few of their friends write to them, for some are even afraid to receive a reply.

Their meager rations are sometimes unavoidably cut short, yet one hears no complaint from them in their own behalf; it is always a compassionate appeal in behalf of their suffering charges. These are their companions—if the uncompanionable can be called such—these, the helpless and the hopeless; and over the devoted heads of those involuntary martyrs hangs ever the possible—yea, the probable—fate that is hourly expiated in revolting and ignominious death.

.

When I laid down my pen at the close of the last paragraph of this lamentable narrative, it was with a sigh of relief that I turned to more cheerful themes. I believed that the worst had been told, and that henceforth I could think of the pastor of Molokai as of one standing sentinel over the haunt of affliction, wrestling night and day with the Angel of Death—his body clean as the soul that encases it; uncontaminated in the midst of contamination; an impenetrable armor shielding him from the poison darts that assail him on every hand, and he a living witness to the certitude of a special providence.

Such indeed he has been for more than a decade; but within a twelvemonth from the time when together we sat with the dead and dying, when I saw with my own eyes the evidences of his wholesome and holy influence, and heard with my own ears

of the works of mercy to which he has consecrated his life—heard it from the lips of those whose hearts were overflowing with gratitude—in one brief year he has been seized, treacherously, I might almost say, and his fate was sealed in common with that of his ill-starred flock; yet, there is more Christian valor in his surrender than in many a conquest that is blazoned on the annals of history.

Listen to these passages from a letter from him, received from Kalawao:

“Since March last my confrère Father Albert has left Molokai and this archipelago, and has returned to Tahiti and the Poupoutous. I am now the only priest on Molokai, and am supposed to be myself afflicted with this terrible disease. . . .

“Impossible for me to go any more to Honolulu, on account of the leprosy breaking out on me. Those microbes have finally settled themselves in my left leg and my ear, and one eyebrow begins to fall. I expect to have my face soon disfigured.

“Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my own sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *fiat voluntas tua*.

“Please pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend me and my unhappy people to all servants of the Lord.”

It is the beginning of the end. Already his garment is a winding-sheet, and a grave awaits him in the mouth of the dark valley.

Revered and beloved father! at your feet I lay this tribute in memory of our last sad meeting and parting. In my heart you live forever; nothing can touch you further, and when you are laid to rest, I believe that you will have achieved a record of modest heroism almost without a parallel in these times.*

* Since writing this article Father Damien has died.

THE GREATHEART OF THE LABRADOR

By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

NO doubt the most interesting adventurer to-day is Doctor Wilfred Grenfell.

Wilfred Thomasson Grenfell, M.D., M.R.C.S., J.P., LL.D., C.M.G., is the way the name would look in "Who's Who." To say that Doctor Grenfell is a master mariner, a justice of the peace, agent of Lloyd's, physician and superintendent of a chain of hospitals, manager of a chain of coöperative stores, head of the St. John's Seaman's Institute, and captain of the steamer "Strathcona," is to give part of the activities of one of the most versatile men of our time. But if you could see Grenfell, you would never think of being afraid of the man to whom the king and Oxford University and Williams College gave honors, nor would you be overwhelmed by the brilliancy of the man of affairs. You would simply see a reticent Englishman who did not like to talk about himself. And if he were your guest, you would be with an absent-minded friend who never knows where his collars are.

GRENFELL'S STORY BY CHAPTERS

Of course you know the story of Grenfell's life, but if you are like me you can never read it over again without catching your breath in astonishment. Let us just summarize part of it in paragraphs.

Chapter One. Young Grenfell, scion of one of England's noble families, just out of Oxford and now studying medicine in London, hears D. L. Moody in a mission and decides that religion "is not a thing to be played with."

Chapter Two. Nine years after, having had some experiences as a medical man among deep sea fishermen in the

North Sea, he has borrowed a fishing smack of 97 tons and lands on Labrador, to see if he can do anything for that God-forsaken land and its wretched English and Eskimo fishermen.

Chapter Three. After three years of splendid and much-needed work, poorly supported, a little Eskimo boy named Pomiuk, who has been a part of a show at the Chicago World's Fair, drifts back to Labrador, forsaken and sick, and falls into Dr. Grenfell's hands. A letter in his possession shows that he has one friend in America, who turns out to be "Mr. Martin," who conducts the "Conversation Corner" in *The Congregationalist*. In answer to the Doctor's appeal Mr. Martin gets help from New England boys and girls for Pomiuk. This leads to Dr. Grenfell's first visit to the States, and to the support which makes great enlargement of his work possible.

Chapter Four. Hospital after hospital, is opened. Co-operative stores are built, to redeem the natives from the greedy truck system. Larger ships are given with which to cruise along the coast. Reindeer are introduced, for milk and food. An industry of making sealskin boots springs up. Settlers increase, the harbors are charted, new lumber mills are opened, and the coast begins to have some signs of civilization. College students go down summers as volunteer teachers and helpers, women give all their time for the sick, eminent surgeons in admiration for the Doctor give their vacations to relieve the suffering.

Chapter Five. The world wakes up to Doctor Grenfell. Oxford gives him its first honorary degree in medicine, the king makes him a Commander of St. Michael and George, Williams College calls him Doctor of Laws. A great Fisherman's Institute is built in St. John's, Newfoundland, across the channel, in his honor and as the result of his fame.

Chapter Six. His personal life enriches. On Easter Day, 1907, the Doctor is caught, while making a sick call, on a floating pan of ice and makes a well-nigh miraculous escape. His simple story of his experience is at once recognized as a classic. Two or three years later he returns home to see his mother in England. On the ship, among many, is a Lady. Before landing, this new friend promises to be the Doctor's

wife. She goes to Labrador to make him a home beside one of his hospitals. To-day Wilfred T. Grenfell, Jr., and Kinloch Pascoe Grenfell, both born in the far north, live quietly with their parents at Battle Harbor. Their mother says: "When they become of age and prove themselves worthy, the world will know more of them."

Chapter Seven. The Doctor goes to the front on his winter vacation to minister to the wounded in France, and comes back again to his life-work in Labrador.

THE INFLUENCE OF GRENFELL

Think of two of the most eminent surgeons in the world asking to go down and help him! Think of the woman of wealth who runs his orphanage without pay and the head nurse who returns him part of her salary because she thinks she does not need it all, and the other one who was glad to take a tubercular boy for a Christmas present!

Wherever he appears—at Harvard, Cornell, Michigan,—there is the conviction that, as they express it, "he is the Real Thing." Every season a group of college men work their way down on a freight schooner, so as to do things through vacation for Grenfell "for nothing." A Williams man of wealth not only gave himself, but gave the money to double the St. Anthony orphanage for him. One summer another Williams man, a Princeton man, and a Johns Hopkins medical man were with him, on the usual terms. A Wellesley girl who had been working among the Italians in the North End of Boston joined them.

All of them have accepted Doctor Grenfell's motto: "Life isn't worth anything unless it is given to things that are worth while."

THE LADY OF HULL HOUSE *

By MARY H. WADE

HAVE you ever heard of "Hull House" in the heart of the city of Chicago, and of the great work done there by Miss Jane Addams?

Any one who is in trouble is made welcome there. The man who has lost his job; the sick woman; helpless, old grandparents; little, motherless children; even tiny babies who cannot walk or take care of themselves; all may be sure of kind words and smiles and loving help at Hull House.

Miss Jane Addams has brought this about. When she was a little child she was not poor like the people whom she helps to-day. She was born in a comfortable home in Cedarville, Illinois, at a time when the great Civil War was raging in this country. Perhaps she learned to be sorry for others because, although she did not suffer from cold or hunger, she had a trouble of her own. It was this,—her spine was weak and bent, and it was hard for the sensitive child to forget it. When she walked she had to carry her head on one side, and she fancied that she must be ugly to look at on this account.

Poor little girl! No one knew how much she suffered, or how sorry she felt for her father because he did not have a beautiful daughter.

"How handsome he is," she thought. "It is too bad that strangers who come here should find out that I am his child."

Little Jane loved her father with all her heart, and one of her greatest delights was to walk home with him from Sunday-school. He taught the Bible class in a corner of the church near the pulpit, and the child imagined that every one must take as much delight as she did in looking at his fine face

* From "Wonder Workers," by Mary H. Wade. Used by special permission of Little, Brown and Co., Boston, publishers.

while he sat talking. Sometimes visitors came to the church from other towns. Then the little Jane would say to herself: "Those strangers must not know that I am the child of that handsome man. It would bring shame upon him." So, when Sunday-school was over, she would make her way to the side of her uncle James, and leave the church with him.

The sensitive child had this feeling in regard to her father for several years. Then something happened which put an end to the trouble. One day she was walking through a street of a city a short distance from Cedarville. As she reached the bank, who should come out of the door but her father! He looked particularly tall and handsome in a high silk hat. When he caught sight of his little daughter, he playfully took off his hat and made a very deep bow. All the "strange" people on the crowded sidewalk could see this mark of attention, and the child suddenly saw how foolish she had been about her looks. Her father was not ashamed of her. Why should she be ashamed of herself?

When she was eight years old she had a beautiful new cloak of which she was very proud. She put it over her shoulders and stood before her father, expecting him to praise it. Yes, he told her, it was very pretty. But it was so much prettier than any which the other children would wear at Sunday-school that day, that it might make them feel bad. So she had better wear her old cloak, which was warm enough. Besides, no one would feel bad then.

His little daughter did as he said, but she was very sober as she walked by his side that day to church. It had been pretty hard to give up the pleasure of wearing the new cloak. At last, as they drew near the church, Jane asked what was to be done about it, for some people were sure to have prettier clothes than others.

"Nothing can be done," was the answer. "People can be equal, though, in learning and in goodness. And it is very stupid for them to keep on wearing clothes which keep them from being equal in dress."

Once upon a time the little girl did something which she knew was very wrong. She told a lie! When night came and



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

JANE ADDAMS

she was tucked away in bed, she could not go to sleep. She kept thinking of what she had done.

The minutes passed slowly by, and still she thought of the wrong she had done. Suppose her father should die before she had a chance to confess. It was too dreadful to think of. She must not wait till morning, to tell him. She jumped out of bed, and went bravely out of her room and down the stairs. But when she reached the lower hall, she began to be afraid. The front door was always left unlocked, and bad people could come in if they wished.

Besides, there was the big living-room through which she must make her way before she could reach the door of her father's room. The very next step would bring her to a piece of oil-cloth in front of the hall door. It was cold, and her feet were bare.

But at last she grew brave enough to make a bold dash forward. And now we can see her standing breathless beside her father's bed, as she tells him what has brought her there.

When the story was finished, he said: "If I have a little girl who will tell lies, I am very glad she feels so bad that she cannot go to sleep afterward."

Somehow these words took away all the pain. Her father understood and loved her just the same.

You will remember that Jane Addams was born at the beginning of a great war. During her childhood dreadful things were taking place in other parts of the country, though her own village was quiet and peaceful. When the little girl was three and one-half years old, something happened which made even Jane feel that the world was not all like Cedarville.

There were two white gateposts at the end of the walk in front of her house. One day she discovered an American flag on each of these posts. Beside them was a strip of black, the badge of mourning. What could it mean? Over the walk to the house she ran as fast as her little feet could carry her, to ask her father what was the matter. When she reached the house she saw what she had never seen before. Her father was in tears!

"What are those things there for?" she asked.

"The greatest man in the world has just died," her father answered.

He was weeping for Abraham Lincoln.

Jane's father had known and loved Lincoln. He always spoke of him as "Mr. Lincoln," but whenever he mentioned the name he showed such deep feeling, that the little daughter herself was moved.

One day Mr. Addams took from his desk a small packet of letters and showed them to Jane. They had been written to him by Lincoln, and each one of them began: "My dear double d'd Addams." This was, of course, because Mr. Addams, unlike most people of that name, spelled it with two d's, and Mr. Lincoln joked about it in his quiet way.

The little girl grew up with a deep love for the heroes of the war which had lately ended. But, strongest of all, was her love for Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of all Americans, as Jane's father taught her to believe.

She learned that sixty-five miles north of her home, in the State Capitol of Wisconsin, a wonderful eagle had his home. He was called "Old Abe," in honor of Lincoln. He had been carried by the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment through the whole war, and though he had been in the thick of many battles, he had come home safe and sound.

One summer day she and her brother were taken to visit "Old Abe" in his own home. The journey was made in a carriage and the drive was a beautiful one, past wide fields of ripening grain. Toward the end, the road led among hills and past lovely lakes. And then the city itself appeared in sight, and the dome of the Capitol where "Old Abe" was now living so quietly, could be plainly seen against the sky. A few minutes afterward the children left the carriage and were soon standing before "Old Abe." An old soldier in a blue army coat had charge of the noble bird. He described the battles through which the eagle had passed without so much as a scratch, and answered all the questions which the children asked him. Ever afterward "Old Abe" had his place in the picture which Jane's mind painted of brave soldiers marching to battle.

When the little girl had learned all she could at the village school, she left home to study at a seminary in Rockford. She lived a very quiet life there, working hard. Her class chose for their motto, the Saxon word for lady, meaning bread-giver, while the poppy was chosen to give the class-color, because it grows in many places among the wheat, and because a quieting medicine which stops pain is made from the poppy. Jane and her mates were much pleased at what they had chosen. They said: "Wherever there is hunger which can only be satisfied with food, there is sure to be pain which must be relieved."

After Jane had finished her studies she made several trips to Europe. She visited galleries filled with the world's most beautiful paintings; she saw the noblest pieces of sculpture; she traveled among grand mountains and lovely lakes.

But she also looked upon many sad sights. She went at night to the east side of London and looked upon the faces of the very poor. She learned of the life in the factories and mills, where little children, who should be playing out-of-doors, were kept busy through the long day. In her own home, America, she saw some sad sights, too. The time came at last when she felt that she herself had a work to do,—she would make poor people happier in every way that she could.

She talked the matter over with Miss Starr, a dear friend of hers, and although they were then across the ocean in Spain, they made a plan of what should be done when they reached home. A few months afterward the two ladies were back in the United States. They went to the great city of Chicago and were soon busily at work, hunting for a house in which they could live, and in which, at the same time, they could do the work which they had planned.

The house must be in the part of the city where poor people were living. The ladies searched for a long time and at last selected a large building which had once upon a time been quite a mansion. It stood in the midst of old, tumble-down tenements. Dirty, ragged children played in the streets near by. Nothing beautiful could be seen from the windows save patches of blue sky overhead.

But Miss Addams and her friend were not troubled on that account. They bought comfortable furniture and set it up in the rooms. They hung up the lovely pictures they had bought in Europe. They did all they could to make their new home as pretty and cosy as possible. But they did not do this for their own pleasure. It was for the sake of their neighbors.

Why did nice ladies who seemed to be rich come to live beside them in this ugly part of the city? Many of the visitors asked this question when they began to get acquainted with Miss Addams and Miss Starr. They could not understand it at all. But they soon came to feel that these ladies were real friends who did not wish to keep all of their nice things for themselves. They delighted in sharing them with others.

Miss Addams was busy with other things besides entertaining her poor neighbors. She started a kindergarten for little children whose mothers were too busy to look after them all of the time. The parents of many of these children had come from Poland and Italy to make their home in the busy city of Chicago. They missed the green fields and the flowers and birds of their own lands very much. Here in this new home there were only dark and narrow streets for their children to play in, as the parks were far away in another part of the city. So the tired, busy mothers must have been very happy to think of the pleasant room in Hull House, where their little ones could spend the morning with the kind, sweet-voiced young teacher who came every day to help Miss Addams in her work.

Little children were not the only ones who came to the kindergarten at Hull House. There was one old woman in the class who was ninety years old. The poor creature had been left at home through the day while her daughter was away at her work. She had little to think of, and so she got into the habit of picking the plaster off the walls.

"Why shouldn't she come to the kindergarten and learn to keep her fingers busy in a nicer way?" said the young teacher.

It was a happy thought. The old woman was soon at work among the children, making bright-colored paper chains. She

enjoyed herself so much that she was willing to make paper chains all day, and in this way kept herself out of any mischief.

"We must have a day nursery at Hull House," said Miss Addams, when she thought of the babies who were locked into a room with older brothers and sisters while the mother was away at work. Many a sad accident had happened on account of it, too. Little backs were deformed, little arms and legs were broken, in the falls which the babies suffered when the older people were not there to care for them. A day nursery with a kind woman to care for the little ones would prevent such things. It was soon started and every morning many women could be seen leaving their babies at Hull House, before starting out on their day's work.

There were many boys living near Hull House. Something must be done for them, too. So they were invited to come and listen to the reading of delightful and exciting stories. So well were these stories read that the boys were only too glad to come again and again. The heroes of the old days of chivalry became real to them. One day they had listened to the story of Prince Roland, and were so deeply touched that one of them went dashing out of Hull House to keep from crying. Just then he met Miss Addams herself.

"There is no use coming here any more," he told her. "Prince Roland is dead."

In this way the first boys' club was started by Miss Addams. A sewing club was formed for the older girls, where they learned how to make neat garments for the other members of their families. These young people were so much interested in their work, that a girl was disappointed if she could not finish the garment on the same day that she began it, so that she might take it home that very night.

Miss Addams believed in entertainments, so before long a real play was performed at Hull House. No doubt the ones who took part in it were very proud. After this there were more plays, besides other kinds of entertainment for old folks as well as for young.

You can hardly imagine how much pleasure all these things gave the poor people who lived near Hull House.

In the course of time, a "Jane Club" was started for working girls in a building close by; there was a gymnasium for boys; a "Children's House" came to take the place of the first little day nursery; there was a school for the study of art, and one where boys and girls who loved music could be trained to become teachers, as well as to play and sing in public.

In fact, Hull House in a few years was no longer one house, for many buildings now took the place of the one in which Miss Addams and her friend began their work so quietly and simply the eighteenth day of September, 1889.

Miss Addams has not put all of her thoughts into that one place. She has worked bravely for the people who earn their living in factories, trying to have the laws changed so that the day's labor should be made shorter. More important still, she has done all that she could to keep young children from being allowed to work in factories. She felt how cruel it was to shut out these little ones from the beautiful sunshine, and bend their backs with work which was too hard for them.

Then, too, she has tried her utmost to have the laws so changed that the tenements where the poor live shall be more healthful and comfortable. Doing all these things and many more, is it any wonder she is called to-day "the first lady in the land?"

When some of us think of her, however, we prefer to use the words of an old blind man whom she had helped, and who liked to speak of her as "Kind Heart."

EXPLORERS AND CONQUERORS

COLUMBUS *

By JOAQUIN MILLER

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mut'nous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave wash'd his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanch'd mate said:
"Why, now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, and say——"
He said: "Sail on! and on!"

* Used by permission of the Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco, publishers of Joaquin Miller's Works.

They sailed, they sailed, then spoke his mate :

“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night,

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one word;

What shall we do when hope is gone?”

The words leaped as a leaping sword:

“Sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,

And thro’ the darkness peered that night,

Ah, darkest night! and then a speck—

A light! a light! a light! a light!

It grew—a starlit flag unfurled!

It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn;

He gained a world! he gave that world

Its watchword: “On! and on!”

OLIVER CROMWELL

By J. EDWARD PARROTT

SIX years have come and gone since the execution of Charles the First, and England has had no king in the interval. The great, strong man, Oliver Cromwell, who by his military genius has overthrown the king and made the army supreme, has crushed all opposition by the weight of his iron hand. At the head of his buff-coated Ironsides—men with psalms on their lips and ruth in their hearts—he has stamped the very life out of Ireland, and by a happy accident, which he believes to be an interposition of Providence, he has reduced Scotland to impotence. Now he is master of three kingdoms, and only the remnant of an old Parliament stands in his way.

The "Rump," as it is contemptuously called, refuses to dissolve, so Cromwell strides into the House and, after roundly rating the members, stamps on the floor. At the signal armed men enter and proceed to drive out the occupants of the chamber. The speaker refuses to leave the chair, and tries to speak, but his voice is drowned in the uproar. Then one of Cromwell's friends offers to lend him a hand to come down, and the speaker, yielding to force, does so. Pointing to the mace, the symbol of the authority of the House of Commons, Cromwell cries, "What shall we do with this bauble? Here, take it away!" and a soldier removes it. Then he locks the door and strides away with the key in his pocket, while a wag chalks up on the building, "This house to let."

Six weeks later he summons another Parliament, and finds it composed of fanatics and doctrinaires who are passionate admirers of his, but propose to overturn every established custom. Under the leadership of Praise-God Barebones it actually suggests that the law of England shall be superseded

in favor of the law of Moses! The members quarrel fiercely, and at last give up to the Lord-General the powers which they have received from him. The Council of State begs him to become Lord Protector, with rights and duties which differ very little from those of a king, and he accepts the proffered honor. Nine months elapse, and another Parliament is called; but it is a hindrance to the Lord Protector's schemes, and is dissolved. Another takes its place, and offers to make Cromwell king. He refuses, for the name of king is loathsome to him, and he is already king in all but name. Then this Parliament goes the way of the others, and Cromwell never calls another.

You see him now an even more absolute ruler than "martyred" Charles; he is a despot, but with a difference. Whatever his detractors may say of him, this cannot be disputed, that never was the scepter of England wielded by a more vigorous or sagacious hand. Weakened though she was by the Civil Wars, England rose to respect and greatness abroad, and foreign tyrants and persecutors trembled at her name. Trade and commerce increased, and the land grew wealthy and great; yet all the while Cromwell was bitterly hated, and his life was always in peril. He wore mail beneath his clothes, and slept in a different room almost every night. Despite his ever-present danger, he went his way fearlessly, though expecting a pistol-shot from every dark corner.

Now let us witness a scene which shows Cromwell at his best. You see before you the interior of a room in the palace of Whitehall. Seated carelessly on a table is the Lord Protector. He is a man of massive build, with a "figure of sufficient impressiveness; not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so." A massive "head so shaped as you might see in it a storehouse and shop of a vast treasury of natural parts. . . . On the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough." He is careless in his dress, utterly indifferent to externals, and wholly without affectation. He is the man who warned Lely, when painting his picture, to put in all the roughnesses, pimples, and warts of his countenance, or he would not pay a farthing for the



CROMWELL, AS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, AMONG HIS ROYALIST ASSOCIATES.

work. Hard, stern, implacable in warfare, he is nevertheless simple, loving, and pure in his private life, sincerely and ardently religious, and convinced to the bottom of his soul that he is a chosen instrument "to do God's people some good." True, he owes his power to the sword; but he wields that power so well, and stoops to so little that is mean or base, that future generations will have good cause to rejoice that the guidance of the state was for a brief space of years entrusted to him.

At the other end of the table sits John Milton. Look at his noble face, which reflects in its every expression the splendid mind with which he is gifted and the noble thoughts which flit through it. He comes to his desk as a knight to his vigil, believing that no man can worthily write of great things unless his life is worthily lived. He loves virtue with all the passion of his nature—

"She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime."

And now he is engaged on a task which enlists all his sympathy, and sends a throb of righteous indignation through his veins.

He is Latin Secretary to the Council, and it is his task to Latinize all communications to foreign states. Cromwell has heard that in the valleys of Piedmont the Waldenses, a body of dogged Puritans, are being persecuted by the Duke of Savoy, who is harrying them with savage cruelty, and has already slain thousands of them. Cromwell is greatly moved by the news, and his anger breaks forth in a torrent of insequent words. The upshot, however, is clear to Milton: France shall receive those attentions which have made the English fleet the terror of the Mediterranean, unless an immediate end is put to the persecution. Milton has already written the most sublime of all his sonnets on this subject:

"Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,

When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

Cromwell has already sent \$10,000 out of his own purse to the sufferers. Now he dictates his stern message, and Milton translates it into resounding Latin of such force and fervor that Cardinal Mazarin dare not ignore its purport. The Duke of Savoy and the cardinal may gnash their teeth with rage, but, with the whole power of France at their command, they dare not again lift a finger against the Waldenses while Cromwell lives. No incident in the whole history of the Commonwealth reveals more clearly the salutary fear which the name of Cromwell excites on the Continent.

But his days are numbered. In three short years he will go hence, and in two years more a Stuart will sit on the throne, and at his coming England will be "reduced to a nullity"—aye, and worse, to reproach and shame. Worn out with constant anxiety, the death of a favorite daughter brings him speedily to the valley of the shadow. "I would be willing to live," murmurs the dying man, "to be further serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done."

He lies on his deathbed while a great storm rages over England. In the morning calm succeeds tempest, and on the anniversary of his great victories at Dunbar and Worcester he breathes his last. They bury him in Westminster Abbey, amid the kings; but his bones are not long to rest in that hallowed fane. The Stuart king, to his everlasting shame, will tear the unoffending body from its coffin and gibbet it in unavailing contempt. But ages to come will do him tardy justice, and men will come to honor his memory even while they lift their hats and pray, "God save the king!"

DRAKE OF DEVON

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armada's come
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
And dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag's flyin',
They shall find him ware and wakin', as they found him long ago.
—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE very name of Drake calls up a vision of thrilling adventure on the high seas. He had been at sea since he was a boy of fifteen, when he had been apprenticed to the master of a small ship trading between England and the Netherlands, and many a time he had sailed on the gray North Sea. "But the narrow seas were a prison for so large a spirit born for greater undertakings," and in 1567 we find Drake sailing forth on board the "Judith" in an expedition to the Spanish settlements in America, under his kinsman, John Hawkins.

Having crossed the Atlantic and filled his ships with Spanish treasure from "the Spanish Main," and having narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Spaniards, Drake hurried home to tell of the riches of this new country still closed to all other nations. Two years later Drake was off again, this time in command of two ships with crews of seventy-three young men, their aim being nothing less than to seize one of the Spanish ports and empty into their holds the "Treasure House of the World."

And yet he did these things with chivalry, and even with humanity, sparing his prisoners, avoiding sacrilege, never allowing his men to "lay a hand, save in the way of kindness," upon a woman or a child. With the result that the Maroons and other native tribes in the Far West welcomed him as a friend and a deliverer, and that the Spaniards themselves admired him as much as they feared him. He was El Draque to them: the Dragon of the Apocalypse. Spanish mothers frightened rebellious children with his name, as English mothers of a later date cowed their children with the dreaded name of "Boney"; but the Spanish grandees who had to surrender their swords to him never failed to put his modesty to the test with courtly compliments.

His undertaking was crowned with a higher success than that of gaining riches, for Drake was the first Englishman to see the waters of the Pacific Ocean. His expedition was not unlike that of Balboa some sixty years before, as with eighteen chosen companions Drake climbed the forest-clad spurs of the ridge dividing the two great oceans. Arrived at the top, he climbed a giant tree, and the Golden Sea of which he had so often heard—the Pacific Ocean of Magellan, the waters washing the golden shores of Mexico and Peru—all lay before him. Descending from the heights, he sank upon his knees and "humbly besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea."

Jealously had the Spaniards guarded this beautiful southern sea; now its secrets were laid bare; for an Englishman had gazed upon it, and he was not likely to remain satisfied with this alone.

In 1573 Drake came home with his wonderful news, and it was not long before he was eagerly talking over with the queen a project for a raid into this very golden sea guarded by the Spaniards. Elizabeth promised help on condition that the object of the expedition should remain a secret. Ships were bought for "a voyage to Egypt"—the "Pelican" of one hundred tons, the "Marygold" of thirty tons, and a provision ship of fifty tons. A fine new ship of eighty tons, the "Eliza-

beth," mysteriously added itself to the little fleet, and the crews numbered in all some one hundred and fifty men.

No expense was spared in the equipment of the ships. Musicians were engaged for the voyage; the arms and ammunition were of the latest pattern. The flagship was lavishly furnished; there were silver bowls and mugs and dishes richly gilt and engraved with the family arms, while the commander's cabin was full of sweet-smelling perfumes presented by the queen herself. Thus, complete at last, Drake led his gay little squadron out of Plymouth harbor on November 15, 1577, bound for Alexandria—so the crews thought.

Little did Drake know what was before him as, dressed in his seaman's shirt, his scarlet cap, with its golden band, on his head, he waved farewell to England. Who could foresee the terrible beginning, with treachery and mutiny at work, or the glorious ending when the young Englishman sailed triumphantly home after his three years' voyage—the world encompassed?

The expedition having reached the Cape Verde Islands in safety, its object could no longer remain a secret, and Drake led his squadron boldly across the Atlantic Ocean.

On April 5 the coast of Brazil appeared, but fogs and heavy weather scattered the ships and they had to run into the mouth of the Rio de la Plata for shelter. Then for six weary weeks the ships struggled southward, battered by gales and squalls during which nothing but the daring seamanship of the English navigators saved the little vessels from destruction. On June 20 they reached Port St. Julian, of Magellan fame, on the desolate shores of Patagonia.

"Beyond the light of far Cathay,
Beyond all mortal dreams,
Beyond the reach of night and day
Our Eldorado gleams,
Revealing—as the skies unfold—
A star without a stain,
The Glory of the Gates of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main."

There is no need of repeating the story of how Drake went "round the world and home again," gathering in the Spaniards'

treasures as he went, cutting out their ships under the guns of their batteries, burning their towns, and emptying their stores—every schoolboy knows all about that. But there is one scene over which one must linger—partly from the pleasure of quoting from Mr. Noyes—partly because of the light which it throws on Drake's determined resolution. One refers, of course, to the scene of Doughty's execution.

Doughty was, or had been, Drake's best friend; one of a company of gentlemen adventurers who followed his flag, together with the sailor-men, under his orders. But Doughty was a traitor, intriguing against Drake behind his back, insidiously stirring up his men to mutiny, and so placing his success in instant peril. He thought he was safe because he had friends at Court, whose aims his intrigues were serving, and because, as he haughtily said, when threatened, "the gallows were for dogs, not gentlemen." This close to the gallows whereon Magellan had hanged two mutineers who refused to pass the Strait which bears his name. So there, on the bleak coast of Patagonia, Drake overcame his hesitations, and called a court-martial on his flagship, and put Doughty on his trial for mutiny. "They that think this man worthy of death," he cried, when the verdict of guilty had been given, "let them with me hold up their hands"; and a forest of brown hands was lifted into the air; and then—we come to our quotation:

"There, with one great swift impulse, Francis Drake
Held out his right sun-blackened hand and gripped
The hand that Doughty proffered him; and lo,
Doughty laughed out and said, 'Since I must die,
Let us have one more hour of comradeship,
One hour as old companions. Let us make
A feast here, on this island, ere I go
Where there is no more feasting.' So they made
A great and solemn banquet as the day
Decreased; and Doughty bade them all unlock
Their sea-chests, and bring out their rich array.
There, by that wondering Ocean of the West,
In crimson doublets, lined and slashed with gold,
In brodered lace and double golden chains
Embossed with rubies and great cloudy pearls,
They feasted, gentleman adventurers,
Drinking old malmsey as the sun sank down."

A marvelous scene truly, here richly rendered, in the grand manner redolent of the spacious days. No thought of reprieve was in the mind of either executioner or prisoner. The feast was merely the last tribute to what had been, but could no longer be, through the false friend's unpardonable fault. It only remained to show the world that their hearts, though sore, were stout, and that, where there was no turning back, they could go on to the end, without fear or faltering, without hatred or recriminations, but with the self-command, whether grave or gay, of gentlemen. And so the time dripped by, until—but one cannot hope to draw the picture as well as Mr. Noyes, in his rhythmical paraphrase of the old chronicles, has drawn it:

“The long slow sigh of the waves
That creamed across the lonely barrier reef
All round the island seemed the very voice
Of the Everlasting: black against the sea
The gallows of Magellan stretched its arm
With that gaunt skeleton and its rusty chain
Creaking and swinging in the solemn breath
Of eventide, like some strange pendulum
Measuring out the moments that remained.
There did they take the holy sacrament
Of Jesus' body and blood. Then Doughty and Drake
Kissed each other, as brothers on the cheek;
And Doughty knelt. And Drake, without one word,
Leaning upon the two-edged, naked sword
Stood at his side, with iron lips, and eyes
Full of the sunset; while the doomed man bowed
His head upon a rock. The great sun dropped
Suddenly, and the land and sea were dark;
And as it were a sign, Drake lifted up
The gleaming sword. It seemed to sweep the heavens
Down in its arc as he smote, once, and no more.”

It is said that the incident set an ineradicable mark upon Drake's character; that he seemed thenceforward an embittered man, “difficult to reconcile.” One can well believe it; one can well believe that the stern necessity thus laid upon him seemed to give him an additional grievance against Spain, and made him chafier of friendship, so that friendship might never clash with discipline again. Beyond a doubt, he lost his joviality, and became more than ever wrapped up in his mission: the mission not only of plundering the Spaniards' treasure-houses, but of sweeping the Spanish fleet off the sea.

For six weeks they remained in the harbor, as it was the winter time of the southern hemisphere. Then they continued their way to the Strait of Magellan. When they found it, they boldly entered. But at the end of sixteen days the ships were once more in the open sea. They were at last on the Pacific Ocean. But it was anything but peaceful. A terrible tempest arose, followed by other storms no less violent, and the ships were driven helplessly south and west far beyond Cape Horn. When they once more reached the coast they found in place of the great southern continent an indented, wind-swept island shore, washed by waves terrific in their height and strength. In the ceaseless gale the "Marygold" foundered with all hands and was never heard of again. A week later the captain of the "Elizabeth" turned home, leaving the "Pelican," now called the "Golden Hind," to struggle on alone. After nearly two months of storm, Drake anchored south of anything yet known to the geographers, where Atlantic and Pacific rolled together in one boisterous flood. Walking alone to the farthest end of the island, Drake is said to have laid himself down and with his arms embraced the southernmost point of the known world.

He showed that Tierra del Fuego, instead of being part of a great continent—the Terra Australis—was a group of islands with open sea to east, south, and west. This discovery was first shown on a Dutch silver medallion struck in Holland about 1581, known as the Silver Map of the World. It may be seen to-day in the British Museum.

Remarking that the ocean he was now entering would have been better called "Mare Furiosum" than "Mare Pacificum," Drake now directed his course along the western coast of South America. He found the coast of Chile, but not as the general maps had described it; "wherefore it appeareth that this part of Chile hath not been truly hitherto discovered," remarked one on board the "Golden Hind." Bristling with guns, the little English ship sailed along the unknown coast, till they reached Valparaiso. Here they found a great Spanish ship laden with treasure from Peru. Quickly boarding her, the English sailors bound the Spaniards, stowed them under



ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

the hatches, and hastily transferred the cargo to the "Golden Hind." They sailed on north to Lima and Panama, chasing the ships of Spain, plundering as they went, till they were deeply laden with stolen Spanish treasure, and knew that they had made it impossible to return home by that coast. So Drake resolved to go on northward and discover, if possible, a way home by the north.

As they approached the arctic regions the weather grew bitterly cold, and "vile, thick, stinking fogs" determined them to sail southward. They had reached a point near what we now know as Vancouver Island when contrary winds drove them back, and they put in at a harbor, now known as San Francisco, to repair the ship for the great voyage across the Pacific and home by the Cape of Good Hope. Drake had sailed past seven hundred miles of new coast-line in twelve days, and he now turned to explore the country, to which he gave the name of New Albion. The Indians soon gathered in large numbers on the shore, and the king himself, tall and comely, advanced in a friendly manner. Indeed, he took off his crown and set it on the head of Drake, and the Indians made him understand that the land was now his and that they were his vassals.

Little did King Drake dream, as he named his country New Albion, that California gold was so near. His subjects were loving and peaceable, evidently regarding the English as gods and reverencing them as such. The chronicler is eloquent in his detailed description of all the royal doings.

"Before we left," he says, "our general caused to be set up a monument of our being there, as also of her majesty's right and title to that kingdom, namely, a plate of brass, fast nailed to a great and firm post, whereon is engraved her grace's name and the day and year of our arrival here, and of the free giving up of the province, both by the people and king, into her majesty's hands, together with her highness's picture and arms in a piece of sixpence current money. The Spaniards never so much as set foot in this country—the utmost of their discoveries reaching only to many degrees southward of this place.

"And now, as the time of our departure was perceived by the people, so did the sorrows and miseries seem to increase upon them—not only did they lose on a sudden all mirth, joy, glad countenance, pleasant speeches, agility of body, but with signs and sorrowings, with heavy hearts and grieved minds, they poured out woful complaints and moans, with bitter tears and wringing of their hands, tormenting themselves. And, as men refusing all comfort, they only accounted themselves as those whom the gods were about to forsake."

Indeed, the poor Indians looked on these Englishmen as gods; and when the day came for them to leave, the natives ran to the top of the hills to keep the little ship in sight as long as possible, after which they burned fires and made sacrifices at their departure.

Drake left New Albion on July 23, 1579, to follow the lead of Magellan and to pass home by the Southern Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. After sixty-eight days of quick and straight sailing, with no sight of land, they fell in with the Philippine Islands, and on November 3 with the famous Spice Islands. Here they were well received by the king—a magnificent person attired in cloth of gold, with bare legs and shoes of Cordova skins, rings of gold in his hair, and a chain "of perfect gold" about his neck. The Englishmen were glad enough to get fresh food after their long crossing, and they fared sumptuously on rice, hens, "imperfect and liquid sugar," sugar-cane, and a fruit called figo, with plenty of cloves. On a little island near Celebes, the "Golden Hind" was thoroughly repaired for her long voyage home. But the little treasure-laden ship was nearly wrecked before she got away from the dangerous shoals and currents of these islands.

"Upon January 9," says the chronicler, "we ran suddenly upon a rock, where we stuck fast from eight of the clock at night till four of the clock in the afternoon the next day, being, indeed, out of all hope to escape the danger; but our general, as he had always hitherto showed himself courageous, so now he and we did our best endeavors to save ourselves, which it pleased God so to bless, that in the end we cleared ourselves most happily of the danger."

Then they ran across the Indian Ocean, rounded the Cape of Good Hope in calm weather, abusing the Portuguese for calling it the most dangerous cape in the world for intolerable storms; for "This cape," said the English, "is a most stately thing and the finest cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth."

And so they came home. After nearly three years' absence, Drake triumphantly sailed his little "Golden Hind" into Plymouth harbor, where he had long ago been given up as lost. Shouts of applause rang through the land at the news that an Englishman had circumnavigated the world. The queen sent for Drake to tell his wonderful story, to which she listened spellbound. A great banquet was held on board the little ship, at which Elizabeth was present, and there she knighted Drake. She ordered that the "Golden Hind" should be preserved "as a worthy rival of Magellan's 'Victoria'" and as "a monument to all posterity of that famous and worthy exploit of Sir Francis Drake." The vessel was afterward taken to pieces, and the best parts of its wood were made into a chair at Oxford, commemorated by Cowley's lines:

"To this great ship, which round the world has run,
And matched in race the chariot of the sun;

Drake and his ship could ne'er have wished from fate
A happier station or more blest estate;
For lo, a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford and to him in Heaven."

Sir Francis Drake died at sea in 1596.

"The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb,
But for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

NELSON OF THE NILE

Prepared by the EDITORS from accounts by
SIR A. T. QUILLER-COUCH, EDMUND F. SELLARS,
and OTHERS

"Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours, and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless fame."

IT is a gray, melancholy spring day in the year 1771. You are at Chatham, looking onto the deck of his Majesty's ship "Raisonné," commanded by Captain Maurice Suckling. The sixty-four is not yet ready for sea; her chief officers are not yet aboard. On the quay you see a thin, delicate-looking lad of twelve years of age, dressed in a "middy's" uniform. The wind bites shrewdly; the lad shivers in his thin jacket, and there is something like a tear in his eye.

This morning his father left him in London to make the best of his way to Chatham and there join his ship. He has wandered about, friendless and alone, for hours; he is hungry, footsore, and weary, and he cannot discover the vessel to which he is posted. You feel sorry for the lonely little fellow, but his troubles are now over. A kindly officer accosts him, and brings him on board. The lad's eyes gleam as he gazes on the ship which is to be his home. He glances down at the almond-white decks; he looks around at grinning lines of black cannon; he turns his eyes aloft to the symmetrical fabric of spars and sails and rigging. It is a wonder-world of delight. There is fascination everywhere—in the red muzzles of the guns, in their white tompions, in the petticoat trousers and long pigtails of the sailors. His young eyes, brilliant with intellect, dart hither and thither; he is astonished and delighted by all the novel sights which he sees.

This frail weakling is Horatio Nelson, the proudest name



HIS PONY AND HE STRUGGLED ON.

in the naval annals of his land. He is to develop into "the greatest of our heroes and the dearest."

Horatio Nelson was born in the year before Wolfe captured Quebec. He was the son of a plain country parson with a quiver full of children and a modest income. There was nothing remarkable about the boy's school days, though many stories are told of his mischievous exploits, his fearlessness, and his high sense of honor. The best-known story relates that as a little boy he strayed from the house on a birds'-nesting excursion, and was absent so long that his grandmother grew alarmed and sent out servants to look for him. At length young Horatio was discovered sitting placidly by the side of a stream which he could not cross. When brought back his grandmother said, "I wonder that you were not driven home by hunger and fear." "Fear! grandma," said the boy. "Fear! what is that? I never saw it!"

Once, while riding with his brother to school through deep snow, William, the elder, wanted to turn back, as the drifts were thick, and in parts dangerous. "No, we must get there if we possibly can. Remember, we are on our honor to do so," was Horatio's reply; and his pony and he struggled on, and after some difficulty reached their journey's end in safety.

At twenty-one he was a captain in the Royal Navy—"the merest boy of a captain," as Prince William, afterward William IV, described him. Nevertheless, there was no better seaman or more gallant officer in the service.

BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT

In the preliminary maneuvers at the battle of St. Vincent (1797) Nelson's frigate, the "Minerve," to the command of which he had now succeeded, had an exciting escape from the enemy. Slipping out of Gibraltar in order to join Jervis and his ships, the little vessel was espied by the whole Spanish fleet, which quickly started off in pursuit. They gained fast; one huge ship was already quite close, and Nelson, fairly brought to bay, had already given the order to "clear for action."

"Before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting I will

have a struggle with them," he said, pointing to his flag; "and sooner than give up the frigate I'll run her ashore."

At this anxious moment a shout of "Man overboard" was heard, and Lieutenant Hardy, in whose arms Nelson died at Trafalgar, on the instant lowered a boat and started to save the drowning seaman. Soon those on the "Minerve" saw that the boat, which had by this time picked up the sailor, could not regain the frigate, try as hard as they might.

The leading Spaniard was already within gunshot; to stop meant almost certain loss of the ship. Nelson's mind was made up on the instant; come what might, he would not desert a shipmate in danger.

"I'll not lose Hardy!" he shouted; "back the mizzen top-sail!"

The order was quickly obeyed; the frigate slowed down in face of her pursuers. The Spaniards, astonished at this daring act, for some strange reason failed to press on, and the "Minerve," with Hardy and the rescuing party safe on board, went on her way unharmed.

In the actual battle of St. Vincent, Nelson, by disobeying orders and following his own course, saved the day. He was then on the "Captain," and his men won great honor by boarding and capturing two Spanish ships. When Captain Miller started to lead the boarding-party, Nelson slipped in front of his junior officer and headed the attack himself.

When the "Victory," the admiral's flagship, passed a few moments later, both of the Spanish ships of the line had struck their flags to Nelson.

Cheer after cheer rose from the "Victory," and the ringing huzzas were taken up by the whole fleet.

"Nothing in the world was ever more nobler than the action of the 'Captain' from beginning to end." So wrote Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was with the fleet during the fight.

On Captain Calder saying that the "Captain's" wearing out of the line—which really won the battle—was an act of disobedience, the admiral replied: "It certainly was so; and if ever you commit such a breach of orders I shall forgive you also."

A PEERAGE OR WESTMINSTER

In a daring but unsuccessful attack on Cadiz, he lost an arm, and sank into a state of deep depression, thinking that he had become a burden on his friends and useless to his country. For a time our little one-armed, one-eyed hero retired to a quiet country home; but on April 1, 1798, he was afloat in command of a fleet scouring the Mediterranean with orders to seek the French fleet, and use his best endeavors to take, sink, burn, and destroy it. After a long and anxious quest he at last discovered it anchored in Aboukir Bay. Instantly he perceived that where the enemy's ship could swing there was room enough for one of his squadron to anchor. The French were trapped, and Nelson cried, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey!"

After a short time in London, Nelson went to spend Christmas with his friends the Hamiltons, at the country house of Mr. Beckford. A curious tale is told by his host of Nelson, as showing what different forms courage may take. In order to show his famous visitor some distant part of the estate, the host took him for a drive in his mail phaëton, drawn by four horses. The horses were quite under control, but, being fresh, rattled along at a good pace.

Nelson sat in silence for a time, with a fixed, drawn face. Finally he could stand it no longer, and saying quietly, "This is too much for me, you must set me down," he insisted on getting out and walking the whole way home—the man whose life was a record of daring and bravery at sea and in action!

On March 12, 1801, Nelson left Yarmouth Roads as second in command to Sir Hyde Parker, a man of unflinching bravery, but of no original ideas. The fleet which these admirals commanded was detailed to destroy the ships of the allies which lay at Copenhagen, backed by formidable batteries.

NELSON'S BLIND EYE

In the very height of the engagement, Parker, greatly alarmed for the safety of his fleet, battered furiously by

incessant broadsides, made the signal to retreat. Nelson's attention was drawn to it. "What does it mean?" asked a colonel of marines standing by. "Why, to leave off action," said Nelson; "but hang me if I do! You know," he went on, "I have only one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes." Putting his telescope to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal." So he nailed his colors to the mast, and in the midst of the most terrible cannonade to which a British fleet has ever been subjected, Nelson's signal for "Close action" streamed high aloft, as clear to every man's sight as a star in the sky.

Nelson returned to England, and on his arrival at Yarmouth he was received by vast crowds, who did all they could to honor the conquering admiral. He never halted, but quickly making his way through the dense, cheering throng, he went straight to the hospital, where lay so many of his men, wounded in the late battle. Stopping at every bed, he spoke a few words to each sailor.

"Well, Jack, what's the matter?" he asked of one.

"Lost my right arm, your honor," came the answer.

Nelson stopped, then holding up his own empty sleeve, shook it at the sailor and said, playfully:

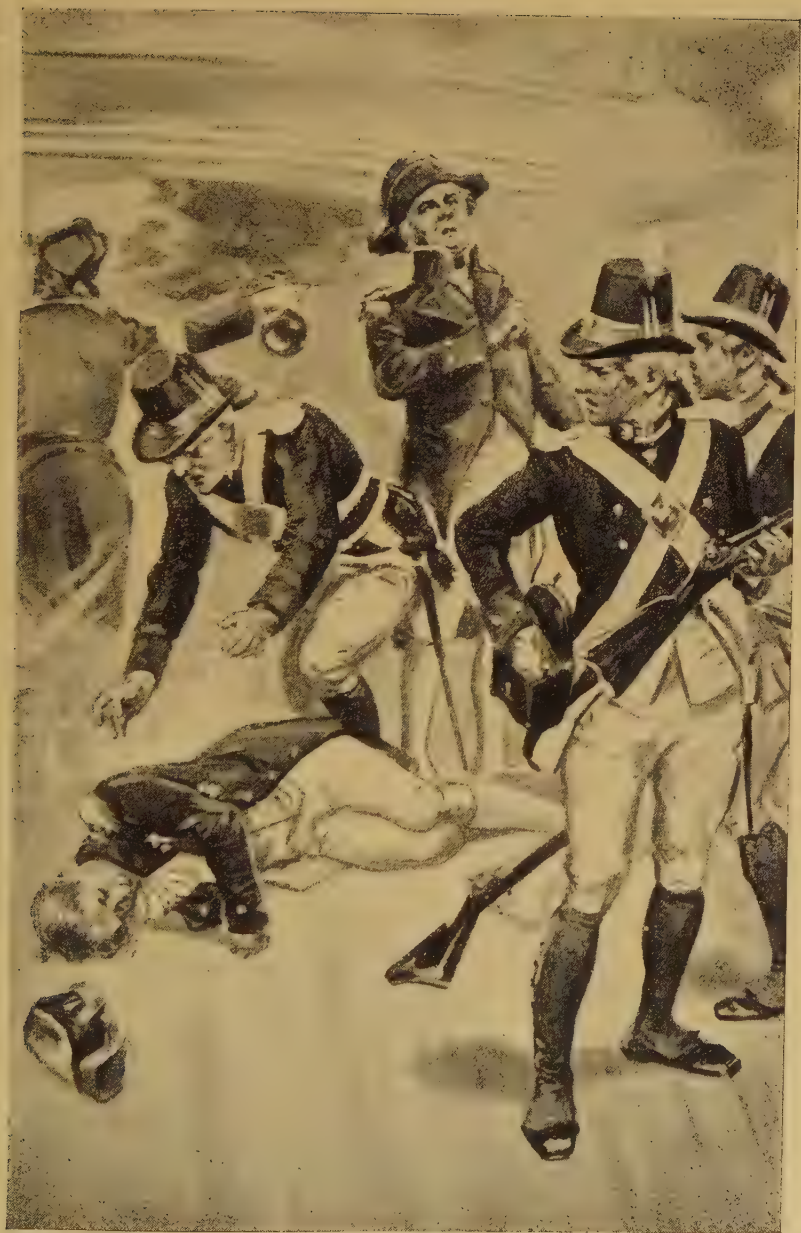
"Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen. Cheer up, my brave fellow!"

At every bed he came to he said something kind and encouraging. And the surgeon said the admiral did more good than a doctor; every eye seemed to sparkle, and every sufferer to forget his pain when Nelson spoke to him.

THE "VICTORY" OFF FOR TRAFALGAR

Before leaving for the Baltic, Nelson, who, after the Nile, described his career as having been far beyond his greatest hopes in the way of honor and rewards, had serious thoughts of giving up the sea and settling down to a life of peace on shore. There was yet, however, much of his finest work to do.

Nelson had felt his reception at court after his return from Copenhagen to be a cold one. But when he was given



"THEY HAVE DONE FOR ME AT LAST, HARDY," SAID
ADMIRAL NELSON, SINKING TO THE DECK.

supreme command at Trafalgar, his leave-taking must have assured him of the love and admiration of a whole nation. Vast crowds had gathered at Portsmouth to catch a glimpse of him, and to bid godspeed to the national hero. To quote Southey:

"They pressed forward to obtain sight of his face. Many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed.

"England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson."

On September 28 the "Victory" reached the fleet; the day after was Nelson's birthday. The reception he met with, he declared, "caused the sweetest sensation of his life." The officers who came on board to welcome his return—"the band of brothers," as he called them—forgot his rank as commander-in-chief, in the joy with which they greeted him.

"When I came to explain to them the 'Nelson touch,'" the admiral writes to Lady Hamilton, "it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears; all approved." The "Nelson touch," which has passed into a saying common in the British navy to this day, was the great admiral's plan of attack or conduct of war.

So the battered, one-armed, one-eyed admiral sailed away from Spithead, taking the hopes of England with him; and the old "Victory" stood out under easy canvas for some while, for from that hour he seemed to know what was coming, and had not the heart to hoist all sail until the last words had been spoken between his crew and the men and women in the shore-boats that crowded alongside.

NELSON'S LAST BATTLE

Just before the battle began Nelson went to his cabin, and there on his knees wrote a beautiful and touching prayer. Coming on deck again, he ordered that signal to be made which is his greatest bequest to his country—a signal which stirs the pulses of every true Briton even after the lapse of

a century. High above the "Victory's" deck flew the colors, and as the words, ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY, were interpreted, a great huzza rose from the fleet. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and to the justice of our cause."

The British ships now bore down, Collingwood in the "Royal Sovereign" being the first to engage. He was twenty minutes in the midst of a furious cannonade before he received support. The whole British fleet now came into action, but not near enough for Nelson, and he signaled, "Engage the enemy more closely," and set the example by dashing into the enemy's line. Seven or eight of the weathermost ships immediately opened a terrific fire on him. So fierce was it that for a few minutes the "Victory" made no reply. Her mizzen top-mast went over the side, her wheel was knocked away, and a double-headed shot killed eight marines at one stroke. Amid this hail of death the hero moved with the utmost indifference. As a splinter tore the buckle from his shoe he remarked smilingly to his captain, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." But now the gallant old ship got to work, and with a broadside that disabled her immediate enemy, drove into the "Redoubtable" so closely that the muzzles of the "Victory's" guns touched the enemy's side.

At half-past one, when Nelson was walking the deck, a musket-shot from the "Redoubtable" mizzen-top struck him, and he fell with his face to the deck. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he exclaimed. "I hope not," answered the captain. "Yes," said Nelson; "my backbone is shot through." They bore him to the cockpit, and on the way he drew a handkerchief over his face that his sailors might not see him and be discouraged. The gloomy cockpit was a shambles, resounding with the groans of anguished men. Dr. Beatty flew to his side.

"It is quite useless, Beatty," he said; "you can do nothing for me. I feel a gush of blood every moment in my breast. Go and attend to those to whom you may be useful."

He kept inquiring for Hardy.

"Will nobody bring Hardy to me? He is killed. I am certain he is dead!"

When at length Hardy came down and took the dying admiral's hand in silence, unable at first to speak lest he should break down, Nelson asked:

"How is the day going?"

"The men are cheering just now for the tenth of the enemy's line that has struck."

"None of ours have struck, I hope?"

"There is no fear of that, my lord. Five of their van have tacked and mean to bear down on us. But I have called some of our fresh ships round the 'Victory' and we shall drub them."

"Then I feel easy."

It was when a partial lull had occurred in the firing from the "Victory" and the day was now really won, that a thundering shock set her quivering from stem to stern. She had fired her whole larboard broadside at once. Then came silence again. Nelson cried suddenly in a firmer voice:

"Oh, victory, victory!"

"Fourteen vessels have struck, my lord!"

"That's well!" the admiral exclaimed, "but I bargained for twenty. God be praised, Hardy! Have you brought the fleet to anchor?"

"I have sent Lieutenant Hill to Lord Collingwood to mention that you are wounded, my lord, and to beg of him to make the requisite signals."

"Not while I live, Hardy—no other man shall command while I live!" He raised himself with an effort from his pallet. "Anchor, Hardy—*anchor!*"

Hardy was returning to deck when Nelson called him back and begged him to bend close. He then delivered his last injunction—that his body might be taken home to England to be buried, unless the nation should wish otherwise, beside his father and mother.

He was sinking fast. "Hardy, kiss me," he entreated. Hardy did so, on cheek and forehead.

"Who is that?"

"It is Hardy, my lord."

"God bless you, Hardy!"

His last words were, "I have done my duty. I praise God for it!"

Then, at half-past four, three hours and a quarter after he had been struck, he turned his face toward Burke, his jaw fell, and Nelson of the Nile was dead.

Nelson's body was taken home. Collingwood had intended to send it in the "Euryalus," but the men of the "Victory" begged hard that, as the admiral fell on their deck, so they might see him home; and Collingwood gave way. Off Ushant they fell in with Admiral Cornwallis and the Channel Fleet. The "Victory" signaled that she had Nelson's body on board, and the flag was shown half-mast. Cornwallis passed under her stern, and his ship's company gave three dumb cheers, waving their hats while they checked their voices. The Dead March in "Saul" was played by the band, and the Channel Fleet passed into the distance without a cheer or a word.

At Spithead the body was laid in a coffin and sent to Greenwich. On January 9 the streets of London were packed with a vast crowd as the hero passed to his last resting-place at St. Paul's. It was but a few days after Austerlitz—but Austerlitz was forgotten in Trafalgar.

As Nelson was lowered into the vault of St. Paul's, the sailors took the flag from his coffin and tore it into strips, to keep to their death and leave to their children as a memento of their darling leader.

GLORIOUS DEEDS IN
DAYS OF WAR

Though, it may be, above the plot
That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men forgot
The unregarding grasses sway;
Though there no sweeter is the lay
From careless bird—though you remain
Without distinction of decay—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No. For while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulses' play;
And men forget the sordid lot—
The sordid care, of cities gray;—
While yet, beset in homelier fray,
They learn from you the lesson plain
That Life may go, so Honor stay—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

KATE BARLASS

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

[This episode is a portion of the long poem called
"The King's Tragedy."]

I, Catherine, am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear ;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shone most white and fair ;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing-bed,
And the bar to a king's chambère.

Aye, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement pane
The branches smote like summoning hands
And muttered the driving rain.

For now there came a torchlight glare,
And a clang of arms there came ;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe, Sir Robert Graeme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armèd men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash;
And like a king did he stand;
But there was no armor in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale, pale Queen in his arms
As the iron footsteps fell,—
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
"Our bliss was our farewell!"

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
Even so with folded arms he stood,—
The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer:—
"O Catherine, help!" she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.
"Oh! even a king, for his people's sake,
From treasonous death must hide!"

"For *her* sake most!" I cried, and I marked
The pang that my words could wring.
And the iron tongs from the chimney nook
I snatched and held to the King:—
"Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath
Shall yield safe harboring."

With brows low bent, from my eager hand
 The heavy heft did he take;
 And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
 And as he frowned through the open floor,
 Again I said, "For her sake!"

Then he cried to the Queen, "God's will be done!"
 For her hands were clasped in prayer.
 And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
 And straight we closed the plank he had ripped
 And toiled to smooth it fair.

Then the Queen cried, "Catherine, keep the door,
 And I to this will suffice!"
 At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
 And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew,
 And the tramp of men in mail;
 Until to my brain it seemed to be
 As though I tossed on a ship at sea
 In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard
 We strove with sinews knit
 To force the table against the door;
 But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall
 To the place of the hearthstone sill;
 And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
 For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
 And "God! what help?" was our cry.
 And was I frenzied, or was I bold?
 I looked at each empty stanchion-hold,
 And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass:—
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fallen and lay,
Yet my sense was wildly aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit;
And lo! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes,—
For behold! no King was there.

THE STORY OF MOLLY PITCHER

By P. C. BOUVÉ

OLD Monmouth Court House in New Jersey, where the famous battle of Monmouth was fought in the year 1778, preserves many stirring tales of Revolutionary days among its yellowed records: tales of the "Pine Robbers," who spread terror and destruction along the Jersey coasts, and who made the farmers in the neighborhood live very anxious lives—tales of those old days when British Tory and American Patriot were at feud in house and home as well as on the bloody battlefield.

Among these stories of long ago none stirs the blood with a warmer thrill of admiration than that of brave Molly Pitcher, whose heroism on Monmouth field has found a lasting record in the pages of American legend and history.

Some time toward the middle of the eighteenth century, there came to America from Germany an emigrant by the name of John George Ludwig, who settled in the colony of Pennsylvania. Here—in the town of Carlisle, probably, though the exact locality is not positively known—was born to John George Ludwig, October 13, 1744, a little blue-eyed daughter, whom he called Mary.

Little Mary grew up tall and strong and healthy, with the fair complexion and red hair of her German ancestors, and a good deal of their love of home and country. The Ludwigs being poor, Mary became a servant-girl in the family of Dr. William Irvine, an Irish gentleman who was living in Carlisle. This Dr. Irvine, who had come to the colonies as surgeon on board a British man-of-war, afterward became an officer in the Continental or American army. He was one of the most zealous of the patriots, and it was due to his influence that many of the colonists of Pennsylvania were aroused to a spirit

of independence and a realization of the necessity of asserting and defending their rights. This was no easy task, for a great number of these colonists belonged to the Society of Friends, a religious sect that was opposed to war upon any conditions; and also because most of the proprietary owners were in favor of the crown.

It was while in General Irvine's household, no doubt, that "Molly," as she was familiarly known, first learned to love the country of her birth, and there was sown the seed of that patriotism and loyalty that afterward made the humble servant-girl a soldier and a heroine.

In July of the year 1769 Molly left the roof of her master and became the wife of a barber by the name of John Hays. Whether or not Molly fired her barber with warlike ambition is an open question; but at any rate Hays was commissioned gunner in Proctor's First Pennsylvania Artillery, on December 14, 1775, changing the peaceful occupation of cutting off hair with shears to the more exciting one of cutting off heads with cannon-balls. With a loyalty born of devotion and unselfishness, Molly determined to follow her husband; so when Gunner Hays marched off with Proctor's First, Molly marched with him.

Through the din of battle, the heat of summer, and the cold of winter, the gunner and his faithful wife followed the fortunes of the American army, but it was not until the retreat of our forces at Fort Clinton that Molly's first deed of daring became a byword in tent and camp.

Finding that it was necessary to leave the enemy in possession, Hays started to fire his gun as a parting salute to the British. In the rush and confusion of the moment he dropped his lighted match. There was no time to lose, and there was danger of being captured, so he did not stop. Molly, who was behind him, seized the match from the ground, ran to the gun, touched it off, and then scampered down the hill as fast as her legs would carry her, to join the soldiers. This happened some months before the famous battle of Monmouth.

Down in Monmouth, meanwhile, the people were busy defending themselves from the attacks of the "Pine Robbers,"

and never dreamed that there would ever be a battle in their neighborhood.

The murmur of the sea on the one side and the murmur of the pine forests on the other made a melody of nature that shut out the distant roar of warfare, and so the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the British army that suddenly aroused them must have been a very great surprise.

The arrival of a French fleet, with the gallant young hero Lafayette, had startled Sir William Howe, who was at that time holding Philadelphia in siege. Sir William and his red-coated officers had been having a gay time in the old Quaker city; there had been balls and dinners and a great carnival during the winter, and when Dr. Franklin, who was with the American Commissioners in France, heard of all this gayety, he remarked shrewdly: "Howe has not taken Philadelphia, but Philadelphia has taken *him*."

When the French fleet landed, and he knew that France had acknowledged America as an independent government, Howe, perhaps, began to think like Dr. Franklin.

Preparations were made to raise the siege of Philadelphia at once, and Sir Henry Clinton succeeded to the command of the British army, with orders to go to New York by water. This plan of route was changed, however, and so it came about that the line of march was through the Jerseys, and so it happened that old Monmouth became the scene of conflict. The line of the British baggage-wagons was twelve miles long, and the sandy roads made their progress slow.

When Washington heard of Clinton's changed route, he determined to march forward and head him off.

Arriving at Allentown, the English commander found the American force at his front. He pushed on, and on June 27 encamped at Monmouth Court House on rising ground that was hemmed in on all sides by woods and marshes. General Washington, after grave deliberation, decided to risk the fight; and although the battle was hotly contested, and indeed almost lost three separate times, the American army was victorious. That memorable Sunday, June 28, 1778, was the hottest day of the year. The heat was so great that the soldiers were

ordered to take off their coats; yet through the heat and dust and smoke and blood, Molly, the gunner's wife, carried water to her husband, and to the soldiers on the field, all day. The little spring from which she fetched the water was at the bottom of the hill, and instead of a pail, she brought it in a *pitcher*. This, most probably, was the origin of her name, "Molly Pitcher," among the soldiers—a name that from that day has become historic.

There had been a fierce charge of the enemy's cavalry on Hays's gun, and just as Molly was returning with a refreshing drink for the almost perishing men, she saw her husband fall mortally wounded. Rushing forward, she heard an officer say: "Wheel back the gun; there's no one here to serve it."

Checking the blinding rush of tears, Molly threw down her pitcher and seized the rammer of the gun. "I'll fire it," she said; and taking her place beside the dead gunner's cannon, she filled his place during the rest of the day. The story of the brave deed has been told in verse:

"'Wheel back the gun,' the gunner said,
When like a flash before him stood
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair, with eyes aflame,
With lips that falter the gunner's name.
'Wheel back *his* gun that never yet
His fighting duty did forget?
His voice shall speak though he be dead,
I'll serve my husband's gun!' she said."

The next day General Greene sought for Molly, and brought her to General Washington, who praised her for her courage, and presented her then and there with the commission of sergeant in the Continental Army. As the half-dazed Molly stood before the great general in her soldier's coat and cap, cheer after cheer for "Sergeant Molly Pitcher" went up from ten thousand throats. It must have been a stirring scene—stately Washington and the blood-stained, smoke-begrimed figure of the gunner's wife, who was now an officer and forever a heroine—a scene that must to-day thrill the heart of every boy and girl who reads the story of American history!

“Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm stands Washington
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead
A figure clad in motley weed—
A soldier’s cap and a soldier’s coat
Masking a woman’s petticoat.
He greets our Molly in kindly wise,
He bids her raise her fearful eyes,
And he hails her there before them all,
Comrade and soldier whate’er befall;
And since she has played a man’s full part,
A man’s reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher’s name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame.”

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW *

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor the maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Nearer and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.

* By permission of the Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
 With her ear unto the ground ;
 "Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
 The pipes of Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
 Hushed the wife her little ones;
 Alone they heard the drum-roll
 And the roar of Sepoy guns.
 But to sounds of home and childhood
 The Highland ear was true;—
 As her mother's cradle-crooning
 The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
 Through the vision of the seer,
 More of feeling than of hearing,
 Of the heart than of the ear,
 She knew the droning pibroch,
 She knew the Campbell's call;
 "Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
 The grandest o' them all!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
 And they caught the sound at last;
 Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
 Rose and fell the piper's blast!
 Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
 Mingles woman's voice and man's;
 "God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
 The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
 Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
 Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
 Stinging all the air to life.

But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer, —
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played !

THE SINKING OF THE "ALBEMARLE"

By ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER

Admiral David D. Porter was one of the most distinguished of American naval officers. In the first year of the Civil War he was engaged with the blockading squadron at the mouth of the Mississippi, when he was offered the command of the fleet to force the passage at New Orleans. He modestly declined in favor of Admiral Farragut, but, holding the post of second in command, the success of the undertaking was largely due to his management of the mortar flotilla. He commanded the fleet that ascended the river, and shared with Grant the honors of the final overthrow of the enemy at Vicksburg. He was commissioned vice-admiral in 1866, and admiral in 1870. His description of Cushing's exploit in sinking the "Merrimac," which is given herewith, is contained in a personal letter addressed to General James Grant Wilson.

I LIKE to talk and write about Cushing. He was one of those brave spirits developed by the Civil War who always rose to the occasion. He was always ready to undertake any duty, no matter how desperate, and he generally succeeded in his enterprises, from the fact that the enemy supposed that no man would be foolhardy enough to embark in such hazardous affairs where there seemed so little chance of success.

One of the most gallant and successful affairs accomplished during the Civil War was the destruction of a Confederate ironclad ram by Lieutenant Cushing at Plymouth, N. C., on the night of October 27, 1864. It may be remembered that the ram "Albemarle" had suddenly appeared at Plymouth, causing the destruction of the United States steamer "Southfield," the death of the brave Lieutenant Flusser, and the retreat of the double-ender "Miami," and had subsequently attacked a flotilla under Captain Melancthon Smith, inflicting much damage, but was obliged finally to retire before the Union vessels under the guns of Plymouth, which had fallen into the hands of the Confederates owing to the advent of the "Albemarle."

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT VOLUNTEERS

As soon as Lieutenant Cushing heard of this affair he offered his services to the Navy Department to blow up the "Albemarle," provided the department would furnish proper torpedo-boats with which to operate. His services were accepted, and he was ordered to the New York navy-yard to superintend the fitting out of three torpedo-launches on a plan deemed at that time a very perfect one.

Cushing, though a dashing "free-lance," was not so well adapted to the command of a "flotilla" (as he called his three steam-launches). When completed, he started with his boats from New York, via the Delaware and Raritan Canal, as proud as a peacock. One of them sank in the canal soon after he started; another was run on shore by the officer in charge, on the coast of Virginia, in Chesapeake Bay, where she was surrendered to the Confederates; while Cushing, with that singular good luck which never deserted him, steamed down the bay through the most stormy weather, and arrived safely at Hampton Roads, where he reported to me on board the flagship "Malvern."

This was my first acquaintance with Cushing, and, after inquiring into all the circumstances of the loss of the other two torpedo-boats, I did not form the most favorable opinion of Cushing's abilities as a flotilla-commander. Cushing's condition when he reported on board the flagship was most deplorable. He had been subjected to the severest exposure for over a week, without shelter, had lost all his clothes except what little he had on, and his attenuated face and sunken eyes bore witness to the privations he had suffered. Officers and crew had subsisted on spoiled ship's biscuit and water and an occasional potato roasted before the boiler fire.

I at once ordered Cushing and his men to stow themselves away for rest, and directed them not to appear till sent for. In the meantime the launch, which had been very much disarranged and shattered, was being put in complete order. After the officers and crew had obtained forty-eight hours' rest, I sent for Cushing and gave him his instructions, which were to

proceed through the Dismal Swamp Canal and the sounds of North Carolina, and blow up the "Albemarle," then lying at Plymouth preparing for another raid on the Union fleet. Commander W. H. Macomb, commanding in the sound, was ordered to give Cushing all the assistance in his power, with men and boats.

When rested and dressed, Cushing was a different looking man from the pitiable object who had presented himself to me two days before. Scanning him closely, I asked him many questions, all of which were answered satisfactorily, and, after looking steadily into his cold gray eye and finding that he did not wink an eyelid, I said: "You will do. I am satisfied that you will perform this job. If you do, you will be made a lieutenant-commander."

THREATENED WITH COURT-MARTIAL

On the very morning appointed for Cushing to sail on his perilous expedition an order came from the Navy Department to try him by court-martial for some infraction of international law toward an English vessel, which, according to Mr. Seward, had endangered the *entente cordiale* between England and the United States. I showed Cushing the order, but he was not disconcerted. "Admiral," he said, "let me go and blow up the 'Albemarle,' and try me afterward."

"Well done for you," I said; "I will do it. Now get off at once, and do not fail, or you will rue it."

So Cushing, who dreaded a court-martial more than he did the ram, went on his way rejoicing, passed through the canal, and on October 27, reported to Commander Macomb.

Cushing was near coming to grief on his first setting-out. Like all "free-lances," he liked a frolic, and could not resist champagne and terrapin; so on the evening of his arrival at Norfolk he gave a supper to his numerous friends, "and then—the deluge!" I heard of the supper, of course—it was my business to hear of such things—and I dispatched Fleet-Captain Brëese in a swift steam-launch to arrest the delinquent and have him tried for intruding on the *entente cordiale* between

the United States and Great Britain; but Captain Breese returned with the report that Cushing was on his way and that "it was all right." "No," I said, "it is not 'all right'; and if the expedition fails, you——" but never mind what I said.

OFF IN THE DARKNESS

By eight o'clock on October 27, Cushing had picked out his volunteers from Macomb's flotilla. They consisted of thirteen officers and men, one of whom was the faithful William L. Howarth, who had accompanied him in most of his daring adventures, and these two together felt that they were a match for any iron-clad in the Confederacy. That night Cushing started off on the expedition, towing the "Otsego's" cutter with an armed crew, who were to be employed in seizing the Confederate lookouts on board of the late United States steamer "Southfield," which lay below Plymouth with her decks just above water.

The ram lay about eight miles from the mouth of the river, which was two or three hundred yards in width and supposed to be lined with Confederate pickets. The wreck of the "Southfield" was surrounded by schooners, and it was understood that a gun had been mounted here to command the bend of the river. When the steam-launch and her tow reached the "Southfield," the hearts of the adventurers began to beat with anxiety. Every moment they expected a load of grape and canister, which would have been the signal for *qui vive* all along the river bank.

The expedition was looked upon as a kind of forlorn hope by all who saw it start, and Cushing himself was not certain of success until after he passed the "Southfield" and the schooners. His keen gray eye looked into the darkness ahead, intent only on the "Albemarle." The boat astern of the launch cast off at the right time and secured the pickets on board the schooners without firing a shot, and Cushing and his party passed unobserved by the pickets on the river banks, who depended on the lookouts on board the "Southfield" and were making themselves comfortable under cover. This was a for-

fortunate circumstance for Cushing, for otherwise the expedition might have failed. As it was, the torpedo-launch was enabled to approach unobserved to within a few yards of the "Albemarle."

The ram had been well prepared for defense, and a good lookout was kept up on board. She was secured to a wharf with heavy logs all around her—in fact, she was in a pen. Half of her crew were on deck with two field-pieces and a company of artillery, and another company of artillery was stationed on the wharf with several field-pieces, while a bright fire of pine logs burned in front of them.

Cushing immediately comprehended the situation, and while he was making his plans the lookout on board the "Albemarle" discovered the launch and hailed, when there succeeded great excitement and confusion among the enemy. Cushing dashed at the logs on which the light was reflected, and by putting on all steam he pushed them aside and struck the "Albemarle" bows on. In the meantime the enemy had become thoroughly aroused and the men on board the ram rushed to quarters and opened on the torpedo-boat, but the Confederates were swept away by the discharge of a twelve-pound howitzer in the bow of the launch. A gun loaded with grape and canister was fired by the enemy, but the fire of the boat howitzer disconcerted the aim of the Confederate gunner, and the charge passed harmlessly over.

FULL STEAM AHEAD

While all this firing was going on, the torpedo boom was deliberately lowered until it was under the "Albemarle's" bottom, or overhang, and by a quick pull of the firing-rope the torpedo was exploded. There was a tremendous crash and a great upward rush of water which instantly filled the torpedo-boat, and she went drifting off with the current, but she left the "Albemarle" rapidly sinking. The Confederate commander, Lieutenant A. W. Warley, encouraged his crew and endeavored to keep his vessel afloat as soon as he discovered the damage done, but the water gained so rapidly through the

aperture made by the explosion that the "Albemarle" was soon on the bottom, her smokestack only remaining above water.

When the fire was opened on the torpedo-boat, Assistant Paymaster Frank H. Swan was wounded at Cushing's side. How many others had been injured was not known. It seemed as if a shower of grape-shot had hit the boat, and that a rifle shell had passed through her fore and aft; but this was not so. The boat had sunk from the rush of water caused by the torpedo; and when Cushing saw that she would probably fall into the hands of the enemy, he jumped overboard with some of the crew, and swam down the river under a heavy fire of musketry, which, however, did no harm.

When some of the crew of the torpedo-boat who had jumped overboard saw that she had only filled with water and did not sink, they swam back to her and climbed on board, hoping that the boat would float away with the current from the scene of danger; but in this they were mistaken; for as soon as the Confederates recovered from their panic and saw the torpedo-boat drifting away, they manned the boats of the "Albemarle," which were still intact, and followed the author of the mischief. Surrounding the steam-launch, with oaths and imprecations, they demanded the surrender of the Union party. Nothing else was left for the latter to do. Their arms were all wet in the bottom of the boat and the enemy was lining the banks with sharpshooters, so that "discretion was the better part of valor."

"Blast you," said one of the Confederates, "if you sunk us with your cowardly torpedo-boat, we licked your whole squadron last week, and we will make you fellows smell thunder with a ball and chain to your leg."

This was the first the torpedo-boat's crew had heard of the sinking of the "Albemarle." In fact, they were under the impression that the attack was a failure, and that the boat had been filled by a rifle shell striking her, and not by the water thrown up by the explosion. They all gave three cheers, though they knew that the Confederates were exasperated and their carbines were pointed at the captives' heads.

THE ESCAPE OF CUSHING

In the meantime Cushing was quietly swimming down the river, keeping in the middle of the stream, when, hearing a noise near him, he looked around and found that two other persons were in company with him. One of them whispered: "I am getting exhausted; for God's sake help me to the shore."

"Who are you?" said Cushing.

"I am Woodman. I can go no farther; save me if you can."

At the same moment a gurgling sound was heard a little to the rear, and the third man sank to rise no more.

Cushing himself was much exhausted. He had managed to rid himself of his heaviest clothing and his boots, and was just letting himself drift with the current, but he could not resist this appeal from Woodman, who had risked his life to assist him in his perilous undertaking. He put an arm around him and tried to reach the bank, only sixty yards away, but all his efforts were futile. Woodman was too much exhausted. He could not help himself, and, cramps coming on, he was drawn all up, got away from Cushing, and sank.

Thus the only two survivors known to Cushing from the steam-launch had sunk before his eyes, and he did not know how soon his own time would come, for he was now so much exhausted that he could scarcely use his arms for swimming. At the same time he heard the shouts of the Confederates as they captured the launch, and, supposing that the enemy would send their boats down the river in search of fugitives, he determined to swim to the shore. He could barely crawl out of the water when he reached the bank at a point about a mile below Plymouth.

Cushing dragged himself into an adjacent swamp, and, while lying concealed a few feet from a path along the river, heard two of the "Albemarle's" officers and a picket guard pass by, and learned from their conversation that the iron-clad was at the bottom of the river. He did not care now what became of him; that was glory enough for one day, and he would take no heed for the morrow.

As soon as his strength would allow, Cushing plunged

into the dense swamp, where he was not likely to be followed, and, after incredible difficulties in forcing his way through the mud, slime, and brambles, reached a point well below the town, where he felt safe. Here he fell in with a negro who, for a consideration (being a Union man), volunteered to go to Plymouth to find out exactly how matters stood. The negro soon returned with the cheering news that the "Albemarle" was actually sunk, and that the Confederates were in great consternation. Thus cheered, Cushing pursued his tedious journey through the swamps till, coming suddenly to a creek, he found one of the enemy's picket-boats, of which he took possession. He pulled away with all his remaining strength, not knowing at what moment he might get a bullet through his head from the guard to whom the boat belonged, who was no doubt not far off in some shanty playing cards with a fellow-picket.

By eleven o'clock the following night Cushing reached the gun-boat "Valley City," out in the sound, and was taken on board more dead than alive, after one of the most remarkable and perilous adventures on record.

CRAVEN

(Mobile Bay, 1864)

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

OVER the turret, shut in his iron-clad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame;
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming; the monitor hung
Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed,
Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the iron-clad tower,
Pilot and captain met as they turned to fly:
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream: Craven spoke,
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a captain's pride,
"After you, Pilot"; the pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner, but we—

We set it apart from the pride that stoops to be proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grace of the empty hands and promises loud:

Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,

Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
Outram coveting right before command.

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,

These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.

THE "MONITOR'S" GREAT FIGHT

By WILLIAM SWINTON

The engagement between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" here described occurred at Hampton Roads, Va., March 9, 1862. The "Merrimac" was a Confederate iron-clad, and the "Monitor," constructed by John Ericsson, a turreted iron-clad steam-vessel of the United States navy.

THE gale of the previous day [March 8, 1862] had abated, and there was but little wind or sea. As the Confederate fleet steamed steadily into view its character became apparent; the central figure was the long-expected "Merrimac," whose advent had been the theme of speculation through days and nights for many weeks, not only in the squadron which waited to receive her, but throughout the country. The cry of "the 'Merrimac!' the 'Merrimac!'" speedily ran from ship to fort, and from fort to shore. To the curious eyes of the thousand spectators gazing intently from near, or peering through telescopes from afar, she seemed a grim-looking structure enough—like the roof of an immense building sunk to the caves. Playing around her, and apparently guiding her on, were two well-armed gunboats, the "Jamestown" and "Yorktown," formerly New York and Richmond packets, which seemed to act like pilot-fish to the sea-monster they attended. Smaller tugs and gunboats followed in her wake, some of which had emerged from the James River. On she came, the "Cumberland" and "Congress" meanwhile bravely standing their ground; and, as the "Merrimac" approached the latter vessel, she opened the battle with the angry roar of a few heavy guns. The "Congress" answered with a full broadside, and when the "Merrimac," passing her, bore down upon the "Cumberland," the latter, too, brought to bear upon her every available gun, in a well-delivered fire.

To the chagrin of both vessels, their heaviest shot glanced as idly from the flanks of their antagonist as peas blown at

the hide of a rhinoceros. Hot and terrific as was the firing that now took place, the contest could only be of short duration. With all intent, the huge kraken, unharmed by the missiles rained upon her, bore down upon the "Cumberland," and, striking that ill-fated vessel with her iron beak, under terrific momentum, rent a great gaping cavern in her side. In an instant it was seen that all was over with the "Cumberland." But, while the waters rushed into the yawning chasm, and while the ship sank lower and lower, her gallant crew, led by their heroic commander, Lieutenant Morris, refused to quit their posts, and with loud cheers continued to pour the broadsides upon the gigantic enemy. As the guns touched the water they delivered a last volley, then down to her glorious grave went the good "Cumberland" and her crew, with her flag still proudly waving at the masthead.

THE DEFEAT OF THE "CONGRESS"

Meanwhile the consorts of the "Merrimac" had furiously engaged the "Congress" with their heavy guns. Warned by the horrible fate of the "Cumberland," she had been run aground in an effort to avoid being rammed by the "Merrimac." But the latter, at half-past two, coming up from the destruction of the "Cumberland," took deliberate position astern of the "Congress," and raked her with a horrible fire of heavy shells. Another steamer attacked her briskly on the starboard quarter, and at length two more, an unneeded reinforcement, came up and poured in a fresh and constant fire.

Nevertheless, until four o'clock the unequal, hopeless contest was maintained; and with each horrible crash of shell, the splinters flew out, and the dead fell to the deck of the dauntless "Congress." She could bring to bear but five guns on her adversaries, and of these the shot skipped harmlessly from the iron hump of the dread monster who chiefly engaged her. At last, not a single gun was available; the ship was encircled by enemies; her decks were covered with dead and dying, for the slaughter had been terrible; her commander had fallen; she was on fire in several places; every one of the ap-

proaching Union vessels had grounded ; no relief was possible ; then, and then only, was the stubborn contest ended, and the flag of the "Congress" hauled down.

And now, with the waters rolling over the "Cumberland" and with the "Congress" in flames, the Confederate dragon, still belching her fiery, sulphurous breath, turned greedy and grim to the rest of the Union squadron. Arrived within a mile and a half of Newport News, the "Minnesota" grounded while the tide was running ebb, and there remained a helpless spectator of the sinking of the "Cumberland" and the burning of the "Congress." The "Roanoke," following after, grounded in her turn ; more fortunate, with the aid of tugs, she got off again, and, her propeller being useless, withdrew down the harbor. In time, the "St. Lawrence" grounded near the "Minnesota."

At four o'clock, the "Merrimac," "Jamestown," and "Yorktown" bore down upon the latter vessel ; but the huge crouching monster, which in a twinkling would have visited upon her the fate of the "Cumberland," could not, from her great draught, approach within a mile of the stranded prey. She took position on the starboard bow of the "Minnesota," and opened with her ponderous battery ; yet with so little accuracy that only one shot was effective, that passing through the Union steamer's bow. As for her consorts, they took position on the port bow and stern of the "Minnesota," and with their heavy rifled ordnance played severely upon the vessel and killed and wounded many men. The "Merrimac," meanwhile, gave a share of her favors to the "St. Lawrence," which had just grounded near the "Minnesota," and had opened an ineffectual fire. One huge shell penetrated the starboard quarter of the "St. Lawrence," passed through the ship to the port side, completely demolished a bulkhead, struck against a strong iron bar, and returned unexploded into the ward-room ; such were the projectiles which the "Merrimac" was flinging into wooden frigates.

Very soon the "St. Lawrence" got afloat by the aid of a tug, and was ordered back to Fort Monroe. The grounding of the "Minnesota" had prevented the use of her battery, but

at length a heavy gun was brought to bear upon the two smaller Confederate steamers, with marked effect. As for the 10-inch pivot gun, its heavy shot were harmless against the "Merrimac." Thus the afternoon wore on, till with the parting day died the fury of battle. At length, at seven o'clock, to the great relief of the Union squadron, all three Confederate vessels hauled off and steamed back to Norfolk.

A PROBLEM

So ended the first day's battle in Hampton Roads. What wild excitement, what grief, what anxiety, what terrible foreboding for the morrow possessed the Union squadron when night fell, cannot be described. All was panic, confusion, and consternation. That the "Merrimac" would renew the battle in the morning was too evident, and the result must be the destruction of a part of the fleet, the dispersion of the rest, and the loss of the harbor of Hampton Roads. Her first victim would be the "Minnesota," now helplessly aground off Newport News; next, whatever vessel might be brave or rash enough to put itself in her way; whether she would then pause to reduce Fort Monroe; or, passing it by, would run along the northern coast, carrying terror to the national capital, or making her dread apparition in the harbor of New York, was uncertain.

The commander of the fort, General Wood, telegraphed to Washington that probably both the "Minnesota" and the "St. Lawrence" would be captured, and that "it was thought that the 'Merrimac,' 'Jamestown,' and 'Yorktown' will pass the fort to-night." Meanwhile, that officer admitted that, should the "Merrimac" prefer to attack the fort, it would be only a question of a few days when it must be abandoned.

THE MONITOR

It was upon such a scene that the little "Monitor" quietly made her appearance at eight o'clock in the evening, having left the harbor of New York two days before. Long before her arrival at the anchorage in Hampton Roads the sound of

heavy guns was distinctly heard on board, and shells were seen to burst in the air. The chagrined officers of the "Monitor" conceived it to be an attack upon Norfolk, for which they were too late, and the ship was urged more swiftly along.

At length a pilot boarded her, and, half terror-stricken, gave a confused account of the "Merrimac's" foray. The response was a demand upon him to put the "Monitor" alongside the "Merrimac"; terrified at which, the moment the "Roanoke" was reached he jumped into his boat and ran away. The appearance of the "Monitor" did little to abate the consternation prevailing. That so insignificant a structure could cope with the giant "Merrimac" was not credited; and those who had anxiously watched for her arrival—for she had been telegraphed as having left New York—gazed with blank astonishment, maturing to despair, at the puny affair before them. Her total weight was but nine hundred tons, while that of the "Merrimac" was 5,000. What had yonder giant to fear from this dwarf? A telegram from Washington had ordered the "Monitor" to be sent thither the moment she arrived; but this of course was now disregarded, and the senior officer of the squadron, Captain Marston, of the "Roanoke," authorized Lieutenant Worden to take the "Monitor" up to the luckless "Minnesota" and protect her.

ANXIETIES OF THE NIGHT

It was a memorable night. In fort, on shipboard, and on shore, Federals and Confederates alike could not sleep from excitement; these were flushed with triumph and wild with anticipation, those were oppressed with anxiety or touched the depths of despair. Norfolk was ablaze with the victory, and the sailors of the "Merrimac" and her consorts caroused with its grateful citizens. In Hampton Roads, amid the bustle of the hour, some hopeless preparations were made for the morrow.

The "Monitor," on reaching the "Roanoke," found the decks of the flag-ship sanded and all hands at quarters, resolved, though destruction stared them in the face, to go down

in a hard fight. Her sister ship still lay aground off Newport News, tugs toiling all night painfully but uselessly to set her afloat again. Meanwhile a fresh supply of ammunition was sent to her.

As for the officers and crew of the "Monitor," though worn out by their voyage from New York, they had little mind for sleep, and passed much of the night in forecasting the issue of the coming day. The stories poured into their ears respecting the armor and battery of the "Merrimac" had not dismayed them, or weakened their confidence in their own vessel; yet, as the officers had not been long enough on her to learn her qualities, nor the men to be drilled at the guns and at quarters, the guns, the turrets, the engines, the gear, and everything else, were carefully examined, and proved to be in working order.

While thus in toil and expectation the night-hours passed, an entrancing spectacle illumined the waters around. The landscape, a short distance off, in the direction of Newport News, was brilliantly lighted by the flames of the burning "Congress." Ever and anon a shotted gun, booming like a signal of distress, startled the air around the ill-fated ship, when its charge had been ignited by the slowly spreading flames. Ten hours now the ship had been burning; and at one o'clock in the night, the fire reached the magazine, which blew up with an explosion heard more than fifty miles away. At once, in a gorgeous pyrotechny, huge masses of burning timber rose and floated in the air, and strewed the waters far and wide with the glowing débris of the wreck; then succeeded a sullen and ominous darkness, in which the flickering of the embers told that the course of the "Congress" was nearly run.

Meanwhile the dark outline of the mast and yards of the "Cumberland" was projected in bold relief on the illumined sky. Her ensign, never hauled down to the foe, still floated in its accustomed place, and there swayed slowly and solemnly to and fro, with a requiem-gesture all but human, over the corpses of the hundreds of brave fellows who went down with their ship.

A SURPRISE

At six o'clock on the morning of March 9, the officer on watch on the "Minnesota" made out the "Merrimac" through the morning mist, as she approached from Sewall's Point. She was up betimes for her second raid, in order to have a long day for the work. Quickly the "Monitor" was notified, and got up her anchor; the iron hatches were then battened down, and those below depended on candles for their light.

It was a moment of anxiety on the little craft, for there had been no time for drilling the men, except in firing a few rounds to test the compressors and the concussion, and all that the officers themselves, who were now to fight the ship, knew of the operation of the turret and guns, they learned from the two engineers who were attached to the vessel, and who had superintended her construction.

When the great smokepipe and sloping casement of the Confederate came clearly into view, it was evident that the latter had been smeared with tallow to assist in glancing off the shot. As she came down from Craney Island, the "Minnesota" beat to quarters; but the "Merrimac" passed her and ran down near to the Rip-Raps, when she turned into the channel by which the "Minnesota" had come. Her aim was to capture the latter vessel and take her to Norfolk, where crowds of people lined the wharves, elated with success, and waiting to see the "Minnesota" led back as a prize.

When the "Merrimac" had approached within a mile, the little "Monitor" came out from under the "Minnesota's" quarter, ran down in her wake to within short range of the "Merrimac," "completely covering my ship," said Captain Van Brunt, "as far as was possible with her diminutive dimensions, and, much to my astonishment, laid herself right alongside of the 'Merrimac.'" Astounded as the "Merrimac" was at the miraculous appearance of so odd a fish, the gallantry with which the "Monitor" had dashed into the very teeth of its guns was not less surprising. It was Goliath to David; and with something of the coat-of-mailed Philistine's disdain, the

"Merrimac" looked down upon the pigmy which had thus undertaken to champion the "Minnesota."

THE DUEL

A moment more and the contest began. The "Merrimac" let fly against the turret of her opponent two or three such broadsides as had finished the "Cumberland" and "Congress," and would have finished the "Minnesota"; but her heavy shot, rattling against the iron cylinder, rolled off even as the volleys of her own victims had glanced from the casemate of the "Merrimac." Then it was that the word of astonishment was passed, "The Yankee cheese-box is made of iron!"

The duel commenced at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, and was waged with ferocity till noon. So eager and so confident was each antagonist that often the vessels touched each other, iron rasping against iron, and through most of the battle they were distant but a few yards. Several times, while thus close alongside, the "Merrimac" let loose her full broadside of six guns, and the armor and turret of the little "Monitor" was soon covered with dents.

The "Merrimac" had, for those days, a very formidable battery, consisting of two 7½-inch rifles, employing twenty-one-pound charges, and four 9-inch Dahlgrens, in each broadside. Yet often her shot, striking, broke and were scattered about the "Monitor's" decks in fragments, afterward to be picked up as trophies. The "Monitor" was struck in pilot-house, in turret, in side armor, in deck. But, with their five inches of iron, backed by three feet of oak, the crew were safe in a perfect panoply, while from the impregnable turret the 11-inch guns answered back the broadsides of the "Merrimac."

However, on both sides, armor gained the victory over guns; for, unprecedented as was the artillery employed, it was for the first time called upon to meet iron, and was unequal to the task. Even the "Monitor's" 11-inch ordnance, though it told heavily against the casemate of the "Merrimac," often driving in splinters, could not penetrate it. So excited

were the combatants at first, and so little used to their guns, that the latter were elevated too much, and most of the missiles were wasted in the air; but, later in the fight, they began to depress their guns; and then it was that one of the "Monitor's" shots, hitting the junction of the casemate with the side of the ship, caused a leak. A shot, also, flying wide, passed through the boiler of one of the "Merrimac's" tenders, enveloping her in steam, and scalding many of her crew, so that she was towed off by her consort. But, in general, on both ships the armor defied the artillery.

It is this fact which contains the key to the prolonged contest of that famous morning. The chief engineer of the "Monitor," Mr. Newton, questioned afterward by the War Committee of Congress, why the battle was not more promptly decided against the "Merrimac," answered: "It was due to the fact that the power and endurance of the 11-inch Dahlgren guns, with which the 'Monitor' was armed, were not known at the time of the battle; hence the commander would scarcely have been justified in increasing the charge of powder above that authorized in the Ordnance Manual. Subsequent experiments developed the important fact that these guns could be fired with thirty pounds of cannon powder, with solid shot. If this had been known at the time of the action, I am clearly of opinion that, from the close quarters at which Lieutenant Worden fought his vessel, the enemy would have been forced to surrender." He added that, as it was, but for the injury received by Lieutenant Worden (of which hereafter), that vigorous officer would very likely have "badgered" the "Merrimac" to a surrender.

The "Minnesota" lay at a distance, viewing the contest with undisguised wonder. "Gun after gun," says Captain Van Brunt, "was fired by the 'Monitor,' which was returned with whole broadsides from the Confederates, with no more effect, apparently, than so many pebble-stones thrown by a child . . . clearly establishing the fact that wooden vessels cannot contend with iron-clad ones; for never before was anything like it dreamed of by the greatest enthusiast in maritime warfare."

THE BAFFLED MERRIMAC RETIRES

Despairing of doing anything with the impregnable little "Monitor," the "Merrimac" now sought to avoid her, and threw a shell at the "Minnesota," which tore four rooms into one in its passage, and set the ship on fire. A second shell exploded the boiler of the tugboat "Dragon." But by the time she had fired the third shell, the little "Monitor" had come down upon her, placing herself between them. Angry at this interruption, the "Merrimac" turned fiercely on her antagonist, and bore down swiftly against the "Monitor" with intent to visit upon her the fate of the "Cumberland." The shock was tremendous, nearly upsetting the crew of the "Monitor" from their feet; but it only left a trifling dent in her side-armor and some splinters of the "Merrimac" to be added to the visitors' trophies.

It was now that a shell from the "Merrimac," striking the "Monitor's" pilot-house, which was built of solid wrought-iron bars, nine by twelve inches thick, actually broke one of these great logs, and pressed it inward an inch and a half. The gun which fired this shell was not more than thirty feet off, as the "Merrimac" then lay across the "Monitor's" bow.

THE WOUNDING OF LIEUTENANT WORDEN

At that moment Lieutenant Worden, the commander, and his quartermaster were both looking through a sight aperture or conning-hole, which consisted of a slit between two of the bars, and the quartermaster, seeing the gunners in the "Merrimac" training their piece on the pilot-house, dropped his head, calling out a sudden warning, but at that instant the shot struck the aperture level with the face of the gallant Worden, and inflicted upon him a severe wound. His eyesight for the time and for long after was gone, his face badly disfigured, and he was forced to turn over his command to Lieutenant Greene, who hitherto had been firing the guns. Chief Engineer Stimers, who had been conspicuously efficient and valuable all day by his skilful operation of the turret and by

the encouragement and advice he gave to the gunners, thereby increasing the effective service of the guns, now personally took charge of the latter, and commenced a well-directed fire.

However, with the wounding of Worden, the contest was substantially over, a few well-depressed shots rang against the cuirass of the "Merrimac," and the latter, despairing of subduing her eager and obstinate antagonist, after four hours of fierce effort abandoned the fight, and, with her two consorts, drew off, baffled, and, so far as the influence of this historic duel was concerned, defeated.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

By WILL H. THOMPSON

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the crowd some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah! how the withering tempest blew
Across the front of Pettigrew;
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo.

A thousand fell where Kempner led,
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In binding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armisted.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
 Virginia cried to Tennessee;
 "We two together, come what may,
 Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
 (The reddest day in history).

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
 Virginia heard her comrade say:
 "Close round this rent and riddled flag!"
 What time she set her battle-flag
 Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
 Before the awful face of fate?
 The tattered standards of the South
 Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
 And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
 His breast against the bayonet;
 In vain Virginia charged and raged,
 A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
 Till all the hill was red and wet.

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
 Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost,
 Receding through the battle-cloud,
 And heard across the tempest loud,
 The death cry of a nation lost.

The brave went down, without disgrace,
 They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
 They only heard Fame's thunders waked,
 And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
 In smiles on Glory's bloody face.

They fell, who lifted up a hand,
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives; He forged the iron will,
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns; he built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still.

Fold up the banner! Smelt the gun!
Love rules, her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

SOME HEROES OF CANADIAN
HISTORY

THE ADVENTURES OF JACQUES CARTIER

By BECKLES WILLSON

NEARLY four centuries ago, in the spring of the year, the banks of the river Thames, in England, were lined from Windsor to Greenwich with a multitude of gayly dressed people. Artisans and their wives, tradesmen and apprentices, farmers in smock-frocks, gentlemen in doublets and hose, and ladies in farthingales, all came out to snatch a peep of a brave spectacle. From lip to lip ran the news that at last the royal barge in its crimson and gold trappings had set out from Windsor. Bluff "King Hal," as the people affectionately termed their monarch, King Henry VIII, and his new queen, Anne Boleyn, were that day making their first voyage together down the Thames to the royal palace at Greenwich.

Glance at this spectacle, for it will serve to fix the date of this story's opening firmly in your mind. The banks are reëchoing with loyal cheers, the state bargemen are plying their oars and the state trumpeters are sounding their trumpets, while beautiful Anne Boleyn smiles and nods merrily at the crowds who wave their silken kerchiefs in the sunshine. So this first water pageant of the season passes along.

On this selfsame day, April 20, 1534, when the English king was setting out on the river journey with his new queen, on the other side of the English channel, at the little port of St. Malo, in Brittany, another and very different embarkation was taking place, and a very different voyage was begun.

The object of this enterprise was far indeed from pleasure, and its consequences were very important and far-reaching, not only to the king of France, but to King Henry's suc-

cessors, and to the English people and the British Empire of our own day. Here, too, there was cheering and waving of caps and cries of "Vive le Roi!" (Long live the king!) as the soldiers, sailors, and townsfolk on the dock at St. Malo bade lion-hearted Jacques Cartier godspeed on his adventurous voyage to the New World.

A YOUNG ADVENTURER

At this time, you must bear in mind, more than forty years had passed since Christopher Columbus had returned to Spain with tidings of his glorious discovery on the other side of the Atlantic. When Jacques Cartier, son of a Breton mariner, was born, all Europe was still ringing with the news. As the child grew up he heard tales of how often famous mariners had sailed boldly to the west and claimed for Spain, Portugal, and England the lands that might lead to India and serve as gateway to the Spice Islands of the East. Among these sailors were John Cabot and his son Sebastian, who, although themselves Venetians, sailed from the port of Bristol and flew the English flag. In 1498 the Cabots explored the whole coast of North America from Labrador to South Carolina, and they were the first Europeans actually to land in the country we to-day know as Canada. After the Cabots, who claimed all the northern lands for England, came, a quarter of a century later, a Florentine navigator, named Verrazano, who declared the entire region annexed to the French crown. And now, because of Verrazano's claim, King Francis of France was sending Jacques Cartier forth from St. Malo with two little ships and one hundred and twenty men to explore inland and set up the French flag and a French colony in a new France beyond the sea.

So this Frenchman, lean, rugged, and valiant, with his little band of compatriots, sailed away on that April day while Bluff King Hal of England was merrymaking on the Thames, well content with his little isle of England, giving no thought to empire or distant deeds of discovery and conquest among the savage nations of the earth.



Henry VIII and Anne Bullen

A NOBLE GATEWAY

Straight toward the setting sun steered Cartier and his men. As they were not buffeted greatly by the waves, in twenty days' time, on May 10, they reached the straits leading to the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. How their hearts leaped when they sighted land! On their left they saw the great island of Newfoundland, and on the right Labrador's bleak shores stretched before them. "Surely," cried Cartier, "this is Cain's portion of the earth!" But their spirits rose when they sailed into the Gulf and came to rich forests of pine, maple, and ash, with abundance of blossom and wild berries on every hand. They had been afraid that the interior was as desolate as their first glimpse of Labrador. The few Indians on the banks gazed upon them with a wondering but friendly eye. The explorers were unprepared for the great heat which overtook them. By day the land was bathed in intense sunshine, and at night a gorgeous moon lit up the broad waters, while owls and bats wheeled in air heavily perfumed with wild shrubs and flowers.

To a bay in which he anchored Cartier gave the name *Baie des Chaleurs*, which means the Bay of Heat. Sailing on, he came to a promontory, which he christened *Cape Gaspé*. There he landed and set up a cross thirty feet high. On its front was a shield with the arms of France. As you travel through eastern Canada to-day you will frequently come upon crosses by the wayside, where the country folk kneel and say their prayers. This at Gaspé was the first cross erected in New France. While the pious sailors were erecting it, Indians flocked near and surveyed the proceeding jealously, as if the white newcomers were about to charm away their land; but Cartier explained as best he could to their medicine-men and distributed among them knives and trinkets, of which he had brought a goodly store.

Having quieted the suspicions of the Indians, Cartier lured two of the young red men into his ship, that he might show them, on his return, to the king. Cartier had meant to continue his voyage much farther westward; but meeting with

adverse winds, he abandoned this resolution, took counsel with his officers and pilots, and decided to set sail for France.

From the two natives whom he bore away Jacques Cartier had learned of the existence of the great river St. Lawrence. As truly as Columbus he had discovered a new world. So much interest was awakened in France by Cartier's narrative of his voyage, that there was no difficulty about procuring the money for another expedition. The French court and people were filled with enthusiasm about Canada, and so they continued to be for more than two centuries.

CARTIER'S SECOND VOYAGE

When Jacques Cartier again took his departure from St. Malo, in May, 1535, he commanded three ships and one hundred and ten sailors. Some of the nobles and gentlemen of the proudest families in France went with him, eager for adventure. They thought, as marine adventurers often thought in those days, that this time surely they would find the gateway to the passage of Cathay (China) and win wealth untold. But they were not so lucky as at first; the winds were so bad that seven weeks elapsed before Cartier reached the Straits of Belle Isle. From this point the squadron steered for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, named by Cartier in honor of the saint upon whose day it was discovered. Keeping on, as his Indian interpreters (the two red men he had taken to France) bade him do, he sailed up that stream which the Indians called "The Great River of Canada," now known as the St. Lawrence River.

Can you wonder that Cartier and his attendant nobles felt a thrill of excitement as the landscape no white man had ever seen before slowly unfolded itself to view? Opposite the great mouth of the mysterious Saguenay, red men in birch-bark canoes came to greet them, and with these Cartier's two interpreters were able to exchange language. Their many months' residence in France had made the interpreters very different in appearance from their brother savages of Canada. They now wore slashed crimson doublets and brilliant striped hose,

while the massive feathers in their heads caused the Canadian Indians to regard them as chiefs of great renown

A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY

Cartier led his ships on to what the natives called "The Kingdom of Canada," which stretched along the St. Lawrence as far as the island of Montreal, where the king of Hochelaga held his sway. To the fertile Isle of Orleans, which Cartier reached on September 9, he gave the name of Isle of Bacchus, on account of the abundant grape-vines growing upon it. From here the explorer could see on the north bank of the great river a towering promontory lit up by the morning sun. This was Cape Diamond, at whose base crouched the Indian village of Stadacona. Here Cartier anchored his little fleet, and the chief of the neighboring tribe, Donacona, came to greet him, with twelve canoes full of warriors. After a speech of welcome, the squaws (women) of the tribe danced and sang without ceasing, standing in water up to their knees.

Jacques Cartier was delighted with the country he had discovered, and lost no time in deciding to proceed up the river as far as Hochelaga. Donacona and the other chiefs, on hearing this, did their utmost to dissuade him by inventing stories about the dangers of the river. Seeing that these made little impression on the sturdy sailor, they had three Indians dressed as devils, "with faces painted as black as coal, with horns as long as the arm, and covered with the skins of black and white dogs." Cartier was told that these "devils" were the servants of the Indian god at Hochelaga, who warned the European strangers that "there was so much snow and ice, that all would die." Cartier only laughed at such tricks and told them that "their god was a mere fool, and that Jesus would preserve them from all danger if they would believe in Him." Wishing also to impress upon them his own great power, he ordered several pieces of artillery to be discharged in the presence of the chief and his warriors; whereupon they became filled with astonishment and dread. Never before had they heard such terrible sounds. What were these

strangers who could produce thunder at will? To reassure them, the "paleface" chief distributed trinkets, small crosses, beads, pieces of glass, and other trifles among them, and then he sailed on boldly up the river.

In a fortnight the town, consisting of about fifty large huts or cabins surrounded by wooden palisades, came into view. Twelve hundred souls belonging to a tribe of the Algonquins dwelt here in Hochelaga. The whole population assembled on the banks and gave the visitors friendly welcome. All that night the savages remained on the shore, making bonfires, dancing, and crying out "Aguaze!" which was their word for welcome and joy. The poor Indians took Cartier and his men for gods. Cartier distributed gifts among them and professed to heal their ailments.

MOUNT ROYAL

Near the town of Hochelaga was a mountain, to which the Indians conducted their visitors. From the summit this first band of Europeans in Canada gazed down at the wonderful view spread before their eyes—glistening rivers, green meadows, and forests of maple brilliant in autumn scarlets and yellows. Naming this lofty eminence Mount Royal, Jacques Cartier and his companions returned to Stadacona. Having decided to spend the winter in Canada, they built a fort on the shore, but before the little colony could be more than half prepared, a fierce Canadian blizzard was upon them. Never had they known such cold and such tempests. From their lack of fresh food, scurvy rioted among them, and out of one hundred and ten men twenty-five died. When the disease was at its height an Indian told them that they could be cured by the juice of a spruce-tree. Out of their fort they ran with axes, and so quickly did they drink the juice that in six days the whole of a great tree was consumed.

Thus was the little colony made well again. For a time they continued to fear lest the Indians should know how weak they were during that terrible winter; but no attack was made upon them, and in the spring Cartier made ready to return to

France. This time Donacona and four other chiefs were seized by stratagem and taken on board ship. A cross thirty feet high, with the flag of France fastened to it, was set up on the shore, and in the middle of May the waters of the St. Lawrence began to bear them down to the Gulf and the open Atlantic. Exactly one month later Cartier was being greeted by the cheers of the people of his native St. Malo.

Alas! Donacona and the other Indian braves whom the French had borne away never returned to Stadacona and their forest haunts. Before Cartier was ready to make another voyage to Canada, five years later, all had pined away and died. It was then that the *Sieur de Roberval*, a nobleman of Picardy, was appointed by King Francis of France as his lieutenant in the New World, with the high-sounding titles of Governor of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay, and Baccalaos, and Lord of Norembaga, a country that existed only in imagination. Roberval meant to have gone out with Cartier, but was detained until the following year.

CARTIER'S LATER EXPLORATIONS

On his third voyage Jacques Cartier again visited Hochelaga and tried to pass up the river beyond the village, but the dangerous rapids of Lachine made him pause. On the way back from another visit to France he met the *Sieur de Roberval*, who afterward built a fort on the St. Lawrence and explored the surrounding country. But Roberval accomplished nothing more, and famine at length reduced the survivors to a state of abject dependence upon the natives. In vain Roberval entreated the King to come to his rescue with supplies of colonists, food, and ammunition. Instead of granting this petition, King Francis despatched orders for his lieutenant to return to France. Roberval reluctantly obeyed, and thus the first attempt to establish a French colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence ended in failure.

Cartier was allowed by the King to bear always the title of "Captain." He undertook no more voyages into unknown

lands, but died about 1577 in his own manor-house close to St. Malo. Years before, King Francis had been stricken by death, and thereupon his country was plunged in unhappy civil war. But in the midst of the long and deadly strife Canada was not wholly forgotten, and Frenchmen still spoke with pride of the valiant Cartier, whose adventurous courage had first unfurled their country's flag in the savage wilds of the western world.



JACQUES CARTIER AND THE RED-SKINS.

MARGUERITE DE ROBERVAL *

By W. S. HERRINGTON

THE story I am about to relate may be of no historical significance, but it furnishes an illustration of the courage and endurance of the women who first visited these shores.

It will be remembered that the third voyage of Cartier, in 1541, was made under Sieur de Roberval, whom Francis I appointed the first viceroy of Canada. He was a wealthy French noble of a most determined and cruel disposition. His niece, Marguerite de Roberval, was a member of his household. She was a bright young girl, full of the spirit of adventure of the age, and such a favorite with her uncle that he consented to her accompanying him upon the voyage. Like many another maiden in like circumstances, Marguerite had for some time, unknown to her uncle, been receiving the attention of a poor young cavalier whose love was not unrequited. He could not bear the thought of being separated from his sweetheart, so he managed to enlist as a volunteer with Roberval, and sailed in the same ship with him and his niece. In the course of the voyage the lovers' secret was discovered, and Roberval's affection for his niece gave way to a vengeance cruel and inhuman.

Off the coast of Newfoundland was an island called the Isle of Demons, supposed to be the abode of evil spirits. Turning a deaf ear to the supplications of the frightened girl, the cruel monster deposited her upon this lonely shore with no other companion to share her solitude than an old nurse. With scant provisions, four guns, and a limited supply of

* From "Heroines of Canadian History," by W. S. Herrington. Published by William Briggs, Toronto. Used by permission of both author and publisher.

ammunition, he left her to her fate. Her lover was powerless to stay the hand of Roberval, and as the ship was getting under way again, strapping his gun and a quantity of ammunition to his back, he leaped into the sea and with sturdy strokes soon rejoined the heart-broken Marguerite.

In vain they hoped and prayed that their pitiable plight might move the stony heart of the governor. He never returned. Marguerite and her lover went through the form of marriage as best they could without the aid of a priest. Did ever a couple begin housekeeping under such trying circumstances? They built themselves a rude hut. The wild fowl and fish furnished their table, and from the skins of wild animals they provided themselves with clothing to resist the cold of the approaching winter.

In the following summer Marguerite became a mother and devoted most of her time to caring for her baby. Her husband had hoped that the cruel uncle would return to relieve their suffering, and the bitter disappointment he experienced crushed his spirit. Grieving over the suffering of his loving wife, he sickened and died. The baby did not long survive him, and the faithful old nurse also succumbed. In the lonely forest this brave young woman knelt beside the graves she had made with her own hands and prayed for strength and courage to bear up under her heavy burden.

Only a few months before, she was the moving spirit in the castle of the "little king of Vimeu," as her uncle was called, and no luxury was denied her. She was his favorite and had often accompanied him upon his hunting expeditions, where fortunately she had become an expert with the arquebuse. His love had changed to hatred. The gayety of the court was now replaced by the dreadful solitude of this lonely isle. Want and privation, discomfort and fear now confronted her, and the three fresh mounds, bathed with her scalding tears, warned her that she, too, was likely very soon to join the only human beings who had shared her misery. Then there would be no tender hands to caress her in her last hours.

She did not yield to these despairing thoughts, but determined to meet her fate with a bold front. For eighteen long

and dreary months she wandered about the shores straining her eyes for a glimpse of a sail. Three or four times relief seemed at hand as a white speck appearing upon the horizon soon disclosed the dimensions of a ship, only to melt away again, leaving her more lonely than before.

The third winter was almost upon her when she again espied a welcome sail. How was she to lure the ship to this dreaded shore—the supposed home of mischief-making demons? Mustering all her strength for one final effort, she sacrificed her little store of fuel that she had painfully gathered from the forest and built a huge fire, in the hope that the smoke would attract the attention of the strangers. Nearer and nearer came the boat, a fisherman's barque. With frantic gestures she signaled for help. The fishermen drew near enough to descry a lonely figure, clad in skins of wild animals, wildly gesticulating as she ran along the shore. In doubt as to whether this was a human being or a dreaded spirit, they concluded to solve the mystery and land upon the island, and thus was Marguerite rescued from her perilous situation and shortly afterward was returned to France after an absence of nearly three years.

Do the annals of any history furnish a more pathetic or a more impressive tale than this? The courage that will lead battalions to the cannon's mouth might well waver when confronted with the terrors of the awful exile of this brave young girl. The strength that will carry hardened soldiers through a protracted battle would in most instances succumb to the long months of solitary suffering such as was endured by Marguerite de Roberval.

THE ORDER OF A GOOD TIME

A Ballad of Early Nova Scotian History

By HAPGOOD MOORE

THE cherry blossoms brighten thy still street,
As delicate blushes the white cheeks of age,
Dear old Annapolis, whose memories sweet
Are like red rose leaves laid in history's page.

Port Royal was the name they gave who, far
Estray from king and court of joyous France,
Followed the elusive gleams of hope's bright star
O'er wastes of waves and ocean's lone expanse.

Yet 'twas a royal port when Lescarbot,
The advocate—of love far more than law—
With his merry crew laughed down wild winter's woe,
And from fierce famine tried a smile to draw.

The awful loneliness of the dark woods
These men made gay with blithesome song and rhyme,
And to cheer the long nights in the solitudes
Founded the ancient "Order of a Good Time."

Fifteen right worthy brethren sat around
The table at the observing of the rites,
And well I ween it was a merry sound
To hear the knives play for their appetites.

The place of Steward highest was at board,
Which each in turn held, being then his due
To give a feast, the best he could afford,
Condition being only—something new.

It was not easy from their scanty store
To bring a novel treat to each repast,
So they were forced to seek the woods and shore
To make the new meal different from the last.

But oh, the triumph, when arranged about
The board the brethren with glad foretaste pause,
Humbly to lift the cover from the trout,
Then, bowing, smile to meet the loud applause.

To the corn they planted in November drear
All made a pilgrimage through drifts of snow,
Thinking at least to see the verdant ear,
Which, so they thought, would e'en in winter grow.

Before the springtime came and balmy May,
Food was so scant 'twould but be less and cease,
While wine, 'twas erst for each nine quarts a day,
Had shrunk to now a poor half-pint apiece.

Then these gay lads but drew their belts more tight
And eked their hunger out with banquet song,
Waiting till Pourtrincourt should come in sight
With fresh supplies to end their famine long.

Poor boys! so unaccustomed to the chill,
They sank and, singing, perished day by day,
Their comrades cheered them with a song when ill,
With song and tear they laid their forms away.

And when drew near the tardy Pourtrincourt
A few gaunt shadows grasped him by the hand;
But in the graveyard there were lying more,
O'er whom the grass waved by cold breezes fanned.

Thy graves are many, ancient royal town,
The graves of men renowned in other rhyme,
But in earth's tombs none braver have laid down
Than these same merry Knights of a Good Time.

These, cheered not by loud drum or rallying throng,
Alone and starved, and in a homeless clime,
Died to no music but their own brave song.
God give them respite and a long good time!

THE STORY OF MADELEINE DE VERCHÈRES

Edited by BLISS CARMAN

IN the great struggle between France and England for the possession of the American Continent, the French were usually aided by the Algonquin tribes of Indians, and the English by the Iroquois tribes, the famous Five Nations. This stirring up of the Indians of course made the war very barbarous and life for the colonists very unsafe. The houses in the country were deserted, fields lay untilled, and people crowded to the towns for safety. Sometimes the people of a village would gather and all work together for greater protection. But while they worked, sentinels were kept on watch to give warning at the first sign of danger. Everywhere was lurking terror. No man was safe, no life was sure. The trader paddling down-stream with his store of furs, the trapper returning from the woods, the farmer walking behind his plow, each knew that he held his life in his hands. "The enemy is upon us by land and sea," wrote Frontenac; "send us more men if you want the colony to be saved."

Many stories are told of brave deeds done at this time. One of the most famous is that of Madeleine de Verchères, a girl of fourteen, who held her father's fort against the Indians for a whole week.

It was autumn, and all the settlers at Verchères had gone to work in the fields some miles from the fort, leaving only two soldiers on guard. Besides them, in the fort were a man of eighty and some women and children, among whom were Madeleine and her two brothers, one ten and the other twelve.

Everything seemed peaceful and quiet in the hazy afternoon. The crickets sang in the ripe grass; the air was still and warm; there was no sign of danger anywhere. But

through the thick forest, which already glowed gold and red beneath the autumn sun, Indians were stealing on their foes. Thinking that all was safe, Madeleine had gone down to the river that flowed not far from the fort. Suddenly through the still air was heard the sound of a gunshot. Hardly had the sound died away when to the girl's startled ears came a cry from the fort. "Run, miss, run!" shouted the old man, "the Indians are upon us!"

Madeleine turned. There, not a pistol-shot away from her, was a band of forty-five or fifty Indians. On the instant she fled like a startled rabbit, her heart in her mouth, her light feet skimming the beaten path. But how long the way seemed! As she ran, she prayed.

The bullets of forty muskets sang in the air and whistled round her as she fled. It seemed as if she would never reach the fort! "To arms, to arms!" she shouted as she ran, hoping that some one would come out to help her. No one came, but she was well ahead of her pursuers, and with a last burst of speed she reached the gate and sprang inside. With trembling hands and panting breast, she turned and closed and made fast the gate, then was almost overcome with joy at her escape. But that was only for a moment. She must waste no time. There was the fort with its other inmates to be guarded. She ran round the fort to see that all was made safe. Here and there logs had fallen out of the palisades, leaving holes through which the enemy might get in. These she ordered to be replaced, herself helping to carry the logs. As soon as that was done she went to the guardroom where the gunpowder and shot were kept. Here she found the two soldiers hiding in terror. One had a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked quickly.

"I am going to set fire to the powder and blow us all up," he answered.

"You coward!" cried Madeleine, "go!"

She was only a girl of fourteen, but she spoke so sternly that the soldier was ashamed. He blew out his match and left the room.

Madeleine now threw off her white muslin sunbonnet, put on a steel cap in its place, and taking a gun in her hand, turned to her two brothers.

"Now, boys," she said, "let us fight to the death. Remember what father has taught you, that gentlemen must be ready to die for their God and their king."

The boys were only little fellows, but they were as brave as their sister, and taking their guns, they went to the loopholes and began to fire upon the Indians who were now close round the house. The women were much frightened in spite of Madeleine's brave example, and the little children were crying with fear. But this stout-hearted girl comforted them all as well as she could, telling the children that they must not cry, for if the Indians heard, they would learn how hopeless the state of the fort was and would attack more fiercely. So Madeleine encouraged the little band to help in the heroic defense of their stronghold.

All day long the fight lasted, and with the fall of night and darkness a terrible storm came on. The wind howled round the walls, and wailed dismally in the chinks and chimneys. It was a fearful night, and Madeleine, anxiously watching the movements of the Indians as well as she could in the half-light, became sure that they were making ready to attack the fort under cover of the darkness and the storm. She could just see their shadowy figures moving among the shadows of the woods, gliding silently from cover to cover, and always stealing nearer to their prey. It was a sight to try the nerves of the strongest man, but it did not break the courage of this dauntless little French girl. She was made of the finest spirit, and the blood of fearless adventurers and pioneers ran in her veins.

In that howling storm, on the edge of a lonely forest, beset by a band of cruel enemies, Madeleine gathered her little garrison and made a brief speech to them.

"God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies," she said. "But we must watch to-night lest we fall into their snares."

Then she gave her orders to each of the men, posting them

as well as she could at the wall. So all night long the Indians heard the steady tread of sentinels on duty. Every hour from fort and blockhouse came the cry, "All's well!" The wily Indians, hearing that call ringing steadily above the storm, were completely deceived; and thinking that the fort was strongly garrisoned, they dared not attack.

Toward morning there was an alarm. The sentry nearest the gate suddenly called out:

"Lady, I hear something."

Hurrying to him, Madeleine peered anxiously through the loophole, straining her eyes to see. And there, against the whiteness of the new-fallen snow, black moving figures could be seen coming close round the house. For a few moments Madeleine watched in fresh dread. Then soft lowing and snuffing was heard, and the girl gave a sigh of relief. These were not Indians, but some of the cattle belonging to the fort that had found their way through the snow back to the gate. There were only a few of them, for the Indians had captured nearly all the herd.

"We must open the gate and let them in," said someone.

"No, no," cried Madeleine, "you forget how cunning these Indians are! Very likely they are behind the cattle, wrapped in skins and ready to rush in the moment we are silly enough to open the gate."

"That is true," said the others.

Then after some talk it was decided to take the risk. For if they were long besieged they might be glad of the cattle to keep them from starving.

Calling her two brothers, Madeleine placed them one on each side of the gate, with their guns in their hands and their fingers on the triggers ready to fire. Then the gate was carefully opened. One by one the cattle came in, glad to be back in sheltered quarters, and the gate was again closed and barred in safety. And everybody drew a long breath of relief.

So the long night of anxiety wore on and ended at last. And as the sun rose and the darkness fled, the fears and terrors of the night fled too.

The sunlight glittered on the white new snow; the sky

was clear and blue; squirrels ran and chattered in the tall dark spruce-trees; and all the beautiful world looked smiling and safe; but the brave little garrison did not dare to go off guard, for no one knew how long the Indians might lurk hidden in the woods. So they took turns at keeping watch, and some did the necessary work of the besieged household, while others rested. So the short bright day passed and another long night shut down on those brave defenders. It was starlight and cold, and the guards could see their breath in the frosty air as they tramped steadily to and fro and cried their "All's well!" in the still night. Luckily their foes made no attempt to attack them, and so another night and a day passed, and another and another.

The brave little garrison still kept watch in the closed fort. And now and again they caught glimpses of the Indians prowling about in the woods. Hour by hour Madeleine marched round the posts, always smiling, always speaking cheering words, however uneasy she might be at heart. For the first two days and nights she hardly slept, never laying down her gun nor taking off her clothes.

And so a week went by. On the seventh night Madeleine had gone into the guardroom to rest, for she was very weary. With her musket still in her arms, she sat down, laid her head upon the table for a moment—and went to sleep. How long she sat there she did not know. Suddenly she started wide awake in a panic. Listening, she heard the tramp of men around the house. Springing up, she seized her gun.

"Who goes there?" she called out into the darkness.

"French," came the reply; "it is La Monnerie come to help you."

Oh, how good his voice sounded! Running to the gate, Madeleine threw it open. But even now she did not forget to be careful. Posting a sentinel, she marched out to meet the Frenchmen, to the cheering of her little band.

"Sir, you are welcome," she said, giving La Monnerie, the leader, a military salute. "I surrender you my arms."

"Lady," replied the captain, bowing low before her, "they are in good hands."

With that she turned and led the way, and La Monnerie and his soldiers marched into the fort. Wonderingly he made a tour of the defenses and found all in good order, each "man" at his post. It was perhaps the strangest, bravest garrison he ever had seen. Among them were a man of eighty and a boy of ten; and this slim girl of fourteen was their leader!

"Sir," said Madeleine, a little wearily, but with a joyful pride, "relieve my men. We have not been off duty for eight days."

THE THERMOPYLÆ OF CANADA

By WILFRED CAMPBELL

A NOTED historical spot on the Ottawa River is the Long Sault at the head of the famous rapids, where the heroic Daulac and his sixteen young followers, assisted by a few Huron Indians, withstood, it is said, fully twelve hundred Iroquois for the space of several days, and gave their lives in the end for the preservation of New France.

It seems that Canada had suffered for twenty years under the persistent attacks of the famous, cruel tribes of Indians called the Iroquois. The French population in the whole colony was less than three thousand souls, and they were saved from destruction only by the fact that their settlements were grouped around three fortified posts—Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. To the Iroquois, Canada had become indispensable, and they determined, if they could, to destroy the French colony, their policy being a persistent attack on the outskirts of the different settlements. This became, in time, a perfect scourge to the French settlers, who saw no way of escape from this terrible condition. Outside the fortifications there was no safety for a moment, and a universal terror seized the people.

When things were in this condition, Adam Daulac, or Dollard, appeared on the scene as a young officer of the garrison of Montreal. He formed a desperate plan. Shortly before, it had been discovered that twelve hundred Iroquois warriors were on the eve of descending on Montreal and Quebec, with the object of wiping out the whole colony.

Daulac's plan was a desperate one. He proposed to meet the Indians and waylay them on their descent of the river Ottawa, and fight them to the death. He asked for a party of volunteers. Sixteen of the young men of Montreal caught

his spirit, determined to join him, and, gaining the governor's consent, made their wills, confessed, and received the sacrament, binding themselves by oath to fight to the death and receive no quarter. "As they knelt for the last time," says Parkman, "before the altar in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, that sturdy little population of pious Indian-fighters gazed on them with enthusiasm not unmingled with an envy which had in it nothing ignoble."

The spirit of this enterprise was purely that of the Middle Ages. Honor, adventure, and faith had to do with its motive and inspiration. Daulac was a knight of the New World. The names, ages, and occupations of the young men are still in the old register of the parish at Montreal. They were soldiers and artisans of various callings, but their spirit made them equal.

Leaving Montreal in their canoes, they at last entered the mouth of the Ottawa and slowly advanced up the stream. They soon passed the swift current at Carillon, and after much toil and travail reached the foot of the rapid called the Long Sault. Here they found an old ruined fort, which they took possession of, and were soon joined by a small band of Hurons and Algonquins, who, hearing of their intention, had followed them up the river to share in their victory or defeat.

Here, a few days later, they were besieged by an immense body of the Iroquois, and for five days, through hunger, thirst, and want of sleep, shut up in their narrow fort, they fought and prayed by turns. And here at last they died, but not until they had given the fierce savages such a dreadful lesson that they never forgot it.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM

YOU see a young soldier advancing. He is a hero of heroes, yet never was the soul of a hero enshrined in a more unhero-like frame. His features are homely, his hair is fiery red, his shoulders are narrow, and his limbs are veritable spindle-shanks. But look at his eyes, and you will instantly forget his plain features and his rickety body. They are bright, searching, brimful of intelligence and vivacity, and speak eloquently of the indomitable spirit within.

What Nelson was to the British navy, that was Wolfe to the army of England. Nelson made his country-mistress of the seas; Wolfe won for her an empire in the West. Each was a born leader, idolized by his officers and men, leading them to victory where others had failed; each was brave, modest, and filled with the truest patriotism; each died, as he would have wished, in the hour of victory. It is men such as these, who live not for their own renown but for the glory of their country, and who are willing to give their lives for her sake, that help to brighten the dark pages of war.

James Wolfe was a soldier from his youth. His father was an officer of distinction; his mother a woman of great sweetness and charm, deeply beloved by her two sons, of whom James was the elder. He was born on June 2, 1727, at Westerham in Kent. Of his brief boyhood's days we know little—indeed, there are but meager details of his whole life. We know, however, that he was a delicate, sensitive, highly strung boy, who inherited his mother's frailty, though not her beauty. We know, too, that he saw little of his father, who was almost constantly absent from home on active service. Nevertheless, he was tenderly and judiciously reared by his devoted mother.

A BOYISH ENSIGN

When a mere schoolboy—a little over fifteen years of age—he became an ensign, and carried the colors in one of his Majesty's regiments. From the beginning of his career he set himself to study the art of war, and at sixteen he was adjutant of his regiment, then serving in Flanders. He discharged his duties with great intelligence, and very early demonstrated his capacity for leading men. Even though an adjutant, he had not lost his schoolboy tastes, for we find him writing to his mother warmly thanking her for a plum-cake which she had sent him.

At twenty-one he had seen seven campaigns, and was a major. He had been present at the victories of Dettingen and Culloden, and it is said that on the latter battlefield he proved the nobility of his nature by refusing to shoot a wounded Highlander when ordered to do so by "Butcher" Cumberland.

CHOSEN FOR MERIT

In 1758 the British outlook was black indeed, and at home men trembled in hourly expectation of a French invasion. But the hour found the man, and that man was William Pitt. Pitt looked around for a general after his own heart. He found him in James Wolfe, a young soldier with the daring, skill, and determination to accomplish what the great statesman planned. Merit and merit alone decided Pitt's choice, and a better choice was never made.

Wolfe had just returned from the capture of the chief fort in Acadia, where as brigadier under General Amherst he had covered himself with glory, and had earned the proud title of "hero of Louisburg." When Pitt offered the command of the new expedition to Wolfe he jumped at the chance. "Mr. Pitt," he said, "may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases." The Duke of Newcastle, then prime minister, was shocked at Pitt's choice. He told the king that Wolfe was mad. "Mad, is he?" said George; "then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."



WOLFE'S ARMY SCALING THE CLIFF AT QUEBEC, 1759.

On February 17, 1759, Wolfe sailed for Canada with a strong fleet and 9,000 troops. During the voyage he suffered tortures from seasickness. In May he was in the harbor of Louisburg, and on June 16 he weighed anchor for Quebec, the troops cheering and the officers drinking this toast, "British colors on every French fort, port, and garrison in America."

THE GIBRALTAR OF AMERICA

Quebec, the most historic spot in all the New World, has not inaptly been called the Gibraltar of America. It stands on the nose of a rocky peninsula shaped like a bull's head and facing eastward. On the south and east sides it rises by steep cliffs to a rocky summit. On south, east, and north it is defended by rivers; to the south flows the great St. Lawrence River, which expands on the east into a broad basin upon which the navies of the world might ride; while on the north the peninsula is protected by the estuary of the river St. Charles. The town itself consists of two parts—a lower town, which huddles by the water side, and an upper town, which climbs the cliffs. High on the summit is the grim and frowning citadel.

Let us ascend to this historic fortress and gaze in admiration on the scene which unfolds itself. The lower town, with its steep streets, its old gabled houses, its public buildings, and numerous churches with their tin-covered cupolas and minarets, rises sharply from the water's edge. Opposite to us, on the other side of the river, is Point Levis, and to the east is the beautiful Isle of Orleans. On our left, across the basin, is the Montmorency River, which hurls itself over a precipice to mingle its waters with those of the great river. To our right extend the famous Plains of Abraham, now purchased and preserved as a national park consecrated to great historical memories. Such is the Quebec of to-day. In the year 1759 it presented a much ruder aspect, though it was then lively and important, and had been made almost impregnable by walls, bastions, and fortified gates.

Within this city Vaudreuil, its bombastic, corrupt governor,

and his gang of unscrupulous officials, kept up a feeble imitation of the luxurious court of France. They robbed the king, their master, and they robbed the Canadians committed to their protection. "Are the walls of Quebec made of gold?" asked Louis when official after official returned to France bloated with wealth. New France was honeycombed with speculation and fraud, and there was but one honest, incorruptible man among the greedy horde. He was Louis Joseph, Marquis of Montcalm, a soldier of unblemished repute and no mean scholar. His life was one long struggle with the governor, who thwarted him in every possible way, and arrogated to himself all the credit and honor which his noble colleague managed to win.

THE PERILOUS APPROACH

On June 1, 1759, the English ships sailed out of the harbor of Halifax for the river St. Lawrence. The harbor rang with the cheers of the soldiers, and the bands struck up the stirring old tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." When they reached the mighty river they ran great danger for want of a pilot. A French prisoner on board, who was supposed to know the channels, began wringing his hands, declaring that they would all go to the bottom. An old British captain of a transport laughed in his face. "I will show you," he roared with an oath, "that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman dare not show his nose." And he steered his ship through, the other vessels following in his track, and all getting through in safety. The boast was no idle one. Vaudreuil wrote to France to say "that the enemy have passed sixty ships of war where we dare not risk a vessel of 100 tons by night or day." Even to-day, when all the rocks and shoals and currents have been carefully laid down on charts, and the channels are marked with lighthouses and buoys, it is no easy task to pilot a ship up the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

During the long days of early summer, Montcalm awaited the coming of the English. Not a man was idle. Drilling and building of earthworks filled up nearly every hour of the day.

Montcalm's seventeen thousand men were as strongly entrenched as nature and the art of war could make them. On June 27 the French in Quebec snatched the first glimpse of the masts of the English battleships. A few hours later the fleet had come to anchor before the Isle of Orleans, a short distance below the city, and Wolfe and his red-coated infantry landed on its shores. Mounting the point of land to the west, the young general took out his telescope and turned it toward the heights of Quebec, four miles away.

FUTILE ATTACKS

To take Quebec seemed impossible. The cliffs to his left were edged with palisades and capped with redoubts, while on his right was a far-extended line of entrenchments, ending at the foaming cataract of Montmorency. There seemed to be no chink in the wall of defense. For weeks Wolfe lay inactive, wearing himself to a shadow in the attempt to find a weak spot against which he might hurl his army.

He seized Point Levis, and from it bombarded the city, only a mile away. Fierce as his fire was, it did nothing to help him capture the place. At length, tired of inactivity, he attempted on July 31 to gain a footing on the north shore of the St. Lawrence by landing his men at the Montmorency Falls and climbing to the plateau above. In this he was successful; but though his guns now played on the flank of Montcalm's entrenchments, the city of his desire was as far off as ever. "You may demolish the town," said the bearer of a flag of truce, "but you shall never get inside it." "I will take Quebec," replied Wolfe, "if I stay here until November."

A frontal attack on the Beauport Heights was a complete failure, and Wolfe lost more than two hundred men. He was now almost worn out. His pale face and tall, lean form were no more seen going to and fro among his soldiers. He lay dangerously ill, and his life was almost despaired of. Days went by, days that seemed endless to the impatient soldier; but at last his heroic spirit conquered; he was on his feet again, to the delight of his officers, and on September 11 the

English troops were directed to be ready to land and attack the enemy. Wolfe's orders to the army ended in the stirring appeal: "The officers and men will remember what their country expects of them." These words seem like the anticipation of Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar: "England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

A CHINK IN THE WALL

The young general was diligently searching the steep, rocky shore above Quebec for a possible landing-place. At last, about three miles from the city, at a place now called Wolfe's Cove, he discovered a goat track that wound up the wooded precipice for two hundred and fifty feet above the St. Lawrence. A French guard was stationed at the top, but Wolfe thought it could easily be surprised. Had he known that the captain in charge had gained a reputation for cowardice, and had allowed his men to go home to dig up their potatoes, his hopes would have been higher. At any rate he was now resolved to climb the Heights of Abraham and meet Montcalm's army at the very gates of Quebec.

Now let us pass on to the fateful night of September 13, 1759. Under cover of the darkness the British flotilla of boats moved silently with muffled oars toward the landing-place. Wolfe, who was in the leading boat, began in a low whisper to recite the beautiful lines of Gray's "Elegy." He came to the noble verse—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec."

WOLFE LEADS THE WAY

The boats drifted on in deathlike silence. Suddenly, as the tide bore them inshore and the mighty wall of rock loomed



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF WOLFE
AND MONTCALM, QUEBEC.

above them, they were sharply challenged by a sentry. "Qui-vive?" he cried. A Highland officer replied in good French, "La France." "Of what regiment?" demanded the sentry. "The Queen's," answered the Highlander, and the sentry was satisfied. A sigh of relief escaped from the commander, and the boats glided on. Presently another sentry challenged, but he, too, was deceived. In a few moments more the boats lightly ran aground in a little cove.

Wolfe led the way, pointed out the path to the summit, and the storming-party clambered silently up. It was still dark when they reached the top. The sentries were overpowered, the outpost was rushed at the point of the bayonet, and some of the French soldiers were captured. The cheers of his men reached Wolfe, who at once ordered the red-coated battalions that were already landed from the boats to follow the storming-party. As day dawned, Wolfe had most of his regiments up on the heights, and the rest were rapidly debarking and climbing the hill. Before Montcalm had even a suspicion of his whereabouts, Wolfe had his army within striking distance, and had chosen his own battlefield. About six o'clock he got word of Wolfe's daring maneuver, and galloped over as fast as his horse would carry him. Two miles away he could discern the red ranks of the British soldiers.

"There they are," he exclaimed, "where they have no right to be!" It was no fault of Montcalm's that Wolfe had been able to bring his army up on the heights without opposition. He had posted the regiment of Guienne there some days before, but Vaudreuil had promptly ordered it to be withdrawn. The jealous governor up to the very last continued to thwart Montcalm in every move he made for the protection of Quebec.

Montcalm did all that a brave and resourceful general could do in the circumstances. He quickly rallied his regiments about him and led them against the English infantry. There were the white-coated battalions of Old France, with the Canadian militia, and the swarthy Indians decked in war-paint and brandishing their tomahawks.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC

Wolfe had drawn up his regiments in two lines, giving them strict orders not to fire until he gave the word. It was a trying ordeal, but the disciplined English soldiers were equal to it. The French army, led by Montcalm in his brilliant uniform, wearing his glittering breastplate, and mounted on his famous black charger, poured down upon the thin red line, shouting as they came and pouring volley after volley into the English. Nearer and nearer they drew, but not a shot came from the British infantry. Shoulder to shoulder they stood, sternly waiting till their general should give the word. At last it came—"Fire!" and from end to end of the long line came one tremendous volley, a sheet of flame and a hail of bullets, under which the French went down like wheat before the mower.

Under cover of the smoke, Wolfe ordered his men to advance still closer to the enemy, and before they could recover from the first, a second terrific volley was poured into their thinning ranks. As they wavered, Wolfe flourished his sword, and amid the weird uproar of the bagpipes, the shrieks and groans of the wounded, the war-whoops of the Indians, the mad shouting of the English, and the fierce slogan of the Highlanders, Wolfe pushed on over dead and dying, behind a moving wall of bayonets. A bullet shattered his wrist, another pierced his body, but he kept on; a third lodged in his breast; he reeled, and called one of his officers to support him lest the men should see him fall. He was helped to the rear, where it was found that he had only a few minutes to live. They laid him on a grenadier's coat, and the film of death was already clouding his eyes, when a soldier in front called out, "They run! They run!"

Wolfe roused himself with a supreme effort, and asked: "Who run?"

"The French, sir; they give way everywhere."

Turning on his side, Wolfe murmured, "Then I die content." In a few moments his spirit had passed away.

How fared it meanwhile with his gallant enemy, Mont-

calm? As he galloped about on his splendid charger the tide of French fugitives pressed him back toward the gates of Quebec. He was nearing the walls when a shot passed through his body. Mortally wounded, he kept his seat in his saddle, a soldier supporting him on either side. As his life-blood streamed down his horse's limbs, the frightened crowd of women within the gates exclaimed in grief and horror:

"The Marquis is killed! The Marquis is killed!"

"It is nothing," replied the dying Montcalm; "do not be troubled for me, my good friends."

He was carried into a house, and the surgeons told him that he could not live beyond the next morning. "So much the better," he replied; "I am happy not to live to see the surrender of Quebec."

When, some hours later, Montcalm had breathed his last, his body was buried under the floor of the Ursuline Convent. No workmen could be found during the panic to make a coffin, and an old servant gathered a few boards and nailed them together into a rough box. No bell tolled, no cannon fired a salute as the great French leader was laid to his eternal rest.

How different was the funeral of the victorious Wolfe! His body was embalmed and borne across the sea to England where the greatest and most powerful gathered in Westminster Abbey to do honor and reverence to his memory.

Yet history has struck the balance. To-day in Quebec, marking the scene of the death-struggle on that fateful September day, a single shaft of stone rises to heaven to commemorate at the same time a glorious victory and an honorable defeat. On one side is graven "Montcalm," and on the other "Wolfe."

THE STORY OF LAURA SECORD

Edited by BLISS CARMAN

IN the early years of the nineteenth century the great Napoleon was fighting England. He was fighting her on many a bloody battlefield; and he was fighting her in other ways, doing his best to ruin British trade and shipping. He forbade any country to trade with Great Britain, and his ships watched the seas, ready to attack any vessel carrying goods to British ports.

King George's ministers replied by forbidding any nation to trade with France, and threatened to seize all ships carrying goods to French ports. Here was a state of things likely to ruin the trade of many lands. The United States did a great deal of trading with France, and the Americans were very angry with King George and his government for the Orders in Council, as the decree was called. They quite forgot that Napoleon had begun the quarrel by forbidding people to trade with Britain.

Great Britain, being an island, has always needed a large navy to watch her shores. At this time it was difficult to find enough sailors to man her ships, and sometimes, too, the sailors would run away. So the British claimed the right to search all ships belonging to neutral countries (that is, all countries taking neither one side nor the other in the quarrel), in order to find runaway sailors. Countries at war have always had this right, but it made the Americans angry, and on June 18, 1812, they declared war against England once more.

The Americans of course did not sail across the sea to fight Great Britain there. They had no thought of that. But they would have been glad to possess another and much nearer land. They marched over into Canada, and carried the war into that country. The Canadians had really nothing to do



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT TREES PASSED THE
WOMAN AND THE COW.

with the quarrel, and the Americans thought that Canada would not wish to fight for England, because a large part of Canada was settled by French people and had only lately been conquered by England. They were much mistaken. The French of Québec had been allowed complete self-government under British rule—had been allowed to keep all their national customs, beliefs, and habits—and they remained loyal to England.

If you look on the map, you will see that all across the continent of North America the United States and Canada lie side by side. The line where one country touches another is called a frontier. Canada had seventeen thousand miles of coast and frontier to defend, and not six thousand men to do it with. And Great Britain, fighting in Europe against Napoleon, had few soldiers to spare.

But the people of Canada, both French and English, gathered to defend their homes. Many Indians, too, well pleased with British rule, joined them, and the Americans found they had no easy task in front of them.

A British officer named Fitzgibbon had been sent to hold a post called Beaver Dams, about twelve miles from Niagara. He had only sixty men, half of whom were Indians. The post was important, and the Americans made up their minds to seize it. With great secrecy they made their preparations to take the place by surprise, for a few miles off, at a place called Twelve Mile Creek, lay another force of two hundred men. The Americans hoped to surprise Fitzgibbon so that he should have no time to get help.

But the secret leaked out. A Canadian named James Secord, who was lying ill, overheard their talk and learned their plans. He had fought with Brock at Queenston Heights, where he had been badly wounded, and he was still unable to move.

With five hundred men, fifty horses, and two cannons, the Americans were marching upon the handful of men at Beaver Dams. Secord knew this, but could do nothing. To the helpless sick man the knowledge was torture. Only twenty miles away his fellow-countrymen were awaiting certain death, and

there was no means of warning them! There was no man he could send, for all the country was watched by American sentinels. Even if any man had been willing to risk his life, Secord knew of none he could trust. But there was one person that he could trust—his wife. To her he whispered the thought that tormented him.

"They must all die," he said, "for lack of a word of warning!"

"But that shall not be," said Laura Secord; "I will go."

So as the sun rose on a still June morning, Laura Secord started on her long and dangerous walk. And she had to be very careful not to arouse the suspicion of the sentinels. So she made no sign of haste. There was nothing to show that she was beginning a journey. In order to deceive people more easily, she set out slowly driving a cow before her, as if she were taking it home to be milked. So she passed the American sentinels in safety. Slowly down the country road she passed, with excitement in her heart, you may be sure, but not a trace of it in her look or manner.

The birds were singing in the dawn, the air was sweet with the scent of wild flowers, and as that brave woman walked, her dress brushed the dew from the grass. But she had no eyes nor ears for the beauty of the day. With beating heart she strolled along. And at last the edge of the forest was reached. Under the shadow of the great trees passed the woman and the cow. Soon they were deep in the forest, shut from all eyes. Then there was no more need of pretense. Leaving her cow to find its way home as best it might, Laura ran through the cool, still woods upon her heroic errand. The way was rough, but she did not hesitate. On and on she went, panting, breathless, now stopping a moment to rest, now hurrying on again, startled by a rustle in the bushes, trembling at the call of some wild animal, but always pressing forward to the end of her journey. She was not made of the stuff that turns aside for difficulties.

A walk of twenty miles along a level, well-made road may not seem a great task for a strong woman used to life in the country. But to go twenty miles through a pathless wilder-

ness, up hill and down, over rocky streams, through swamp and bog, haunted every moment by danger of discovery, is a task that needs all the strength and courage of a brave woman.

Hour after hour Laura walked and ran and scrambled onward. The sun rose high and beat down in the hot woods; the brambles caught and tore her clothes; the stones bruised her feet. Still she pushed on. At last the sun began to sink; twilight came, and the moon rose, before she neared the end of her journey. Just as she thought her labor was over, Indians rushed out upon her from behind some trees and barred her path. For a moment it seemed that all her toil and courage had been of no use, and that a death of torture was to be her fate. Then with relief she saw that the Indians were friendly, and in a few minutes she was led before Fitzgibbon.

Quickly Laura's story was told, and as the soldier listened he bowed in respect before the brave woman. Then with glowing words of thanks and praise ringing in her ears, she was led away to a nearby farmhouse to rest.

Fitzgibbon made his plans quickly. First he sent a messenger hurrying toward Twelve Mile Creek to ask for help. Then he ordered his Indians to scatter through the woods and watch for the approach of the enemy.

The night passed quietly, but as day dawned, the gleam of steel was seen and the tramp of men was heard. As the Americans came on, the Indians, yelling horribly, fired upon them from all sides. They made so much noise and fired with such deadly aim, keeping out of sight all the time, that the Americans believed there were hundreds against them. For two hours this fight against an unseen foe lasted. Then the Americans began to waver. Their leader was uncertain what to do. Believing himself surrounded, he hesitated whether to go on or to go back. At this moment Fitzgibbon, at the head of his thirty redcoats, appeared bearing a flag of truce. The firing ceased, and after a few minutes' parley the American commander surrendered.

Fitzgibbon had hardly expected to succeed so easily. Now he scarcely knew what to do with the prisoners he had made.

How could thirty soldiers and a few savages guard five hundred? But soon, by good fortune, two hundred men arrived from Twelve Mile Creek, and his difficulties were at an end.

Canada did not forget Laura Secord and her brave deed. Nor did Britain forget her. Years later, when the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, visited Canada, he found time in the midst of many balls, parties, and official engagements, to go to see an old woman, and hear from her own lips how, when she was young, she had carried a message through wood and wilderness to save her country from defeat.

ON THE BATTLEFIELDS
OF FRANCE

I've never had much envy for the man
Who rolled in money and a limousine;
I hoped that I'd complete my little span,
Not rich or poor, but comfortably between.

I've felt a spasm, now and then, of shame
When some great writer phrased a poem well,
Yet have I warmed myself before his flame
And so forgotten I had less to tell.

Achievement, if it passed me by, must go;
I knew no reason for a vain regret.
Far from the tideway's boiling ebb and flow,
I'd be forgotten and I would forget.

But there *are* things! I met a man to-day—
A *man*, I tell you!—with an empty sleeve!
That much of him the Huns had shot away.
And he was fresh from France at home on leave.

The sights that man had seen!—the dangers known!
A medal told its tale of work well done!
And he so young—a lad just newly grown—
Had lost so much, and yet so much more won!

I envied him the glory of his cross,
Won in the fight for worldwide liberty!
I envied him the hurt! The splendid loss
Had left him so much more than all of me!

—O. C. A. CHILD.*

* Used by permission of the author and of *The New York Times*.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from a train)

By W. M. LETTS

I SAW the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford,
Against a pearl-gray sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play;
But when the bugles sounded—War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down;
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown,
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

"SWEET LAVENDER"

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

I HEAR the words, "Sweet Lavender," and think of the edgings of old garden borders, straggling, spiky little bushes with palely unobtrusive flowers. I think of linen cupboards, of sheets and pillow-cases redolent with very delicate perfume. I think of the women who wander through such gardens, who find a pride in their store of scented house-linen; delicately nurtured ladies, very gentle, a little tinged with melancholy, innocent, sweet. My thoughts wander through memories and guesses about their ways of life. Nothing in the whole long train of thought prepares me for, or tends in any way to suggest, this "Sweet Lavender."

It is a building. In the language of the army—the official language—it is a Hut; but hardly more like the hut of civil life than it is like the flower from which it takes its name. The walls are of thin wood. The roof is corrugated iron. It contains two long, low halls. Glaring electric lights hang from the rafters. They must glare if they are to shine at all, for the air is thick with tobacco-smoke. Inside the halls are gathered hundreds of soldiers. In one, that which we enter first, the men are sitting, packed close together at small tables. They turn over the pages of illustrated papers. They drink tea, cocoa, and hot milk. They eat buns and slices of bread and butter. They write those letters home which express so little, and, to those who understand, mean so much. Of the letters written home from camp, half at least are on paper which bear the stamp of the Y. M. C. A.—paper given to all who ask in this Hut and a score of others. Reading, eating, drinking, writing, chatting, or playing draughts, everybody smokes. Everybody, such is the climate, reeks with damp. Everybody is hot. The last thing that the air suggests



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

DR. JOHN R. MOTT

Head of the Y. M. C. A. War Work which did so much for the comfort and happiness of our soldiers.

to the nose of one who enters is the smell of "Sweet Lavender."

In the other, the inner hall, there are more men, still more closely packed together, smoking more persistently, and the air is even denser. Here no one is eating, no one reading. Few attempt to write. The evening entertainment is about to begin. On a narrow platform at one end of the hall is a piano. A pianist has taken possession of it. He has been selected by no one in authority, elected by no committee. He has occurred, emerged from the mass of men; by virtue of some energy within him has made good his position in front of the instrument. He flogs the keys, and above the babel of talk sounds some rag-time melody, once popular, now forgotten or despised at home. Here or there a voice takes up the tune and sings or chants it. The audience begins to catch the spirit of the entertainment. Someone calls the name of Corporal Smith. A man struggles from his seat and leaps on to the platform. He is greeted with applauding cheers. There is a short consultation between him and the pianist. A tentative chord is struck. Corporal Smith nods approval and turns to the audience. His song begins. If it is the kind of song which has a chorus, the audience shouts it, and Corporal Smith conducts the singing with wavings of his arm.

Corporal Smith is a popular favorite. We know his worth as a singer, demand and applaud him. But there are other candidates for favor. Before the applause has died away, while still acknowledgments are being bowed, another man takes his place on the platform. He is a stranger, and no one knows what he will sing. But the pianist is a man of genius. Whisper to him the name of a song, give even a hint of its nature, let him guess at the kind of voice—bass, baritone, tenor—and he will vamp an accompaniment. He has his difficulties. A singer will start at the wrong time, will for a whole verse, perhaps, make noises in a different key; the pianist never fails. Somehow, before very long, instrument and singer get together—more or less.

There is no dearth of singers, no bashful hanging back, no waiting for polite pressure. Everyone who can sing, or thinks

he can, is eager to display his talent. There is no monotony. A boisterous comic song is succeeded by one about summer roses, autumn leaves, and the kisses of a maiden at a stile. The vagaries of a ventriloquist are a matter for roars of laughter. A song about the beauty of the rising moon pleases us all equally well. An original genius sings a song of his own composition, rough-hewn verses set to a familiar tune, about the difficulty of obtaining leave, and the longing that is in all our hearts for a return to "Blighty, dear old Blighty." Did ever men before fix such a name on the standard for which they fight? Now and again someone comes forward with a long narrative song, a kind of ballad chanted to a tune very difficult to catch. It is about as hard to keep track with the story as to pick up the tune. Words—better singers fail in the same way—are not easily distinguished, though the man does his best, and clears his throat carefully between each verse.

About manners and dress the audience is very little critical. But about the merits of the songs and the singers the men express their opinions with the utmost frankness. The applause is genuine, and the singer who wins it is under no doubt about its reality. The song which makes no appeal is simply drowned by loud talk, and the unfortunate singer will crack his voice in vain in an endeavor to regain the attention he has lost.

Encores are rare, and the men are slow to take them. There is a man toward the end of the evening who wins one, unmistakably, with an inimitable burlesque of "Alice, where art thou?" The pianist fails to keep in touch with the astonishing vagaries of this performance, and the singer, unabashed, finishes without accompaniment. The audience yells with delight, and continues to yell till the singer comes forward again. This time he gives us a song about leaving home, a thing of heart-rending pathos, and we wail the chorus.

The entertainment draws to its close about eight o'clock. Men go to bed betimes who know that a bugle will sound the *réveillé* at 5.30 in the morning. The end is always the same, but always comes strangely, always as a surprise. We sing a

hymn, for choice a very sentimental hymn. We say a short prayer, often as rugged and unconventional as the entertainment itself. Then "The King!" In these two words we announce the National Anthem, and the men stand stiffly to attention while they sing.

At half-past eight, by order of the supreme authorities, "Sweet Lavender" Hut must close its doors. The end of the entertainment is planned to allow time for a final cup of tea or a last glass of Horlick's Malted Milk before we go out to flounder through the mud to our tents. This last half-hour is a busy one for the ladies behind the counter in the outer hall. Long queues of men stand waiting to be served. Dripping cups and sticky buns are passed to them with inconceivable rapidity. The work is done at high pressure, but with the tea and the food the men receive something else, something they pay no penny for, something, the value of which to them is above all measuring with pennies—the friendly smile, the kindly word, of a woman.

We can partly guess at what these ladies have given up at home to do this work—servile, sticky, dull work—for men who are neither kith nor kin to them. No one will ever know the amount of good they do; without praise, pay, or hope of honors, often without thanks. If "the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom," surely these deeds of love and kindness have a fragrance of surpassing sweetness. Perhaps, after all, the hut is well-named "Sweet Lavender." The discerning eye sees the flowers through the mist of steaming tea. We catch the perfume while we choke in the reek of tobacco smoke, damp clothes, and heated bodies. It is not every Y. M. C. A. Hut which is honored with a name. "Sweet Lavender" stands alone here among the huts distinguished only by numbers. But surely they should all be called after flowers, for in them grow the sweetest blooms of all.

HOW THE BOY SCOUTS HELPED THE NATION *

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

AT the outbreak of the war with Germany, there were 250,000 boys between twelve and eighteen, enrolled under the standard of the Boy Scouts of America. There were besides, 350,000 boys and young men in the country who, during the past decade, had received the training of body and mind and character that all Boy Scouts, who are true to the scout oath, receive. Six hundred thousand boys and young men who had taken the oath: "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law!" Six hundred thousand of them! Rather more than twice the number enrolled in the army, the navy, the marine corps, the naval militia and the national guard put together at the beginning of the war.

Six hundred thousand boys, trained to obedience and to life in the open, all of them knowing something of woodcraft, signaling, and first aid, all of them imbued with the spirit of service to their country and their fellow-men, bound by oath to observe to the best of their ability the twelve commandments of the Scout Law, which are Moses and King Arthur rolled into one!

At the outbreak of war, the question naturally arose, How is this army of boys to be used best in the service of the country?

It was recalled that when war broke like a sudden tidal wave over Europe, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Chief of England's Boy Scouts, immediately rallied 5,000 of his adherents, marched with them to the War Department and offered their services as orderlies and messengers. There were

* Used by permission of *The Red Cross Magazine*.

consequently rumors that the Boy Scouts of America would be given guns and set to do military work of one kind or another. But those rumors were promptly quashed by the responsible officers of the Boy Scout organization. The Boy Scouts had never received training with guns, they pointed out, and would not now be armed. Military work was for men, not for boys.

There was other work to do, quite as important at the moment. The training they had undergone made them efficient and dependable in sending messages by wire, wireless, or semaphore; in coöperating in the protection of property by accepting definite assignments for the purpose of giving alarm in case of danger; in distributing notices and gathering statistical information for the use of the civil or military authorities; in acting as messengers and orderlies; in rendering first aid to the sick and the injured, and otherwise coöperating with agencies organized for relief work and assuming some definite part in the American Red Cross Society. Evidently there was plenty of work for the Boy Scouts to do.

Within ten days after the declaration of a state of war with Germany, the Boy Scouts were given their first great assignment. Planting gardens had not been among the occupations for which the Boy Scout had seemed to his superiors peculiarly adapted; but from Hoover of Belgium came the call: *Bread and Boats!* and from Scout Headquarters rang the slogan: *Every scout to feed a soldier!* and within a week on thousands of farms and in thousands of back yards and countless school playgrounds, boys who had not looked with favor on spade and hoe in the past were digging and planting with zest. A chore had suddenly become thrilling. The hoe had become as romantic as a gun, for the boy who wielded it thought of the soldier he was feeding and knew that he was serving his country well.

"Beans! Beans! Beans!"

Mr. Hoover had cabled to the Chief Scout Executive, James E. West, that the foodstuff which the world needed above all was beans. "Let the Boy Scouts see to it that they are planted everywhere," his cablegram ran, "so that the big-

gest bean crop ever known shall be the bean contribution of the Boy Scouts to America and her Allies."

"*Beans! Beans! Beans!*" From Headquarters the slogan went forth to every scoutmaster in the country. With it went circulars and booklets—how to plant, when to plant. Seed was procured in quantity and sold to boys for half or one-third the market price. At a great Boy Scout rally in the Hippodrome in New York City, thousands of boys were given inspiration, instructions, and *beans!* Every loyal Boy Scout was expected to plant those beans and to care for those beans until they brought forth other beans, ten-fold and twenty-fold, to feed the defenders of democracy.

"EVERY SCOUT TO SAVE A SOLDIER"

But he was expected to do more. The National Council of the Boy Scouts voted to recognize garden activity by the award of special war service medals or emblems. The scout must have a garden of his own or do equivalent work in another's garden, but in addition he must induce nine others to do likewise. A Scout must be industrious, persistent, and strong of limb; and evidently it availeth much if he hath likewise the gift of gab.

No one will ever know how many beans grew out of the Hippodrome distribution, not even Mr. Hoover, but everyone who will may know to a penny the result that followed the trumpeting of the Boy Scout's next slogan: *Every Scout to save a soldier!* The Liberty Loan Committee of the Second Federal Reserve District had appealed to the Boy Scouts of America for assistance in floating the great loan. The President himself had seconded the appeal. The officials at the National Headquarters assented heartily and forthwith set in motion the gigantic machinery of the organization. A study of existing literature on the Liberty Bond was made by the Headquarters staff and copy prepared for a circular, telling what the Loan meant. This was submitted to representatives of the bankers' committee, enthusiastically approved, taken to Washington, submitted to the Treasury Department, again ap-

proved with enthusiasm and forwarded to the Public Printer with an order for *ten million copies!*

Meanwhile, the National Headquarters in New York had sent out a series of "Emergency Circulars" giving information to all Scout officials concerning the plans for the crusade and requesting reports on local conditions. On June 11, the actual drive began. North and South, East and West, the scouts—250,000 of them—emerged with their printed appeals to their elders to capitalize their faith in Uncle Sam. In 2,000 cities and towns the boys swarmed forth, high-spirited and confident.

For four days they labored in a house to house canvass. Here a single troop sold \$50,000 worth of bonds, there a single Scout secured contributions amounting to \$8,000. How many doorbells were rung and how many men and women were besought to "save a soldier" it would be futile to guess. But, when the campaign closed on June 14, no less than 140,697 different persons had subscribed. The Boy Scouts, in four days, had collected applications for Liberty Loan bonds amounting to \$18,661,000. [The goal of the Boy Scouts during the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign was \$200,000,000.]

"THE READINESS IS ALL"

It was a great triumph, due to a large extent to efficient organization, but to a far greater extent to the spirit of scouting. Scouts are boys, but they are boys *plus*, and that *plus* is the Scout Law driven into the heart of every Boy Scout by the Scout Oath; driven until it sticks. Service to your country and your fellows, readiness, cleanliness of body and mind, alertness, self-respect! With that ideal on a boy's banner the character of the service demanded makes small difference. It may be digging gardens, it may be collecting Liberty Bond pledges, it may be killing flies, or cleaning up Widow Mayhew's back yard. As a great poet once said long ago: "The readiness is all!"

The Boy Scouts are still distributing literature on fire-prevention, especially in forests. They are still planting trees.

protecting parks, painting fire hydrants, establishing town clocks, testing street lights, helping in public playgrounds, cleaning sidewalks, assisting in campaigns for good roads, coöperating with the S. P. C. A., serving on relief committees, aiding blind people, reporting unsanitary conditions, destroying tent caterpillars, "adopting" friendless old people, gathering old clothes for the needy, fighting forest fires, and the like. They are doing all these things, besides their new war work, their gardens, their Liberty Loan campaigns. But they are energetic youngsters. They find time also to collect money for the Red Cross.

And they did even more. They were veterans of three campaigns now, these Boy Scouts. And again at the call of Mr. Hoover—no longer Hoover of Belgium—but Hoover of the U. S. A.—they set forth on the most difficult endeavor of all. For Mr. Hoover announced plans for enrolling the women of the country in the Food Administration, and asked the Boy Scouts to assist in tabulating and checking up the twenty million families of the nation.

The part of the Boy Scouts was to go to those twenty million homes and secure answers to the questions Mr. Hoover must know if he was to serve the country efficiently and lead American women in their own particular war against waste.

EMERGENCY COAST GUARD SERVICE

If you are a Boy Scout, you cannot be asked to do a soldier's work. That is the decree of Headquarters. But you are not only permitted but urged to coöperate with the armed forces of the nation in at least one branch of service which is closely enough allied to the actual work of combatants to thrill the most exacting imagination. That is the Emergency Coast Service, organized by the Boy Scouts of America to supplement the United States Coast Guard.

This Guard has all that it can do to keep watch adequately over the many thousands of miles of American coast line. The Emergency Coast Service has therefore been organized



Copyright by the Committee on Public Information.

USING THE FLAPPER FAN TO DRIVE GAS OUT OF THE TRENCHES

to "act when called upon as an auxiliary of the regular U. S. Coast Guard in maintaining a vigorous outlook; to relieve able-bodied men for more active service in other capacities; and, in general, to make itself useful to the country in this time of national emergency."

This service is under the direction of the naval authorities, working in conjunction with the "Home Department" of the Emergency Coast Service, under specially assigned officials of the Boy Scouts whose function it is to arrange with local Scout officials, superintendents of schools, and parents or guardians, for the services of boys available for this coast guard work. It is a clearing-house for bringing together a government eager for the service of the nation's boys, and the boys, eager to serve.

SUCCESS OF THE TRUE SPIRIT

Gardens, Liberty Bonds, Red Cross, Food Conservation, Coast Guard Service! There is the answer to the query, What are the Boy Scouts doing for their country! It is not the whole answer. No one knows the whole answer. No one ever will. Parts of it lie hidden in the memories of boys scattered over the length and breadth of the land, boys who have remembered that the Scout Oath demands service to the country, and in ways small or great, in a thousand ways never registered, have rendered and are rendering this service.

Ten years ago boys were boys. We were told that boys always would be boys, and the people who told us that meant that boys were bound to be harum-scarum, wild, lovable, and undependable, and never could be expected to be anything else. Boys are still boys, but the boys who are Scouts are something besides. They are knights of a new Order of Service, practical, without cant, and altogether of the present, but in its essentials closely akin to that other Order of which Launcelot, Arthur, and Galahad were the most valiant "scouts."

Like the men of the Round Table, these boys are bound by an oath to serve their fellow-men, their country, and

their God. Surely, boys who take that oath are more than just boys. They are gallant apprentices in knighthood whom the country needs to-day and will need even more when the time comes for them to vote. Boys are boys, and boys will be boys. But it is good to know that there are 600,000 boys who are boys *plus*, inasmuch as they are, or have been, Boy Scouts.

THE BLIND LED BY THE DYING

By ERIC WOOD

IT was one of the epics of the war. Two unnamed aerial heroes of France acting on instructions, went on a mission perilous, which was to find out the position of a German battery that was doing much damage to the French lines. The observer, a young lieutenant, was well pleased when, after having run the gauntlet of a hundred guns, and passing through an inferno of a thousand shells, he succeeded in locating the battery and some others near at hand.

Above the roar of the engine and the sharp, staccato notes of exploding shells, the pilot heard the lieutenant's voice:

"Turn back, we've got what we came for!"

The watching, firing Germans saw the airplane swerve, saw it bank perilously, and realized that the aviator-scouts were off back to their own lines with information which would bring a tornado of fire upon the concealed batteries. As the machine righted itself there came an intensified thunder of guns, the airmen saw the belching smoke below, heard the scream of shells rushing dangerously near, and smiled grimly as now and again shrapnel bullets pierced the airplanes' wings. The smoke from the bursting shells made it almost impossible for the pilot to see any distance, and to get away he knew that he must soar, especially as the Germans were finding the range too surely. He manipulated his levers, and the machine began to rise easily, as a bird rises on the wing.

Even at the moment when it seemed that they would get away there was a crash as though heaven and earth had met in one catastrophic smash. From the maw of a German gun had sped a shell which, rising to a great height, burst directly over the airplane, its shower of bullets spreading all around, its smoke blotting out earth and sky. For an instant—an in-

stant fraught with the possibility of death—the pilot felt helpless, almost poisoned as he was by the sickening smell and deafened by the terrific roar. And in that instant he was an automaton—a mere machine which did the work it was accustomed to. By no volition of his own he kept his hand on the control wheel, and the airplane sped through the fog, onward and upward.

Once out of the acid-filled radius, the aviator seemed to regain his senses; he again was consciously guiding the machine. But, although the mists of the mind were clearing a little, he did not realize at once what had happened; he felt pain—a searing pain that seemed to be burning into his very brain by way of his eyes; he could see no clear, blue sky, could catch no glimpse of the far-away earth below. He told himself that that was because of the shell-fog surrounding him; he must get higher still, higher even than the six thousand feet he had been when the terror came; so, a touch on the lever, a leap of the machine, and up, up, into what the unnamed hero knew must be clear air; but still the darkness, the unutterable blackness.

Then it came to him—came as come the greatest things in a man's life, suddenly, overpoweringly, the knowledge that he was blind.

At such a moment a man may be forgiven if all his defenses are let down and the Great Fear enters in. The horror of it all surged through this Frenchman's being. Over six thousand feet above the earth, with death—an awful death—below if he lost touch of the sensitive levers of his machine; death, for all he knew, hovering around him in the shape of German shells; death, above him perhaps, from some German aviator who might have risen to drive him back; certainly death if he dropped low too suddenly.

Then the terror passed. Knowing not whither he went—went on, descending slowly, and hoping that he was going toward his own lines. For did not his comrades await his coming with the news of the whereabouts of the hidden guns?

The thought of this reminded him that he had a companion. Instinctively he turned his sightless eyes as though he would

look upon the observer ; he saw nothing, but there came to him the voice of the lieutenant, strangely weak, yet fiercely insistent :

"Look out ! Go up !"

There was no time for questions. The pilot knew, though he saw not, that the lieutenant had seen that which made ascent imperative. So violently did he jerk the machine upward that it seemed it must collapse. There was a scraping which the blinded pilot could not understand until the observer told him that they had crashed into a steeple vane and scarred their way along it. By a miracle the machine kept its balance, its body was not torn to pieces ; it rose higher, away out of danger.

"I'm dying," said the observer, when that peril was past.

Extraordinary though it may seem, the pilot saw nothing strange in that tragic announcement ; the wonder was that both were not lying dead below.

"And I—I am blind," he said simply.

Never before, surely, were two men in such a predicament ! A blind man piloting an airplane which was the hearse of another.

And yet these men thought not of themselves, only of the information they had been sent to obtain and carry to headquarters.

"We must get back," said one.

"Yes," said the other, as though it were the most matter-of-fact thing in the world for a blind man and a dying man to be winging through space. They knew the way it was to be done : while the pilot guided the machine the observer must guide him, the dying man must lead the blind.

The lieutenant's last instruction was about landing ; the pilot took it, as indeed it was, as a message from the dead. He manipulated his levers, the machine began to descend in a spiral, the sightless pilot keeping his hand on the wheel, and waiting, waiting for he knew not what. Perhaps a crash into the top of some trees or on to the roof of some house. Perhaps—perhaps a hundred likely things occurred to the pilot as he sat helpless in his seat—helpless and well-nigh hopeless.

But, light as a bird, the machine touched earth, ran along a

little, then stopped. There was a rush of many feet, the pilot was taken out of the airplane alive, the lieutenant was lifted out dead. He had made himself live till the work was done; his unconquerable spirit, his devotion to duty had kept him going till the French lines were reached and it was possible for the pilot to descend with the news they had been to fetch.

Calmly the sightless pilot told of the guns that lay hidden from sight, told of the flight with death hovering all around, and then the strong man became weak because he knew that his work was done.

"All I regret is that I cannot do it again!" he said sadly.

HOW CAREY HELD THE GAP *

By AN EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK TIMES"

THERE was nothing between the Germans and Amiens except Carey, at that point, and he had to improvise something more. By telephone, by messenger, by flag signals, he got hold of everybody around; labor battalions, "sturdy middle-aged men," electricians and signalers, members of "an infantry training school near by," machine gunners hurriedly armed with rifles, engineers, and "fifty cavalymen to do a little scouting." With this force Carey stopped the gap in the British line for nearly six days. He improvised a staff as he went on, "officers learning the ground by having to defend it and every man from enlisted man to brigadier jumping at each job as it came along."

There is something of peculiar interest to Americans in this. Early in the fight there were references in the British reports to "Americans fighting shoulder to shoulder with the French and British." The Americans referred to so mysteriously were part of that strangely mixed force that Carey drummed up from the void. They were engineers, who at Carey's call picked up rifles and merged themselves in his motley corps without orders from anybody. It was the same thing that happened at Cambrai. They were not many, but in view of the unmistakable fact that history will never tell the story of the battle of Picardy without telling the story of the place where Carey fought, it is mighty comforting to know that the Yankees were there. It is perhaps only luck, but at Cambrai and on the Luce the engineers have won from the marines the right to the motto, "First to fight."

The middle-aged man, who had been feeling a little out of sorts since the Great War began, elbowed as he had been into

* Used by permission of *The New York Times*.

a corner, had his innings on the Luce, if he never does again. Those labor battalions, past the fighting age in theory, were among the men who stopped the gap on the Luce and saved the British army, who kept Hindenburg out of Amiens and perhaps out of Paris; "strong as oxen and mighty bruisers at close quarters," records the correspondent. It is a little ironical; not good enough for ordinary fighting, on them was unexpectedly laid the burden of extraordinary fighting. Not good enough for a skirmish, they were good enough to hold the bridge like Horatius; they were good enough for Thermopylæ. The middle-aged man everywhere may throw out his chest a little; Mars has taken a moment to vindicate him.

There is something old-fashioned about that picture of Carey himself, "careless of danger," riding along the hastily made lines "giving an order here and shouting a word of encouragement there to his weary and hard-pressed men." We have read so much about generals sitting at a telephone five miles off that we had begun to think there would never be any Waynes and Washingtons again. Carey not only stopped the gap on the road to Amiens, but, with his middle-aged laborers turned volunteers, his gunners armed with rifles, and his own cheery gallops down the lines, he for a moment made the glaringly unnatural war seem normal again,

NINE CHAPTERS FROM OUR
OWN CENTURY

THE SCHOOLMASTER WHO BECAME THE WORLD'S SPOKESMAN *

(Woodrow Wilson)

By ALFRED G. GARDINER

IT was the eve of the Lynde debate, and all Princeton University was alive with anticipation. Not that there was any serious doubt as to who would win the coveted prize, for young Woodrow Wilson had established his reputation as the first debater of the university, and his victory was assured. But the event was new, and the interest in it had something of the attraction of the ring or of a baseball match. Each of the two halls furnished representatives for the competition, the choice being determined by a preliminary debate. The subject of this preliminary debate in Whig Hall was "Free Trade vs. Protection," and the competitors were given their parts by lot. The hat went round, and Wilson took out a slip. It bore the word "Protection."

He tore up the paper and declined to debate. He was a keen free trader, and not even as a mere dialectical exercise would he consent to advance arguments in which he did not believe. Robert Bridges therefore became Whig Hall's representative, and in the debate he was beaten by Halsey, the Clio's representative, who attributed his victory to the fact that the man who would have vanquished him was too scrupulous to argue a cause against his own convictions. The incident is typical of the man. Dr. Wilson is the first great coin struck in the mint of American politics for half a century.

It is one of the ironies of nature—against which he humorously protests—that he should in feature so closely resemble

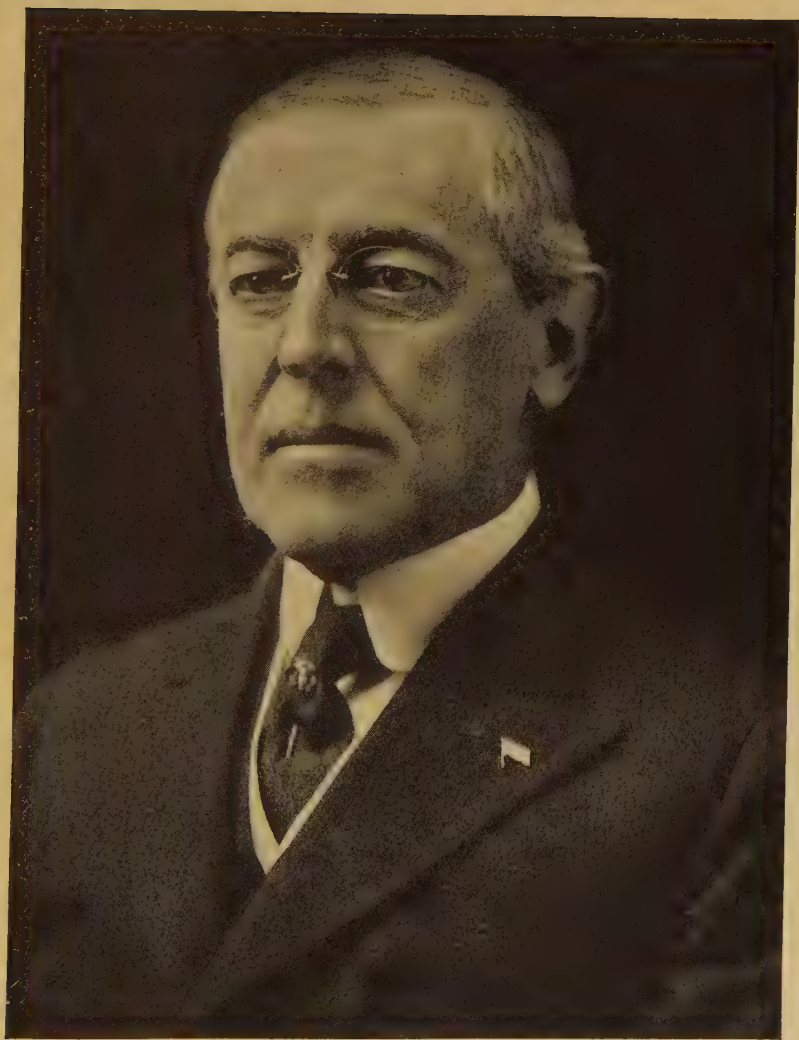
* An article of fresh interest, because it is a study of a great American by a great Englishman, the editor of the London *Daily News*. Used by permission of the author and his publisher, A. C. Dent & Co., London, England.

Joseph Chamberlain. There is the same low broad brow, the same deep fold of the upper eyelid that gives so penetrating an effect to the glance, the same challenging nose, the same full lips of the rhetorician. Only about the mouth is there a difference. Mr. Chamberlain's mouth is relentless. But around Dr. Wilson's mouth there play the lines of gayety and laughter—the insignia of one who loves a little nonsense now and then, delights in limericks and droll stories, is fond of play and a good song. "Even a reformer," he says, "need not be a fool." Even a professor need not be a dull dog. And the world is never dull when President Wilson bursts into it. For one thing there is sure to be a glee club, for he loves singing as much as debating.

But in spite of many marked differences of temperament and outlook, that likeness to Mr. Chamberlain represents one fundamental affinity. The keynote of both is a certain hard masterfulness—hard, combative, direct; no compromise, no concealment, no finesse, but smashing drives straight from the shoulder.

Take that case which first revealed to America that a man was in its midst. He had just emerged defeated from his memorable struggle to convert Princeton University from "the best country club" in the United States into a great instrument of scholarship and democracy. He was defeated by the millionaires. What? Make a gentleman chum with a mucker? Break down the club system which divided the university into gentlemen and rankers? Degrade the old nobility of pork by association with penniless brains? Never, *Never*, NEVER! The millionaires charged in the sacred name of dollars—charged and won. "The country is looking to us as men who prefer ideas to money," said Dr. Wilson, with bitter irony. "After all, we are mistaken; we prefer money to ideas." It was a glorious defeat; its fruit was that, five years later, the victim of the millionaires was President of the United States. They had beaten him in a skirmish, only to find that they had made him their ruler with the legions of American democracy at his back.

But to return to the episode. The conflict had made him



Copyright by Clinedinst Studio, Washington, D. C.

WOODROW WILSON

famous in the state, and now just when his career at Princeton seemed ended in failure he received an invitation to become the Democratic-candidate for the governorship of New Jersey. Dr. Wilson was puzzled. Ex-Senator Smith was the boss of the Democratic machine and the synonym of corrupt politics, and against him and all his works Dr. Wilson had waged unceasing war. What did this mean? Was ex-Senator Smith hoping to get back to the United States Senate under cover of Wilson's high reputation? He would see. Yes, he said, he would stand on one condition—that Smith did not. "Were he to do so while I was governor," he said, "I should have to oppose him. He represents everything repugnant to my convictions." Oh, certainly not—nothing was further from the mind of the bosses. Moreover, Smith was too unwell to be a candidate.

Dr. Wilson ran and captured the governorship, which had been held for years by the Republicans. And on the same day James E. Martine was elected in the "primary" as Senator. The way was clear; enter to the governor, ex-Senator Smith, a gentleman of fine manners and great cunning. The simple professor would, he felt, be clay in his hands. He spoke discreetly of his past and of the improvement in his health. He thought he was well enough to seek reelection to the Senate. Wilson was stiff. The primary had elected Martine, and there was nothing for the Legislature to do but ratify that election. "The primary was a joke," said Smith. "It was very far from a joke," said the governor-elect. "But assume that it was. Then the way to save it from being a joke hereafter is to take it seriously now. It is going to be taken seriously, and there will be no more jokes. Unless I hear from you by the last mail delivery on Thursday that you abandon this intention I shall announce my opposition to you on Friday morning."

The letter did not come; instead an appeal for delay. No delay; the denunciation appeared on Friday, and Wilson, not waiting for the meeting of the Legislature, went direct to the people, and in a series of great meetings called on them to see that their representatives carried out the will of the people declared at the primary.

It was the first great challenge to the machine of the bosses. The legislators were paralyzed between the gay defiance of this political novice and the dread of the machine. "Do not allow yourselves to be dismayed," said the governor. "You see where the machine is entrenched, and it looks like a real fortress. It looks as if real men were inside, as if they had real guns. Go and touch it. It is a house of cards. Those are imitation generals. Those are playthings that look like guns. Go and put your shoulder against the thing and it collapses." They did put their shoulders against it and it did collapse. The Legislature elected Martine to the Senate by forty votes to Smith's four.

And now you know why "Boss" Croker, on being asked during a recent visit to America what he thought of Woodrow Wilson, said, "An ingrate is no good in politics." The machine had adopted the schoolmaster as a tool; it had found him its master.

But the mistake indeed was in supposing that Woodrow Wilson was an amateur politician. He is, on the contrary, the best-equipped politician in America. His whole career, as student, as lawyer, and as professor had been governed by the deliberate purpose of qualifying for public life. He wrote on Burke and Cobden and Bright. He went out into the woods to declaim the great music of Burke. He lost no opportunity of debating, and directed all his college life to the mastery of politics. From all this it followed that when once in the saddle Woodrow Wilson swept through the lists like a tornado. Never had New Jersey or any other state seen such a governor. He passed measures which broke the power of the bosses, restored election to the people, stopped corrupt practices, betting on elections, and treating by candidates, set up a public utilities commission to control all monopolies, provided automatic compensation to injured workmen, reorganized the school system, the penal system, and the control of the food supply.

The bosses were awed; the Legislature stampeded. On the eve of the passing of the Geran bill, James Nugent, ex-Senator Smith's lieutenant, made one more attempt at parley. He called to talk things over with the terrible governor, and, find-

ing Wilson adamant, lost his temper. "I know you think you've the votes," he exclaimed; "I don't know how you got them." "What do you mean?" "I mean it's the talk of the State House that you got them by patronage." "Good afternoon, Mr. Nugent," and the governor pointed to the door. "You're no gentleman," cried Nugent. "You're no judge," replied Dr. Wilson, still pointing to the door.

And having fleshed his sword on the field of New Jersey politics, Woodrow Wilson faced the greatest problem of statesmanship that the world had to offer—the problem of how to rescue government from the tyranny of the machine, which is controlled by the Trusts, which in turn express ultimately the will of a few gigantic financiers, who are the "invisible power" that controls America. That power is an incident of an outgrown Constitution—one of those Constitutions that, as Woodrow Wilson says, "If you button them over the belly they split up the back." Or rather, it doesn't split; it strangles and suffocates.

Mr. Wilson does great things with an extreme economy of effort. His speeches have the quality of acts. When the Underwood tariff bill was introduced, his speech to Congress occupied eight minutes. It is not that he scorns oratory in its place. It is the instrument through which one touches the general heart to fine issues. But when he comes to business he dismisses rhetoric.

He is that rare combination, a thinker who loves action, a scholar and a man of affairs, one who reads Greek and writes shorthand, who combines a luminous idealism with the practicality of a plumber and a sunny smile with a ruthless purpose. His courage mounts to any task; but he has a scrupulous tidiness in small things. When he has finished writing he wipes his pen and puts the cloth back in the drawer. He has great energy; but it is not the boisterous energy of Mr. Roosevelt. It is disciplined. "After all," he says, "life doesn't consist in eternally running to a fire."

The kaiser made many miscalculations about nations and about men, but no greater miscalculation than that which he made in regard to President Wilson and the United States.

He was not alone in that. President Wilson was assumed, in ill-informed quarters, to be a timid, academic person.

If there was misunderstanding in England on the subject we cannot be surprised that the kaiser blundered so badly. He, too, believed in the "schoolmaster" view of Woodrow Wilson. A man who had refused such a golden opportunity of annexing Mexico must be a timid, invertebrate person who had only to be bullied in order to do what he was told. Moreover, was there not that great German-American population to serve as a whip for the Presidential back? It is because no man in a conspicuous position in the democratic world to-day is so entirely governed by principle and by moral sanctions that President Wilson is not merely the first citizen of the United States, but the first citizen of the world. Mistakes, no doubt, for he is human, but they have never been the mistakes of a weak man, most certainly they have never been the mistakes of a political gambler or of one who has ever been touched by the sordid motives of ambition. To suppose that such a man, the head of such a country, was to be terrorized by "big talk" was the silliest misreading of his character. Courage, not the courage that gambles on the public emotions, but the courage that takes its stand on moral grounds, has been the capital note of his career.

As President, his achievements in internal policy have been as remarkable for their magnitude as for their courage and their wisdom. His speeches have the brevity of Lincoln, something of that great man's force, still more of the note of Burke.

THE PRAYER *

(The Real Experience of a French Gunner)

By AMELIA J. BURR

YOU say there's only evil in this war—
That bullets drive out Christ? If you had been
In Furnes with me that night . . . what would you say,
I wonder?

It was ruin past all words,
Horror where joyous comfort used to be,
And not clean quiet death, for all day long
The great shells tore the little that remained
Like vultures on a body that still breathes.
They stopped as it grew dark. I looked about
The ghastly wilderness that once had been
The village street, and saw no other life
Except a Belgian soldier, shadowy
Among the shadows, and a little group
Of children creeping from a cellar school
And hurrying home. One older than the rest—
So little older!—mothered them along
Till all at once a stray belated shell
Whined suddenly out of the gloom, and burst
Near-by. The babies wailed and clung together,
Helpless with fear. In vain the little mother
Encouraged them—"But no! you mustn't cry,
That isn't brave, that isn't French!" At last
She led her frightened brood across the way
To where there stood a roadside Calvary

* Used by permission of the author, the editors of *The Outlook*, and George H. Doran Co., New York, publishers of "Silver Trumpets," in which this poem is included.

Bearing its sad, indomitable Christ—
Strange how the shells will spare just that! I saw
So many. . . . There they knelt, poor innocents,
Hands folded and eyes closed. I stole across
And stood behind them. "We must say our prayer—
Our Father which art in heaven," she began,
And all the little sobbing voices piped,
"Hallowed be Thy Name." From down the road
The Belgian soldier had come near. I felt
Him standing there beside me in the dusk.
"Thy kingdom come—"

"Thy will be done on earth
As it is in heaven." The irony of it
Cut me like steel. I barely kept an oath
Behind my teeth. If one could name this earth
In the same breath with heaven—what is hell?
Only a little child could pray like this.
"Give us this day our daily bread—" A pause.
There was no answer. She repeated it
Urgently. Still the hush. She opened wide
Reproachful eyes at them. Their eyes were open
Also, and staring at the shadowy shapes
Of ruin all around them. Now that prayer
Had grown too hard even for little children.
"I know—I know—but we *must* say the prayer,"
She faltered. "Give us this day our daily bread,
And—and—forgive——" she stopped.

"Our trespasses
As we forgive them who have trespassed against us."
The children turned, amazed, to see who spoke
The words they could not. I, too, turned to him,
The soldier there beside me—and I looked
Into King Albert's face . . . I have no words
To tell you what I saw . . . only I thought
That while a man's breast held a heart like that,
Christ was not—even here—so far away.

THE KING WHO LOST HIS COUNTRY BUT NOT HIS SOUL *

(Albert of Belgium)

By ALFRED G. GARDINER

WHEN the nightmare has passed and men look back with astonishment at the days when earth was hell, there is one episode that will stand out conspicuous even amid the universal horror. It is the ruin of Belgium.

And if the ruin of Belgium stands out in pathetic relief from the general tragedy, the figure of King Albert will be equally distinguished among those personalities which have been thrown into prominence by the catastrophe.

The king of the Belgians has won the hearts of men as few kings or subjects ever win them, and he will be the symbol of its human and chivalric aspects, just as the kaiser will be the symbol of its barbarities and ambitions. When Europe effects its deliverance from peril it will owe the fact largely to the unparalleled sacrifice of Belgium and the heroic inspiration of Belgium's king. None of those who have any reserves about kingship need have hesitation in making this confession, for King Albert is a king after his own heart—the civic head of a free people.

Not long ago the name of the king of the Belgians was a name of evil import. Leopold II, in his vices, ambitions, and magnificence, played the rôle of the *grand monarque* on a tiny stage. His passion for splendor was largely at the root of the infamy of his rule in the Congo. Men were tortured in the rubber forests of the Congo that he might ape magnificence and build great palaces of empire at home. And his contempt

* Used by permission of the author and his publishers, A. C. Dent & Co., of London, England.

for the poor was as flagrant as his domestic tyranny and his private scandals. At his death M. Vandervelde pronounced on him one of the most terrible verdicts ever passed upon a king. "We have tried," he said, "to find in this long reign of forty-four years one act of goodness, of mercy, of charity. Alas, we can find nothing."

There was never a more striking change in personality than that achieved when his nephew, Albert, the son of the Count of Flanders, came to the throne. Like his uncle, King Albert is a man of great stature and masterful will; but there the likeness ends. So far from playing the grand monarch he is the best type of the citizen king that Europe has yet produced.

M. Waxweiler, who was King Albert's tutor and who is still privileged with his close friendship, gave me long ago a pleasant picture of the plain and homely life and the eager social interests of this remarkable man. Pomp and circumstance are entirely alien to his democratic spirit, and it is a popular saying that when he ascended the throne he did so "with his wife and children."

Mr. MacDonnell, in his "Life" of the king, relates in this connection a pleasant incident of the accession. The king's daughter, too young to figure in the procession, was placed at a window with a supply of bread-and-butter. As her father and mother passed by she cheered with the crowds outside, waving, instead of hat or handkerchief, her slice of bread-and-butter. The story is true to the homely spirit of the citizen king. He has reduced the flummery of courts to their lowest expression, and moves among his people with an easy, unpretentious friendliness, qualified by a modesty that amounts almost to bashfulness. When he and his queen come to England they come as plain citizens, put up at a hotel, visit the theater, go shopping, and vanish without the world being any the wiser.

It is said that a wise man is careful in the choice of his parents. Certainly King Albert was fortunate in his parentage. His father was as remarkable for his capacity as his brother Leopold, but his abilities ran in much nobler channels. Both he and his wife had a genuine passion for the public



Copyright by the Committee on Public Information.
ALBERT; KING OF BELGIUM

good and a homely simplicity in their domestic ways. In a very real and rare sense they cultivated the art of plain living and high thinking.

From such a school King Albert emerged with a human and modern outlook perhaps unprecedented in the records of royalty. His uncle's passion was the greatness of his sovereignty; King Albert's passion is the happiness of his people and the good name of his country. To advance these his whole life has been devoted with extraordinary singleness of aim.

His chivalrous spirit brought him into sharp conflict with his arrogant uncle, and the crime of the Congo made the breach final. When the report of the Congo Commission was issued he was so deeply impressed that, disregarding the hostility of the formidable Leopold, he set out for the Congo to see the truth for himself. I have been told that Leopold never spoke to him again.

He returned from his investigation in August, 1909, and four months later he became king. His accession to the throne was coincident with the wiping out of the blot of the Congo from the record of his country. This directness of personal action has been the dominant note of his career. In order to reign wisely he must know the facts for himself. He knew that the greatness of a country is expressed not in palaces but in the lives of its people, and as heir to the throne he set himself to learn what those lives were like. He worked in the mines, he drove engines on the railways, he mixed with the working classes in all their activities. Nowhere was he better known than among the fishermen of the coast, the revival of whose industry was one of his pet schemes.

And the constant theme of his speeches in the Senate and elsewhere was the well-being of the working population of the country. His speech on coming to the throne announced a new national ideal—the ideal of the democratic state. Even the language of his speech expressed that ideal, for he spoke in the Flemish of the poor as well as in the French of the official and educated community.

But if the condition of the poor was to be raised, something else was necessary besides sympathy and knowledge. That

something was the prosperity of industry and commerce. Now there was one defect in the equipment of his country which, as a sound economist, chiefly disturbed him. Belgium had a great overseas trade and the second port in Europe; but its merchandise was carried in foreign bottoms, chiefly English and German. He saw that this was not merely a source of commercial weakness, but also a political menace. That menace came from Germany.

To change all this, Albert, while still heir apparent, set himself to emulate the example of Peter the Great, though with a nobler purpose. He assumed the disguise of a newspaper reporter and visited the principal ports and shipyards of Europe to carry out his investigations. And since his accession he has pursued his purpose with less privacy, for he can no longer pass himself off as a reporter, but not with less enthusiasm, as his visit to the United States showed.

Among the many miscalculations of the kaiser there was none more fatal than his contempt for this simple, unassuming citizen king and his little people. He thought that, willing or unwilling, he could take them in his stride. He would have preferred to have Albert for his friend of course, and he spared no pains to win him with patronage and flattery. He visited the Exhibition at Brussels in 1910, and was welcomed in the Hôtel de Ville by Burgomaster Max, the brave man who four years later was to defy his hosts and to disappear in his prisons. On that occasion the kaiser made, according to his custom, a speech in extravagant praise of the progress of Belgium—that Naboth's vineyard on which he had set his heart. And we know from the French Yellow Book how when, in August, 1913, his plans were ripening and he had finally yielded to the militarists, he, accompanied by Count von Moltke, made his final bid for the support of King Albert. It was then that the young king knew that the storm that had been threatening his country was inevitable and imminent, and he made the choice of a brave man and a great king.

Indeed, he had made it already. He knew the Hohenzollerns of Prussia. He knew that he could never buy off that brigand power by surrender—that, whatever his service, the

victory of Germany would end the independence of his country. He had no passion for military glory. All his interests were pacific and social, all his hopes centered in the commercial and industrial development of his country. He had studied the military art, of course. As a youth of seventeen he had shared the training and discipline of the farmers and tradesmen who were preparing for the rank of officers in the army. He had then given little promise of greatness, for he had none of the precocious brilliancy that is often so illusive and fleeting.

Talent reveals itself early, but character is a later growth, and it was the quality of character by which this shy, lanky youth with his studious and reflective habit was one day to win the admiration of the world. But though he had no war-like enthusiasm, he studied the art of the soldier with the same thoroughness that he gave to all his tasks, and when he became king and saw the cloud gathering in the east, saw that one day his country might have to make the choice between fighting Prussia or passing into ignoble servitude to it, he hastened the scheme of military reorganization, which was still only half-completed when the storm burst.

His rejection of the kaiser's overtures was a wound to the vanity of that monarch, but it was not regarded as a serious obstacle in his path. To his essentially theatrical mind the quality and importance of this modest king of a little country were not discernible. It was the first grave blunder in the war. Events have revealed that behind this life of unpretentious industry, domestic affection, and social enthusiasm there is a man cast in heroic mold—a man prepared to see his country laid waste and to die in the last entrenchment with his people rather than surrender the priceless jewel of the freedom of his country.

It is said that he fired the last shot in the defense of Antwerp. It may be true. I do not think it is, for the act does not accord with the wholly untheatrical spirit of the man. He would not fire the last shot for show, but he would assuredly die the first or the last death for honor. And it is in him that the future will see the most human, the most knightly figure of this titanic struggle.

He and his people have won an immortality that will be a precious inheritance and an enduring inspiration for humanity. They have given us a new faith in our kind. They have shown us that in the most peaceful people the passion of patriotism can still flame into great deeds, that the soul of man is mightier than all the engines of Krupps, that in the final ordeal there is found in us the deathless spark that defies death. As we think of this scattered and tortured people, crushed at home under the harrow of the invader, wandering in hosts over the plains of Holland, starving—tens of thousands of them—on the seashore at Flushing, we do not know whether the deepest feeling that surges in us is pity for their sorrow or pride in their glory. But this we know, that the sorrow will pass, but that the glory is fadeless.

How deep is the debt we owe them, king and people alike! They have drunk the cup of bitterness for us. How easy it would have been for them to have made craven terms with the bully, to have bartered their honor and their liberty for their lives and their possessions. And how vast a difference that would have made to the fate of the world, to the liberties of all free peoples!

The military consequences of the fall of Antwerp were as serious as the political consequences. The menace to the German flank had vanished, and the enemy were free to extend their line to the Belgian coast and to use Zeebrugge as a submarine base for the coming "blockade" of the British ports by submarine. Antwerp, in fact, became, in Napoleon's phrase, a loaded pistol held at the head of England, a grave obstacle to the ultimate advance of the Allies and an immense asset for Germany to bargain with in the final settlement.

From that moment King Albert was a king without a country, but in losing all he had won immortality.

THE LITTLE WELSHMAN WHO BECAME LEADER OF AN EMPIRE *

(David Lloyd George)

By ALFRED G. GARDINER

I LOOKED down the table to where Mr. Lloyd George himself sat, his face lit with that smile, so quick and sunny, yet so obscure, his light voice penetrating the hum of conversation, with its note of mingled seriousness and banter, his whole air, at once so alert and self-poised, full of a baffling fascination and disquiet. My mind turns to that little village between the mountains and the sea, where the fatherless boy learned the rudiments of knowledge in the village school, and where, in leading his school-fellows in a revolt against the Catechism he gave the first hint of the mettle that was in him. I saw the kindly old uncle, bootmaker and local preacher, worrying out the declensions and the irregular verbs of strange tongues in order to pave the path of the boy to the law.

I saw that boy at twenty-one a qualified solicitor, with his foot on the ladder, fighting the battle of the village folk against the tyranny of the parson, who refused the dying wish of a Dissenter to be buried in his child's grave. "Bury him where he wished to be," said young Lloyd George, strong in the law. "But if the gate is locked?" "Break down the gate." And the old man was buried in his child's grave, and solemn judges in London pronounced a solemn verdict in support of the young Hampden.

I saw him, still little more than a lad, leaping into the ring, and challenging the squire of his village for the possession of the Carnarvon boroughs—challenging him and beating him. I saw him, with nothing but his native wit and his high-soaring

* Used by permission of the author and his publisher, A. C. Dent & Co., London, England.

courage to help him, flashing into the great world of politics, risking his fortune and even his life in support of an unpopular cause, escaping from Birmingham town hall in the clothes of a policeman, his name the symbol of fierce enthusiasms and fiercer hates.

And then I saw him, transformed from the brilliant free-lance into the serious statesman, the head of a great department, handling large problems of government with easy mastery, moving great merchant princes like pawns on his chessboard, winning golden opinions from all sides, his name always on the lips of the world, but no longer in hate—rather in a wondering admiration, mingled with doubt. And now there he sat, the man who has “arrived,” the most piquant and the most baffling figure in politics—the man, perchance, with the key of the future.

Mr. Lloyd George tells, with that boyish merriment that makes him so gay a companion, the story of a man who, having saved someone from drowning, was presented with a public testimonial. When, after the eulogies of the mayor, he was called upon to reply, he said, “Really, I have done nothing to deserve this reward. I saw the man struggling in the water, and, as no one else was by, I saw he would be drowned if I didn’t save him. So I jumped in, swam to him, turned him over to see that he wasn’t Lloyd George, and then pulled him out.”

There is nothing unusual in this story except its humor. You will hear the animus without the humor wherever you go. The amiable doctor who wrote to a certain paper insisting that any member of the faculty who attended Mr. George should be hounded out of the profession was not rebuking his brethren in terms of irony. He was stating what he believed to be the solemn duty of his class. He saw that the pests that afflicted society varied with the ages. Sometimes it was the Black Death, sometimes the smallpox, now it was Mr. Lloyd George. The significant thing is that the more polite the circles in which you move the more bitter is the hostility. I can only dimly imagine what happens when duke meets duke.

Mr. George did not go to Eton; he went to a penny village-

school—worse, a Welsh village school. The uncle who brought him up did not own land; he mended boots—think of it, O Mayfair! He mended boots and preached in a strange tongue in the little tabernacle at the foot of the mountains. And now . . . but words fail Mayfair. It feels that the linchpin has fallen out of the universe. The truth is that someone has turned over a stone in the field, and all the little creatures who have dwelt under it are running about in wild confusion and with wild cries.

And what of the man who has turned the stone? As he sits before you at the breakfast table—for the breakfast hour is his time to talk—he seems the most light-hearted and untroubled of men. Even little Megan does not seem more gay, nor the black pug that snores on the hearthrug more free from care. Perhaps he has been up at an all-night sitting; perhaps he is in the midst of a world crisis. No matter; there is not a care in life, not a cloud in the sky. The sun streams over the broad parade-ground of the Horse Guards outside, it streams in at the window, it streams through the talk. The postman has brought the usual delivery of anonymous vilification (unstamped). The victim is radiant as he reads aloud some new flowers of venom—perhaps some denunciation of his well-known habit of plundering the treasury. How, if he has not plundered the treasury, has he built that castle at Criccieth? “Two rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor,” interpolates the plunderer gaily. “And I wanted three so badly,” says his wife. Mr. George makes no repudiation of the charge; nay, he delights to prove it; he races over the fatal evidence of his misconduct—he owns a motor-car, he is suspected of having a château in the south of France, and then there is the Welsh shepherd. You cannot disbelieve the Welsh shepherd, he says. And what did the Welsh shepherd say? “It was when I opened the Tom Ellis memorial. A friend of mine met the shepherd toiling over the mountains to the ceremony. ‘Are you going, too?’ said my friend. ‘Yes, indeed, I’m going to have a look at him. I suppose he’s very rich?’ ‘Well,’ said my friend, ‘he gets £5,000 a year.’ ‘Yes, indeed,’ said the shepherd, knowingly, ‘but that’s not it. *He’s near the pile.*’” His eyes dance

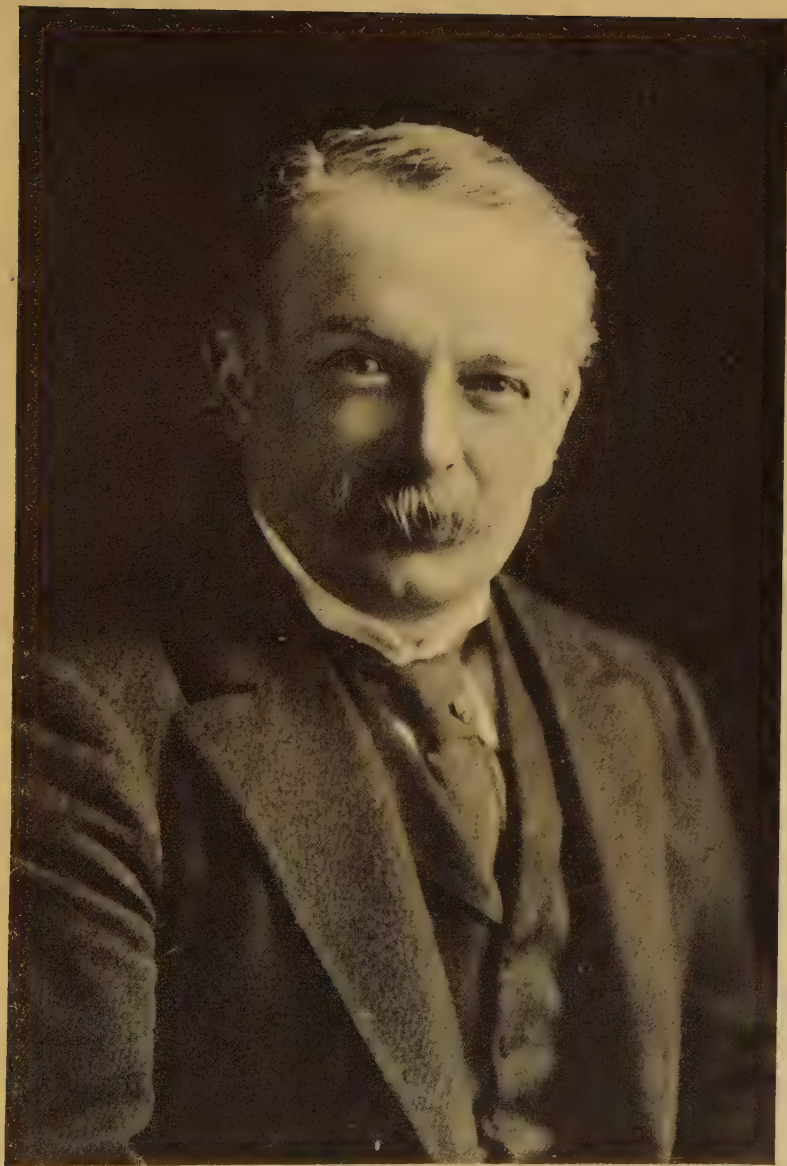
with mirth at this final and damning proof of his shame. A book arrives by post. "Christina Rossetti." "Yes, sweet meditative verse," he says. "Beautiful—for occasional use. It is like a shelter on the mountain-side when you are caught in a storm. You are grateful for it, but you cannot stay in it long. You must get out into the free air and the wind, and even the hail."

And as he puts the book down a little indifferently, you feel for the first time that a chill has come over him. The spirit of that quiet cell of reverie in which Christina Rossetti habitually dwells makes no appeal to the devouring thirst for action which possesses him. He has little use for shelters on mountain-sides or elsewhere. He has the fever of motion in the blood, and is always at the gallop. "Rest!" said a famous Frenchman, "shall I not have all eternity to rest in?" And Mr. George, too, is determined to reserve his rest till the great silence falls.

He has never learned the gentle art of loafing, never sat on the beach in the sunshine all the morning and flung pebbles at nothing in particular, never felt that intoxicating peace which falls on one when there is literally nothing to do and all the day to do it in. A holiday is splendid for a day, tolerable for two days—the third day you discover that he has flown. He has poetry in him; but it is not the poetry of "wise passiveness." You will never hear him mention Wordsworth.

It is the poetry of life and action that moves him—the poetry of sudden and swift emotions, of old romance, with the clash of swords and the hint of battles long ago. He delights to picture those descents from their fastnesses in the mountains of the wild Welshmen upon the towns on the Welsh marches. You may almost catch the thunder of the hoofs and see the flames of the burning towns that they leave in their wake. And at the head of the raiders there rides a slight man with a large head, a gay laugh, and a dancing eye. I think I know him.

For the fundamental fact about Mr. George is that he is a fighter, and, since it is no longer possible to lay waste the towns on the Welsh marches with fire and sword, he is out with other weapons to lay waste English Toryism. He leaps to



Copyright by Brown Bros.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

battle as joyfully as Lord Herbert of Cherbury. "The first words I heard," says that fiery Welshman in his autobiography, "was 'Darest thou come down, Welshman?' which I no sooner heard, but, taking a sword in one hand and a target in the other, I did in my shirt run down the stairs, open the door suddenly, and charged ten or twelve of them with that fury that they ran away."

That is Mr. George's way to the life. A challenge is music in his ears. He is down the stairs and at 'em, and if there are ten or twelve, why, so much the happier. The bigger the task, the better he likes it. The higher the stakes, the more heroic his play. He never fears to put his fate to the touch, and will cheerfully risk his all on a throw.

When the great moment came he seized it with both hands. He had two motives: his love of the small nationality and his instinct for the great game. The one gave him passion, the other calculation. Here was the occasion; he was the man. His business was being ruined; no matter. His life and his home were threatened; good. The greater the perils, the greater the victory. And

We roared "Hurrah!" and so
The little Revenge ran on right into the heart of the foe—

ran on and lashed itself to the great San Philip of Birmingham, and came out of the battle-smoke victorious—the one reputation made by the war, the one fortune born on the battlefield where so many were buried.

And with what gayety he handles his sword. "There are fanatics in every party," interrupts Mr. "Tim" Healy, sitting lonely in his corner seat. "Yes, even in a party of one," comes the swift retort, and Mr. Healy, who loves a neat stroke, even though it goes through his own body, raises his hat in recognition of the swordsman.

His humor coruscates. It leaps out in light laughter. It is the humor of the quick mind. "We will have home rule for Ireland and for England and for Scotland and for Wales," he said, addressing some Welsh farmers. "And for hell," inter-

posed a deep, half-drunken voice. "Quite right. I like to hear a man stand up for his own country."

He bears no enmities. If you stand in his way it is true that he brushes you aside ruthlessly, but without malice. He carries himself with a frank gayety that is irresistible. There is no livelier companion at the table, or on the links, or in the smoking-room. His talk flashes from grave to gay with swift, prismatic changes—now a snatch of a sermon, then a phrase of Welsh poetry, now a joke, then a story—and if you are very lucky he will give you a negro song that he has learned from little Megan. And his talk all comes straight from life. If he speaks about books it is only as lamps for the present.

Whether right or wrong, he is always giving you life at first hand. He does not see things through the spectacles of theorists or the formulas of parties, but with his own eyes. His ideas are flesh and blood. It is as though he has come into the world from another sphere and sees it all anew.

All his lessons, like his talk, come straight from the mint of experience. Thus, speaking of the perils of the poor from insolvent friendly societies, he will tell you how, when he was a boy, he used to take his uncle's shilling a week to the friendly society. "And when he fell ill the society had failed." Out of that memory largely came the Insurance Act.

His eye lights on an anachronism—like the Patent Laws—and straightway he sets it on fire. He does not pore over books to discover the facts about docks; he goes to Antwerp, to Hamburg, and *sees*. When he brought in his Merchant Shipping Bill he took a voyage to Spain and learned about ships.

"The thing is rotten," he says, and in a moment his mind has reconstructed it on lines that acknowledge no theory, except the theory of practical usefulness. Thus he has swept away the old, effete Port of London, and put in its place a system as original as it is ingenious. And all the world asks, Why was this not done years ago?

It is his nearness to the heart of the poor which is, I think, ultimately the motive-power of his life. He came from the people and his heart remains with the people. Even Bright,

Cobden, and Chamberlain were not of the people. They were of the middle-class, and knew the poor as the instruments of the great employer. Mr. George comes out of the great hive itself. In him democracy has found its voice, and to him it will be loyal as long as he remembers.

And he does remember. On the day he became Chancellor he left the House with a friend of his boyhood. As they talked of his advancement he said, "In all my career I do not remember a hand being held out to me from above, and a voice saying 'Dring i fyny yma' (Climb thou up here). But don't misunderstand me," he went on, "there have been thousands of hands which have pushed me up from behind."

He does not forget those hands. He does not forget from whence comes his authority and his commission. There have been times when one has feared—times when his light anchorage seemed in danger of yielding to the impact of opportunism. But that memory of his own people, that loyalty to the inspiration of the mountains and the simple traditions of his fathers, has kept his course true.

For, however much the glitter of the great world delights him, his heart, untraveled, always turns back to the village between the mountains and the sea. On the day of the memorial service to the late Marquis of Ripon, as he left the Westminster Cathedral with a colleague, he talked of the splendor of the ceremony. And his companion remarked, laughingly: "When you die we'll give you a funeral like that." "No, you won't," came the swift, almost passionate reply. "When I die you will lay me in the shadow of the mountains."

ALWAYS FIT

(Theodore Roosevelt)

By FRANCES M. PERRY

IT would be hard to find in our history a public man so interesting to American boys as Theodore Roosevelt. He is self-made in a very high sense of the term; for although born into wealth and culture, and gifted with opportunities for education and pleasure, he had from the start to overcome feeble health, and later to school himself to learn and do many things far from his inclination and often fruitful of bitter experiences.

His ancestors were pioneers two hundred years before he was born.

They were among the first thrifty Hollanders who settled in New Amsterdam. There, generation after generation of Roosevelts lived and worked, gaining wealth and influence, while the Dutch village grew into the great American city, New York.

Theodore was born October 27, 1858, in the stately old house, No. 28 East Twentieth Street, New York City. This home was not so dear to him, however, as the country place, "Tranquillity," at Oyster Bay, on Long Island, where he spent the happiest days of his boyhood.

He was not a strong child, and was encouraged to spend much of his time playing in the open air, tramping through the forest, or rowing or swimming in the blue waters of the bay.

Thus, very early he came to be interested in nature, to know and love the wild, sweet freedom of the forest, and to notice plants, and birds, and fish, and animals of all sorts.

As he grew old enough to read, his favorite books were stories of war and pioneer life. Boone and Crockett were two of his heroes. If a man could not be a soldier, in his estimation the next best thing was to be a pioneer, and fight with the Indians and hunt wild beasts.

Among his companions he liked best the boys who were strong and daring. He was devoted to his brother, an athletic youth, the faithful champion of Theodore, whose courage so far exceeded his strength that he frequently engaged in a combat to which he was not equal.

The fact that he was not so strong as the boys he admired was a source of real trouble to the youth. He determined to do all in his power to make himself more rugged and robust.

He denied himself sweets, and followed faithfully any system of bathing, exercise, or diet which he believed would be beneficial. Indeed, he seemed to take a sort of satisfaction in disciplining himself with military severity. At the same time he was fond of fun. If there was any excitement afoot, he was sure to have a part in it.

His school work, though by no means remarkable, was thorough and creditable. He was an interesting pupil, because he always had an opinion of his own, and did not accept without thinking whatever the teacher or the text-book said.

Then, too, he always did his best when the lesson was hardest and most of the other boys gave up.

At home he was carefully trained with his brothers and sisters to be good, to be kind, to be polite. His mother took pains to be much with her children, and to make home a pleasant place for them.

His father was a judge and a philanthropist. Many a fatherless poor boy in New York knew and loved Judge Roosevelt, and his own little sons were never happier than when they had won his approval.

To give his father pleasure was motive enough for Theodore to make almost any effort. The father died before the son reached manhood, but the latter did not soon outgrow the reverent love he had felt for his father, nor the wish to live in a way that would have given him satisfaction.

By the time young Roosevelt was ready to enter college he had become as strong and vigorous as the average youth. He took part in school athletics, and lived much out-of-doors, spending his vacations camping and hunting.

In his opinion, no pastime was to be compared with hunting. He was never so happy as when off on a long hunt.

At the age of eighteen Theodore Roosevelt entered Harvard College. During the four years he spent at the university his interest was centered in study. His ready opinions, and the vim and good reason with which he could defend them, made him an interesting character in the class-room. He was recognized as a man who did his own thinking.

He had plenty of college spirit, and was always on hand to cheer for the Harvard crimson at the great boat-races and ball-games. He took an active part in manly sports, and had few superiors in sparring and boxing.

After receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Harvard in 1880, Mr. Roosevelt traveled for a year in Europe. He climbed the Alps; he practiced his French; he visited many of the places he had read of in history and literature; he hunted with English friends; and after a pleasant and profitable year, started for home as loyal an American as ever.

IN POLITICS

On the long homeward voyage Mr. Roosevelt had time to think over the past and consider the future. Well equipped, with a strong constitution and a trained mind, he stood with the world before him.

Should he, like some of his college friends, go to the great west and become a ranchman? The novelty and wildness of the life attracted him. That, however, would be too much like a glorious holiday.

Should he devote his life to letters and spend the rest of it as he had the last few years, among books and pictures and cultivated people? His means were sufficient. There was nothing to prevent him doing so. There was plenty of work for the scholar to do—already he was thinking of a book he

wanted to write. But no; he would study, he would write the book, but he must do something besides, something that would call into play his love of contest and adventure.

Should he be a banker and financier and bend his efforts to piling up millions and increasing the wealth his forefathers had made? That was too selfish. The young man was interested in people. He had high ideals. He wanted to use his power and spend his life to help make the world better.

He decided that his half-formed plan to study law was best. To a great lawyer many and varied opportunities were open. Accordingly, when he reached New York, he began to study law in the office of his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt.

As his father and grandfather had done, Roosevelt took a lively interest in politics. Like them, he was concerned not merely with national political issues, but with city and state government. He attended primaries and visited political clubs.

He found in control of political organizations a set of men who, instead of trying to secure good government for the city, were interested to get weak, easily influenced men elected to important offices so that bribery and law-breaking might continue unpunished. These leaders at first gave the stranger from the "brown-stone district," as they called the part of the city in which he lived, a cordial welcome.

They had forgotten his father, and supposing the rich young law student to be looking out for a public office, hoped he would be willing to pay them well for helping him to get it. He was invited to make a speech. He made one denouncing dishonesty and fraud in politics, and demanding reform in terms so forcible and characteristic that they were not soon forgotten.

The "bosses," finding that he was not of the weak and easily influenced sort, and that he would probably make trouble for them, turned upon him the cold shoulder. He, however, had expected this, and was not to be driven away from the club-rooms. He soon won many friends among the better sort of men who habitually frequented the clubs, and brought in new members. In this way he gained so large a following that the Republican Party was obliged to recognize him.

He was, accordingly, nominated to represent his district in the lower house of the New York legislature.

He was called the "silk-stocking" candidate, because he belonged to one of the wealthy and aristocratic families of the city. But in spite of ridicule he was elected.

When the slight, boyish-looking member from New York took his seat in the Assembly room at Albany for the first time, he attracted little attention except from the corrupt politicians who hoped to find in him a man whose vote they could control.

Though only twenty-three years old and the youngest member of the Assembly, Roosevelt soon made his presence felt. His voice was ever raised for honesty and the public good. During the discussion of the Anti-tenement Cigar-maker's Bill he visited the tenements and saw with his own eyes the frightful misery and poverty in which hundreds of his fellow-men lived.

During one campaign he organized a committee of twenty to influence good citizens to go to the polls on election day, feeling sure that if good men voted, the right would win.

His committee was a strange one. On it were some college men, a young college professor, the proprietor of a small cigar store, the editor of a little German newspaper, an Irishman, a Jew, and a Catholic.

But however they might differ in education, social standing, nationality, or religious views, they were all young, intelligent, enthusiastic, and devoted to their leader.

This period, so full of work for the public, had not been without great personal joy and sorrow for Mr. Roosevelt. In 1881 he married Miss Alice Lee, of Boston. In 1883 she died, leaving one daughter.

RANCH LIFE

The scene of Mr. Roosevelt's activity now shifted from Albany and New York to the great western plains. He had traveled in the west and had seen something of ranch life. Its freedom and adventure suited him. Its very hardships at-

tracted him, for they were of the sort to try a man's endurance, and skill, and courage. Yet he had no idea of living in an unnecessarily primitive manner, or of giving up more than necessary of the comforts and pleasure of an educated man.

His ranch was as well equipped and up to date as possible. It extended along both sides of the Little Missouri River, near the village of Medora.

Here the new ranchman practiced the cowboy's peculiar accomplishments, throwing the "rope," as the lasso is called by the northern cattlemen, and breaking broncos with a determination that strained shoulders and even broken bones could not shake.

He enjoyed the excitement of conquering a rebellious horse, of keeping his seat while the animal reared and pitched and plunged under him in vain efforts to throw him.

The watching cow hands, who had been trained from boyhood to the work, were ready enough to laugh at any mishap that befell an eastern "tenderfoot."

But this one bore laughter and jokes with good humor and usually managed to keep his patience and his saddle.

Certainly he won the admiration of the cowboys by his pluck and good temper, and their banter was meant and taken in good part.

In this free out-of-door life the best of fellowship existed. Mr. Roosevelt could appreciate a good story, a good hunter, a good man, even when polish was wanting. He took more pleasure in finding the good and manly qualities in the weather-beaten men of mountain and plain than in criticising their manners.

TRoublesome Neighbors

Mr. Roosevelt found his western neighbors taking views of law and justice rather different from those to which he was accustomed. They did not care much for courts and legal formalities. They were so prompt to punish crime that if they believed a man to be a thief or a murderer they did not always wait for him to have a full, fair trial. Indeed,

they frequently took affairs into their own hands, and without a pretense of trial, lynched a man they believed to be guilty.

When Mr. Roosevelt first came to the ranch, partly because of his gentlemanly manners, and perhaps, too, because he wore eye-glasses and looked like a student, he was regarded as an easy victim. But the first blusterer who sought to pick a quarrel with him found him so ready to defend himself that he apologized for his rudeness and henceforth avoided the college athlete.

During the entire interval of his life in the west, Mr. Roosevelt became involved in very few personal encounters. His neighbors when he first appeared in the "Bad Lands" nicknamed him "Four Eyes," because of his glasses, and at the outset a number of the old residents started to have fun with him after the fashion employed with the ordinary "tenderfoot," but they soon desisted. One of these jokers, who was taught an effectual lesson, was notorious through that part of the country as a "bad man" and a fighter. One stormy night when Mr. Roosevelt sought the shelter of a frontier hotel, this braggart, who was the center of an admiring group, sought to compel him to take a drink, and when the ranchman hesitated drew a revolver to enforce his demands. Before the bully had an opportunity to fire, however, Mr. Roosevelt's fist shot out and caught the "terror" between the eyes. The revolver was discharged simultaneously, but the bullet buried itself in the ceiling and the "bad man" was rendered unconscious by the blow which he received. "Where was I shot?" was the first inquiry of the vanquished bully when he recovered consciousness, and it required half an hour for the cowboys to convince him that it was only a "tenderfoot's" fist which was responsible for his downfall.

One of Mr. Roosevelt's nerviest actions occurred during a meeting of the ranch owners along the Little Missouri, who had been suffering for some time previous from the raids of the cattle thieves who were believed to have a secret "understanding" with the sheriff of the county. The sheriff, who was present at the meeting, arose and denounced the thieves, when suddenly Mr. Roosevelt astounded the meeting by springing

to his feet and snapping out, "There ought to be no great difficulty in carrying out your suggestions relative to catching the thieves, Mr. Sheriff, but I have a strong impression that you will not be the one to carry them out, for I am convinced and I think that every other man in this room is, that you have had more to do with the cattle stealing than any other man in the county." In the western country to call a man a horse thief or a cattle thief is an insult which calls for an immediate accounting of the most emphatic character, but the accused official said never a word and the next day slunk out of that part of the country.

On one occasion when Mr. Roosevelt was riding about his ranch he suddenly came upon one of his cowboys placing the Roosevelt brand on a "maverick" or unbranded beast which had strayed in from a neighboring ranch. When the ranch owner saw what the cowboy was doing he blurted out his discharge in the following curt manner: "You go up to the ranch-house and get your time to-night. I don't want to have anything to do with you. If you will steal for me you will steal from me."

The incident of Mr. Roosevelt's ranch experiences which has been most extensively recounted grew out of his dispute with the Marquis de Mores, a Frenchman and a splendid duelist, whose ranch adjoined the Roosevelt property. Reports vary as to the actual circumstances, for Mr. Roosevelt has always been loath to discuss the adventure, but it is pretty certain that the trouble was the outgrowth of a boast of De Mores, following a pitched battle in which his cowboys had been sadly worsted by those in Mr. Roosevelt's employ, to the effect that if his men could not cope with Mr. Roosevelt's cowboys he at least was more than a match for their leader. According to the commonly accepted story, Mr. Roosevelt, when a report was brought to him that the Frenchman had announced publicly that he would kill him the next time he saw him, immediately jumped on a pony and galloped over to De Mores's ranch house. Entering, he told the nobleman that he had heard of the threat, and wanted to give him an opportunity at once. The would-be fighter showed no desire to

carry out his threat, and before Mr. Roosevelt departed the two were good friends.

Mr. Roosevelt's red neighbors troubled him little. He was careful to give them no cause for offense, and he had little to do with them as a people, although he knew some Indian guides well, having hunted and camped with them.

He had one rather unpleasant experience with Indians one day while riding alone across the prairies. A band of mounted red-skins, seeing him from afar, rode toward him at full speed, shouting and brandishing their weapons in a war-like manner. He coolly dismounted and stood behind his faithful horse, Manitou. When the warriors came within rifle range Roosevelt lowered his gun and aimed at the nearest rider.

At this the braves dropped to the opposite sides of their ponies to avoid being shot, and rode off, clinging with one leg to their horses.

When they had got some distance away, Roosevelt saw them stop and confer together. Then one of their number rode back alone, waving a blanket by way of a flag of truce, and holding a paper out toward him in a friendly manner, but he would not allow the Indian to come near.

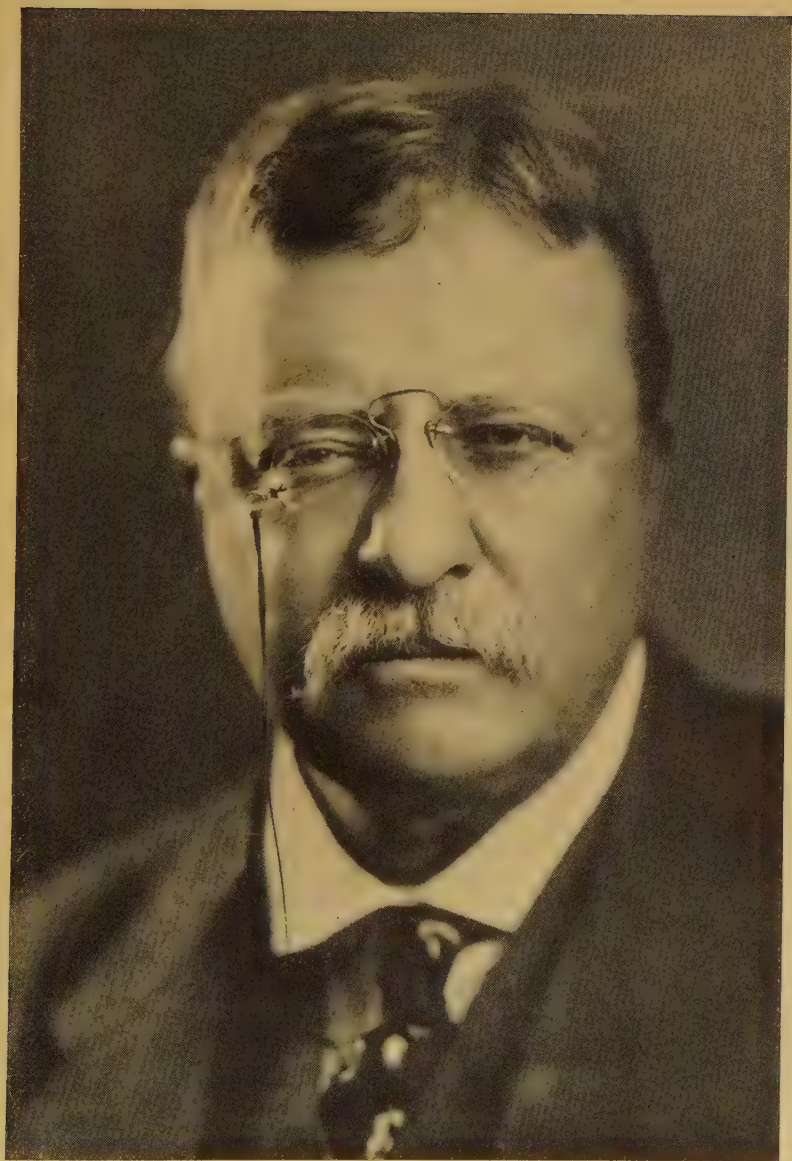
They would probably have been glad to take his horse, possibly his scalp, could they have done so without risk to themselves. But failing to frighten or to deceive the lone rider, they let him go his way in peace.

IMPORTANT OFFICES

While Mr. Roosevelt was living in the west he was not forgotten in New York. In 1886 the Democrats were driven to nominate a candidate for the mayoralty who would meet the demands of the public for better government and better city officers.

They selected A. S. Hewett, an able and respected man. The selection met with so much applause that the Republicans saw the necessity of finding a candidate of stainless record and acknowledged force of character to run against him.

They nominated Theodore Roosevelt, then only twenty-



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

eight years old. But Mr. Hewett had the support of the strongest party organization in the city, and naturally won the election.

Mr. Roosevelt's work as assemblyman in Albany had attracted wide-spread attention. His candidacy for the mayorship of New York brought him again before the public. His efforts to secure honest legislation and civil-service reform were being more and more appreciated.

It is, therefore, not strange that in 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison as a member of the National Civil-Service Commission. He found that his new office called for ceaseless watchfulness and great industry and courage.

So thorough and able was the work he did that President Harrison said, "If he had no other record than his service as an employee of the Civil-Service Commission he would be deserving of the nation's gratitude and confidence." President Cleveland reappointed Mr. Roosevelt, and accepted with regret his resignation in May, 1895.

Mr. Roosevelt left one difficult task to perform one yet more difficult. He had been made president of the Police Board of New York City. The government of the city had been lax, and the liquor law had been a source of constant trouble.

Like General Grant, Mr. Roosevelt possessed the great and distinguished trait of being ever present to stimulate, encourage, and reward those who were anxious and quick to excel in doing their duty, as well as to punish those who were slack and inattentive to their duties. Many a policeman sleeping on his post was roused in the middle of the night and opened his eyes to find the president of the Board smiling upon him with rather grim friendliness. The new president's face soon became known to the entire force, and his name made the lazy, unpainstaking officer quake.

WAR THREATENS

Mr. Roosevelt's life has been a continual development. When he has accomplished one difficult undertaking, he has not been satisfied to rest with that, but he has been eager to

press forward to some new work that called into play other energies than those already exercised. When, therefore, in 1897, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he returned to Washington and took up the responsibilities of that office with a high degree of satisfaction, as the navy was to him an unexplored country.

He despatched more business than two ordinary men. It is said he rarely sat down. Those who called at his office found his anteroom full of men who had just seen him or were waiting their turn for a few moments' interview. His waste-paper basket was piled high with freshly discarded letters; his desk was strewn with maps and documents; he almost invariably remained on his feet throughout an interview, giving concentrated attention to each matter that was brought under his consideration.

After the blowing up of the American battleship "Maine" in Cuban waters, under circumstances indicating that Spain was responsible for the disaster, war was inevitable. The President and Secretary Long both urged Mr. Roosevelt to continue in the position he filled so ably, but he was determined to go to war and handed in his resignation.

When Congress authorized the raising of three regiments of cavalry volunteers from among the riflemen of the Great Plains and the Rockies, Roosevelt was offered command of one of the regiments. The offer was in a way just what he wanted.

He was perfectly confident that in a month he could learn what was needful. But time was valuable; he felt sure the war would be of short duration, and he feared that while he was learning what he ought to do, experienced officers would have their regiments ready and would be sent to the front before him.

He, therefore, requested that his friend, Leonard Wood, should be made colonel of the regiment, and expressed his willingness to act as Lieutenant-Colonel under him.

His request was granted, and he accepted a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR

When he reached San Antonio, he found among the motley crowd gathered there many familiar faces. He was greeted by men with whom he had hunted in the mountains of the far northwest; there were cowboys with whom he had ridden at spring round-ups; there was his own ranch partner, Ferguson. There were miners, Indians, and cattlemen of the southern plains whose names were known all along the frontier. A few men from the east had been allowed to enlist. Among them were policemen who had served under Roosevelt in New York; there were men with whom he had studied at Harvard; there were athletes whom he had known as polo players, captains of crews, and football elevens.

Such men must be ruled with firmness but with friendliness. They must be made to feel confidence in the good sense and the good will of their officers.

He went into the war a lieutenant-colonel; he came out the people's hero, sharing the laurels with the great admirals of the navy. Everywhere his countrymen felt an almost intimate friendliness and comradeship for the man. They discarded the formal and dignified "Theodore," and spoke of him with affectionate familiarity as "our Teddy." In no place was the enthusiasm greater than where he was best known—in his native State, New York.

The governor of New York was a popular and highly esteemed man. He had been elected by a large majority, and his friends looked forward with confidence to his reelection.

It was manifest after Governor Roosevelt made a Chicago visit that he was as popular in the west as he was in the east. Many thought he should be given a place on the National Republican ticket. As President McKinley was the obvious candidate for the first place, only the second place was available for Governor Roosevelt.

After the inauguration, Mr. Roosevelt took up the uncongenial duties of Vice-President with the whole-heartedness of the man who having put his hand to the plow, does not look back.

Mr. Roosevelt had been Vice-President for only six months when he was called, by the death of President McKinley, to fill a higher place.

During his two administrations—for he was reëlected President—"he displayed," as President Wilson said, "administrative powers of a signal order" and conducted the affairs of the nation "with a watchful care which permitted no divergence from the line of duty he had definitely set for himself." It was during his first term that he vigorously cut off the efforts of Germany to collect its debts in Venezuela by invasion. In his second term he was instrumental in bringing together the envoys of Japan and Russia and so composing peace between the two countries, for which great service he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

At the close of his presidency he made his famous journey into the African jungles. Upon his return he was received with almost royal honors at the courts of the old world. There is not space to tell in detail of his further vigorous and stormy political career. As the candidate of the newly formed Progressive Party he was again named for the presidency, but unsuccessfully. This campaign closed with his visit to the unknown waters of the upper Amazon.

Afterward, especially during the Great War, he continued an active part in American life, still a fighter, ever alert to attack an abuse or a neglect wherever he thought he found it. Millions of Americans who did not agree with him admired his unbounded energy, his boylike joy in struggle, his determination to take his full part in the life and world in which he found himself.

In the midst of these activities, he was stricken suddenly, dying in his sleep in the early morning of January 6, 1919. His last public message was an appeal for unadulterated Americanism.

President Wilson justly said of his great contemporary: "In his death the United States has lost one of its most distinguished and patriotic citizens, who had endeared himself to the people by his strenuous devotion to their interests and to the public interests of his country."

THE SOLDIER WHO KNEW NO DEFEAT *

(Ferdinand Foch)

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

IT is the quality of never budging which is a part of the mastery of Ferdinand Foch. Taking it with him to the French military school, L'Ecole Polytechnique, as a foundation upon which to build his career as a strategic warrior, we find him astonishing his superiors with his keen insight, his quick grasp of the most abstruse principles of mathematics and a distinctive ability for looking back through the pages of history and making deductions as to the trend of the future. It was here that one of his masters said: "Rather does he deal with principles than with men. Men are but his instruments."

RISE

Next we hear of him in the Franco-Prussian war, where, as a lieutenant of artillery, we are told he "acquitted himself with honors." From then on his rise was gradual but none the less assured. From the beginning of the twentieth century he held a high place in the roster of military minds. A wide experience in handling men and affairs was his as military governor of the French colonies in Madagascar, where the problem, at times, was a difficult one. His administration was looked upon with such favor that he was given a directorship in the Ecole de Guerre (the French War College). Here he found time to write his two great books on war, "The Principles of War" and "The Conduct of War." It is interesting to know that these books have been used and are still referred to in German military circles.

* Quoted from *The New Success Magazine* by permission.

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

Even a cursory perusal of them gives one an understanding of just what quality it was that made General Foch the savior of France at the Battle of the Marne in August, 1914. Quoting from a French authority, he says: "A lost battle is a battle one believes one's self to have lost; in a material sense no battle can be lost. A battle, then, can only be lost morally. If so, it is only morally that a battle is won." Putting this into practice on the Marne, to the French officer who dared to expostulate with him on the recklessness of sacrificing more men in an attempt that seemed futile, because the army was tired to the point of extinction, he replied, "Tired? Well, the Germans are tired, too. You are to attack."

They did. And through it all Foch held sternly to his purpose. When his men were driven back on both flanks, he concentrated what was left of the center and sent this laconic message to General Joffre: "My right has been rolled up. My left has been driven back. My center has been smashed. I have ordered an advance from all directions." There is no better summing up of this man's tenacity and indomitable will than this terse message. He drove a wedge right into the heart of the German army, crushing Von Bulow's divisions and arresting Von Kluck. Paris was saved.

THE BATTLE OF THE YSER

A few months later, on the Yser, that same will to win brought him the credit for having saved the channel ports. It was in the first battle when the Germans' never-ending supply of reserves were thrown upon the Belgian and English armies, threatening to disintegrate them, that General Foch, realizing that even an hour could not be lost, threw corps after corps of French reserves into the breach and frustrated the enemy's plans. This resistance grew into an offensive, and his magnificent command during the dreadful days of Dixmude prompted General Joffre to declare him "the greatest strategist of modern warfare."



Copyright by French Pictorial Service.

FERDINAND FOCH

Foch is a master and a leader rather than a father of men. As an example of the direct contrast in the characters of Joffre and Foch is the difference in the affection accorded them by their troops.

REVERED BY HIS SOLDIERS

Joffre is loved, not only because of his valor, but because of his solicitude and consideration for his soldiers. Rather is Foch revered for his talents, which exert a marked inspirational effect upon them.

Joffre, we remember, is known to his men as "Papa," but Foch's troops speak of him as "Le Patron" (the boss). Also he possesses a certain spectacular quality that inspires those about him to great deeds. He does things with brilliancy. He knows things with that same clear, comprehensive vision.

THE SOLDIER WHO EARNED EVERY PROMOTION *

(John J. Pershing)

By EDWARD EARLE PURINTON

THE time to study a big man is when he is living—not a hundred years after he is dead. You can emulate a living hero—you can only imitate a dead hero. The man determined to succeed can do nothing better than watch, closely and persistently, a big man who is now doing big things.

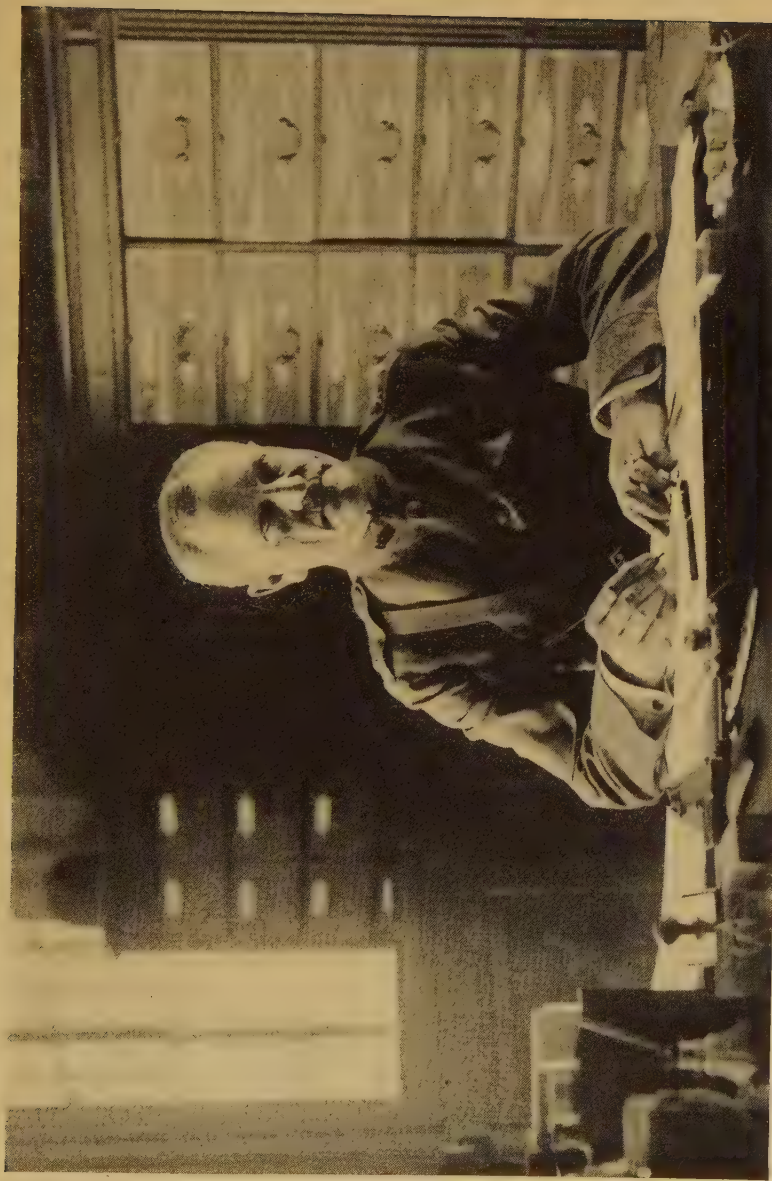
How and what can you learn from Pershing? As an American soldier actual or potential, what can you make your first and best move along this line? The most important feature in a lofty structure is the foundation; likewise, the most important feature in a lofty human career is the foundation. Let us observe the foundation of this career.

John Joseph Pershing was born September 13, 1860, in Laclede, Missouri. He came from Missouri and is still "from Missouri"—nobody can fool him. He has always been different from most young Americans, who are fooled in their expenditure of money, fooled in their choice of friends, fooled in their ideas about work, fooled in their preparation for a career, fooled in their attitude toward life.

Pershing was born in a one-story house that was little more than a cabin. The elder Pershing was originally a section foreman, later a country storekeeper. Young John was highly favored—he had no "social standing." The man who stands on his own feet has no need, no desire, for a social standing.

The elder Pershing had been through the mill. He had learned how to meet and overcome adversity. This lesson he planted early in the mind and heart of the boy. Furthermore,

* From *The Independent*. Used by permission of the author and publishers.



Copyright by the Committee on Public Information.

JOHN J. PERSHING

he impressed on the lad very clearly, and somewhat sternly, that the family expected him to achieve something worth while, and he had no time to waste if he was going to be ready. So young John formed the habit of looking ahead, planning everything out, following a straight business method, working steadily and patiently toward the accomplishment of a given purpose. From boyhood, when he set his jaw on a proposition he had the grip of a bulldog. Nobody ever considered the boy a genius, and he gave no sign of special talent for military leadership. As a rule, it isn't the genius who goes to the top—it is the ordinary man who thinks, works, plans, fights, and prays while the genius, poor fool that he is, dreams of a garland of fame crowning a bed of roses.

But John made a business of getting his lessons. If he was a trifle short on brilliance, he was very long on backbone. Therefore he carried with him such an air of self-determination, self-propulsion, self-possession, self-conviction, as to make him a leader at an early age. His teachers liked him because he was studious and conscientious; his parents liked him because he was obedient and thoughtful; the boys liked him because he was fearless and independent; the girls liked him because he was courteous and gentle; everybody liked him because he was truthful and clean.

The boy knew how to respect and obey the word of his elders. Not many youths are like him to-day. As Americans, we disregard the advice of experience probably to a greater degree than the people of any other nation. We have substituted the ambition of action for the authority of age. This folly cost us billions of dollars in preparing, thirty years behind time, to hold our own against the organized discipline of Germany, based on the wisdom of age and experience. A youth who has never learned to obey will never learn to command.

Do not conclude, from this recital of precocious and pre-eminent virtues, that young John was a pale, precise, goody-goody boy of the sissy or mollicoddle type. Far from it. He had, for example, the regular appetite of a regular boy; he devoured apple pie with a relish; he found that a certain kind-

hearted lady, whom the neighbors affectionately called Aunt Susan, made extra good apple pie—thereupon he made a friend of Aunt Susan, who fed him on the best pies in town.

The boy did not plan to be a soldier. He expected to study law. But he did not know where to get the money or opportunity for a legal education. So he kept his eyes open for every possible chance in that direction. Fate lifts the man who does no leaning. The best chance a youth ever gets is the one he *makes* by a resolution to advance.

One day, while a normal schoolboy, he saw a notice in a newspaper of an examination for a cadetship at West Point. He wondered if he could make it. He thought if he won the cadetship he might learn a lot of things that would be useful in the later practice of law, and perhaps the connection he might form at West Point would open the way to the study of law. But he had no "pull" of any kind, he didn't know anybody who could help him out, and his friends thought the idea foolish if not altogether crazy, of going to a military school when you expected to be a lawyer!

But John had his mind set—and he saw no obstacles. When you stop to look at a hindrance in your path, you have lost sight of the thing you are going after. And if your friends never call you foolish, the world will never call you wise. When people doubt your wisdom, the way to answer them is to keep your eyes and ears open.

John wasted no time shooting off blank cartridges of ambition. He made his method of study for the cadetship as businesslike as his purpose was bold. He inquired all about the examination, found the application would be based on certain exact forms of knowledge, and the applicant who knew the most would be appointed. John went to it. John won. How did he win? Because, out of a large number of applicants, many of them brighter and wealthier than himself, he knew enough to answer *one question more* than any of the others. At every turn upward in the narrow path of Fate, there is room for only one man—the man who knows one thing more or who does one thing better than all the other men who walk beside him.

John's first position was the headship of a colored school in the village—an undesirable job at a miserably poor wage. But the regular teacher had left, suddenly, no one there but John Pershing could and would take his place and fill out the regular term, so the little colored children would not fall behind in their studies. He taught that school as well as though he had been a private tutor of a millionaire youth at a big salary. The clue is here to a secret of Pershing's great success: Do the nearest thing, as well as it can be done.

The young man's idea of promotion ran something like this: Get prepared, and *forget* being promoted. The plan seemed to work, as it raised Pershing from an Indian fighter on a Western prairie in 1887 to commander of the American armies on the battlefields of France in 1917. He has earned every promotion, and always by the habit of finding and filling a great need for public service.

In every Y. M. C. A. hut in France was a picture of Pershing, and underneath the picture these words over the General's signature:

"Hardship will be your lot, but trust in God will give you comfort. Temptation will befall you, but the teaching of our Saviour will give you strength. Let your valor as a soldier and your conduct as a man be an inspiration to your comrades and an honor to your country."

WHY OUR NAVY WENT "DRY" *

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS

ONE day, shortly after I had become Secretary, a gentleman came into the Department to plead for the restoration of a young relative of his who had been dismissed from the Navy for intoxication. I showed him the record, which proved that this young officer had not only been drunk, but had at the same time made a public exhibition of himself. I explained that there was no course to be pursued but to act firmly and finally in approving the court-martial which had recommended the young officer's dismissal.

When I made it plain that the young man must inevitably pay the penalty, this gentleman protested earnestly and with much feeling against what he insisted was the injustice his young relative had received at the hands of the Navy. "Now that he is the product of your system," said my visitor, "you have turned him out in disgrace." He then went on to tell me the following story of the young man's life. Said he:

"I am a Friend, a Quaker, and the boy's father was a Quaker. He was a little shaver when his father died, and the lad came into my home, and has always been to me as a son. I never even had so much as a glass of wine in my home, and when the boy left for Annapolis to enter the Naval Academy he did not know what the taste of liquor was like. I gave him to the American Navy pure-hearted, unsullied, believing absolutely in the old-fashioned Quaker ideas in which he had been reared.

"In the seven years you have had him in the Navy you gave him wrong ideas about drinking. You taught him that it was all right for a gentleman to have his toddy. You legalized the wine mess. You had a code that made a youth feel

* First published in *The Sunday School Times*.



Copyright by the Committee on Public Information.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

that he was narrow-minded if he turned down his glass at the table; but now that my boy has been ruined by you and your system, the Navy kicks him out, and puts a stigma on him."

Much more than this he said, but this is the substance of his strictures. He was a strong man, and his feeling for the youth whose drinking had wrecked his life was pathetically deep and genuine. When he went out I could not throw off a stinging sense of justice in his accusation. All day it haunted me that in the discharge of my official duty I had been compelled to approve a decree for which a navy practice was largely responsible.

For days I was oppressed by the thought that every young man in the Navy, many coming from homes like that described by my Quaker visitor, was subject to similar temptation.

As time went by there were more court-martials — not many, but enough to add to my profound conviction that the old Quaker had pointed me out unerringly the path of duty.

I knew very well what the issuing of the wine-mess order meant. I counted the cost. I knew that many officers in the Navy, temperate, honorable, as high-minded as King Arthur's knights, without fear and without reproach, would resent it, resent it bitterly; they would feel that the order would convey a wrong impression to the world.

I realized that the order would be assailed by a multitude of people who would regard it as puritanical. I anticipated that the protest against it might reach into the houses of Congress. But if I was at any time tempted not to take the step for any of these reasons, the reflection that every year there came into the Navy hundreds of young men, some of whom might find their undoing in indulgence, made my duty plain. If I had not issued it I could not have rested with a clear conscience unto this day.

As you know, the storm did break. Some naval officers did fear that the order was a reflection upon them. The penny-a-liners considered it a windfall for them, and much cheap wit was indulged in at the expense of the order. The cartoonists of some big dailies also considered it food for

thought. Tragic pictures they drew of Mumm's Extra Dry, with a frightened look on its face, "walking the plank," to take its doomed plunge into Davy Jones's locker, from the deck of a war-ship, while I, depicted as a tyrant as relentless as Nero, was standing on the bridge surrounded by weeping officers.

The approval, however, outside of these restricted circles, was general. The order was hailed with so much satisfaction by the fathers and mothers of the country that my mail was doubled and trebled for a month or two. By the time Congress assembled, those who had thought to attack the order upon the floors of Congress found there was not a man in either House who ever raised the issue. By that time, too, the navy officers learned that it was far from any thought of mine to reflect upon the service. I took occasion to let the public know that so far as the mass of the officers were concerned there was no need for the order. It was issued to safeguard the young men who were coming into the service. The public well understood that that was the reason, and heartily approved it.

As the days went by, the order increasingly won over the approval of the officers themselves. To illustrate: one of the ablest admirals of the Navy, a man whose name is known in naval circles all over the world, who is always frank and genuine, told me that he had never known such a revolution in the Navy as had been brought about by the wine-mess order. Said he:

"When you issued the order, I deeply resented it. I felt that the public would take the view that Navy officers were given to over-indulgence, and that some formal action was necessary to keep them sober. That is the only reason I would have advanced against issuing it, if my advice had been sought.

"On the very day that you issued the order I had stocked up my closet with the usual wines and liquors, as was customary, to be used when I entertained guests on board ship. I had never been either a drinking man or a teetotaler, but enjoyed a glass of champagne at a dinner-party, and on a frosty morning I occasionally took a nip; but I should never

have carried intoxicants upon any ship I ever commanded, except to entertain some guests in the same manner as they entertain me at their homes or clubs.

"I did not, therefore, like the order. But when I first read it I immediately called the steward and told him to pack up all drinkables and remove them from the ship. To me an order is an order. In my long service, whether I liked it or not, my loyalty to lawful commands has never failed.

"I have had a rare opportunity to observe the feeling of the officers. My own opinion is that the wine-mess order is the wisest thing you have done as Secretary, and if its future were committed to-day to the officers of the fleet the wine-mess would never be restored."

The statement of this admiral is typical, I am convinced, of the opinion of the vast majority of the commissioned personnel of the Navy.

Bear in mind that this happened before the war in Europe—before Russia outlawed vodka and France absinthe; before Lloyd George said that drink was a greater enemy of England than the Germans; before the King of England became an abstainer in order to set a good example to his troops, and before the Congress of the United States forbade the sale of liquor to any man wearing the United States uniform.

THE ENGINEER WHO BECAME A FOOD GENERAL *

(Herbert Hoover)

By VERNON KELLOGG

IT is beyond the province of this sketch to recite any of the details of Herbert Hoover's impressively successful handling of large mining affairs in Russia, Burma, Central America, Mexico, and elsewhere. He has been successful in making money for his associates and for himself out of many undertakings; but, more importantly, he has been successful in making good mines out of what in other men's hands had been bad ones. That, indeed, has been his special work in mining; not promoting mines and selling mining shares to an easy public, but making the earth yield its treasures even when it seemed most reluctant to release them. He has made his money in mining out of the ground, not out of the pockets of investors.

And then in August, 1914, came the War, and came also Hoover's ready relinquishment of mining and money-making, and his undertaking to care for the stricken people of Belgium.

It goes without saying that to drop money-making and mining, to begin money-losing and hard, wearing struggle in the tremendous task of Belgian relief, revealed qualities of heart and humanity which we have not before ascribed to him, although they have long been familiar to his friends.

The work of feeding the people of Belgium and occupied France has been much more difficult than is popularly imagined. And the greatest difficulties have not been those which might, at first glance, seem to be the probable ones. There has been necessary all through the course of the undertaking much more than the "engineering efficiency," so widely noted and

* From *The Atlantic Monthly*. Used by permission of the publishers.

praised in connection with it; there has been continuously necessary a high degree of diplomatic achievement.

Diplomacy popularly connotes methods of indirection, elements of concealment, the strategy of twilight hours. But Herbert Hoover's diplomatic achievement in connection with Belgian relief has been by methods just the opposite. He won by directness. He has been something more than honest; he has been obviously honest. His forthrightness of plan carried him to swift success where other methods would have failed.

From the feeding of Belgium to the administration of the food of America was, under the circumstances, the natural and inevitable step. It was the character of the war which made feeding Belgium necessary; it was its magnitude which made control of the food of the last great nation to enter it also necessary. And it was the success of the manager of the very large and very difficult Belgian undertaking which promised the ultimate success—if success were at all possible to anybody—of the manager of the larger and more difficult American undertaking.

Herbert Hoover entered on his new task in public service with no illusions as to its extraordinary difficulties. He said, grimly, immediately after promising President Wilson that he would undertake it, that he would probably get hung up on the first barbed-wire entanglements. He did not really mean this, for he would not have undertaken it at all unless he had been confident that he would last longer than that. Managing the army or navy or the shipyards gives you excellent chances for trouble with soldiers or sailors or labor unions, but managing food gives you the supreme opportunity for trouble with everybody.

Reliance upon the fundamental feeling, understanding, and loyalty of the mass of the people has been characteristic of Hoover in his work both in Belgian relief and American food-administration. He is a democrat by birth and training. He does not merely believe in democracy—he relies on democracy.

What may be called the more special traits of Herbert Hoover are in perfect line with the general ones so far outlined. One man is as good as another to him until he reveals

himself less good. He saves time by cutting out frills, both business and social. He enjoys company, but wants it to mean something. He has little small talk, but plenty of significant talk. He prefers arranging matters by conference and agreement to using the big stick, but he does not hesitate to club when necessary. His directness of mental approach to any subject is expressed in his whole manner: his immediate attack in conversation on the essence of the matter, his few words, his quick decisions. He makes these decisions easily because he has a clear general policy to guide him.

He saves time. He reads surprisingly much for a man so continually heavily laden with affairs, and so given to days and nights of concentration on their problems. But he does his reading in bed. Even in those many difficult and always uncertain trips across the North Sea, from England to Holland, on his enforced movements between London and Brussels, he always had his little electric torch, or even stub of a candle, to fasten to his bunk for a little reading before going to sleep. He saves trouble, as well as time, by wearing in all seasons, and for years, one after another, business suits of the same model and cloth, which he simply orders when needed, two or three at a time, as one would order another half-dozen of collars of one's favorite style and regular size.

He knows what he wants to do, and goes straight forward toward doing it; but if difficulty too great intervenes, he withdraws for a fresh start and tries another path. I always think of him as outside of a circle in the center of which is his goal. He strikes the circle at one spot; if he can get through, well and good. If not, he draws away, moves a little around the circumference, and strikes again. This resourcefulness and fertility of method are conspicuous and invaluable characteristics. If there is only one way, he fights to the extreme along that way. But almost always he sees that there are other ways, and he readily tries one after another of them.

In all the Belgian relief diplomacy he recognized discreetly the official position of military officers, ministers, ambassadors, cabinet secretaries, premiers. He was patient of form where form was obligatory. But in realities he dealt with each

as man to man. He presumes reasonableness in his antagonist and depends on reason and understanding for his strength in discussion. He does not understand personal attack and vindictiveness.

There is much importance for the present, and significance for the future, in this calling on the proved business men and experts of the country to share in the administrative responsibility in this time of the nation's stress. It is a new phase of our cult of efficiency. And it is a splendid new illustration of the resources of democratic government. The response of the business men, that is, of the right type of business men, has been immediate and whole-hearted. They have dropped private affairs and money-making at the very moment when their individual personal attention to these matters may mean more in the way of gain, or of minimizing loss, than ever before in their lives, perhaps. They come as volunteers, regardless of titles, of position, or popular recognition, to do their part in public service, to help make our government more effective in time of great emergency, to help save it in a crisis. And when the crisis is past, they will be willing, and will prefer, to go back to their private affairs.

But they will not all be allowed to do this, and others, later, will be called for. Because Washington and the country are learning something.

It is going to be possible for our government to have always at its disposal, hereafter, the aid of men of a type new, with some notable exceptions, in public service, although as old in human society as human society itself. For the country is finding a new use for this type, and the type is finding in public service a new opportunity and aim and satisfaction.

Managing our government for the rest of our generation—we can see so far, at least, plainly—is going to be a stressful undertaking of big business, expert administration, and willing and self-sacrificing national loyalty. Strong policies more than politics, active doing more than spellbinding, and resourcefulness more than tradition, are going to be characteristic of it. Hence we shall need the Hoovers and Hurleys, the Davisons and Baruchs, the Willards and Rosenwalds, and

others like them, in governmental and national affairs for a long time to come. And I much doubt, indeed, whether we shall ever try to get on without them.

This is what I mean when I speak of Herbert Hoover as "type." He represents typically a class we are discovering in a new light ; men of affairs willing to be men of public service, not for salary or glory or named position, but for the satisfaction of doing something for country and humanity. It seems hard to reconcile our carefully cultivated ideas of "big business" with our ideas of public service. But we have before our eyes the material evidence that some big-business men can be willing and generous and honest public servants.

DOCUMENTS OF DEMOCRACY



MAGNA CHARTA

IN a room in the British Museum, where all may see, rests a manuscript, battered, torn, brown and shriveled with age, but dear to the heart not merely of every Englishman but of every lover of human freedom the world over—Magna Charta. From it still hangs the royal seal, token of the covenant wrung seven hundred years ago from the reluctant hands of the most cruel and treacherous of England's kings. It represents the first great victory of the English people over their sovereigns. It is the parent of all charters of human freedom. Because of it, and of what grew out of it in after years, all countries where the English tongue is spoken, and many besides, enjoy to-day the rights of free speech, free parliaments, justice, liberty, and equality.

You must not think that Magna Charta was easily won by the people of England. Kings in those days, and some even in much later times, thought that they were made of different clay from the people they governed; thought that their right to rule came directly from Heaven; that nothing they did could be wrong; and that the people had no right to complain even though they were treated like slaves. Those whom kings ruled over had become used to all this, and it was only because the English people were sturdy and independent and liberty-loving that at last they made up their minds to break the yoke of their tyrant. Far back in the days of King Alfred, who was a wise and just ruler, they had had a sort of parliament of their own, and were governed by laws that were fair and that protected them from injustice; but after England had been conquered by William of Normandy, the rights and liberties of the people were gradually taken away from them, until at last King John came to the throne and drove his subjects to rebellion by his cruelty and

oppression. When he found that they were becoming too strong for him, he promised to give them just laws, but he broke his promise so often that they would no longer trust him. The great barons, who were acting for the nation, forced King John to meet them at a place called Runnymede, and in the month of June, in the year 1215, he finally had his seal affixed to the Great Charter giving freedom to the people of England.

Let's pretend, as Alice said to the kitten before she stepped through into Looking-Glass-Land—let's pretend that we are back in the days of King John, and sailing up the Thames in a boat from London to Runnymede, to see the winning of the Great Charter. Seven hundred years ago, London did not look much like the huge city of to-day. It was a town of about forty thousand inhabitants, built along the north bank of the Thames, somewhat in the shape of a bow. The great wall that the Romans had raised about it, with seven double gates, was still standing, though rapidly falling into decay. The streets were very narrow, and the upper parts of the houses were built out over the lower storeys, so that if you stood on the roof you could almost shake hands with your neighbor on the other side.

As we leave the old town behind us—for even in those remote days London was an ancient city—and turn our boat up the Thames, we see on every side the homes of the London merchants, with their gardens and orchards, and here and there the castle of one of the great nobles, surrounded by its splendid park. On the river itself, barges fly hither and thither, in search of business or pleasure; graceful swans glide along the banks, and here and there a fish leaps from the water and disappears again. As we make our way up-stream, the city and its suburbs are lost to sight, and the dense forest comes down to the waters' edge. Presently we come to a small town, then to another. At last we see the buildings of Staines, on the north bank of the river. Here there is tremendous excitement, for this is the headquarters of the barons who are in league against the King. Nobles and knights, clad in armor and mounted on fiery chargers, are about to set out

for the place of meeting; squires and men-at-arms are running hither and thither, making preparations for the great event. It is Friday, June 15, 1215—a day forever to be remembered in English history.

Some miles beyond Staines, on the opposite side of the river, standing on the brow of a hill overlooking the Thames, we see presently the towers and turrets and battlements of the royal palace of Windsor, from the gates of which King John and his courtiers, with those nobles who have still remained true to his cause, are even now riding forth to meet the barons.

The meeting-place is a beautiful meadow on the margin of the river, known even to this day as Runnymede. It is about midway between Staines and Windsor. Long before the days of King John it had been celebrated as a place where the Saxon people were accustomed to meet together to talk over the affairs of the nation. A huge oak was still standing, under which King Alfred, it is said, used to sit when summoning his people to resist the invasion of the Danes, or to discuss with them other matters of great moment.

It was around this venerable oak that King John and the barons were now meeting; and here they were to give back to the people of England the liberties they had enjoyed under King Alfred, and that had been taken from them by William the Conqueror and those who succeeded him on the throne.

Let us get out of our boat and watch the wonderful scene. A throne has been set up for the King; near it is a gorgeous tent, above which flies the royal standard of England, and round about are the lesser tents of the nobles and courtiers. On the opposite side of the river is the camp of the barons, who are forcing King John to do that at which his haughty soul revolts. But he dares resist them no longer, for the whole nation is roused against him, and he must submit or lose his throne.

Presently the barons cross the river with their squires and men-at-arms, all armed in case the King should meditate any treachery. The King comes out of his tent and mounts the throne. He wears his royal robes, glistening with precious

stones, a golden, sparkling crown is on his head, and he makes a noble enough figure, although there is a cruel and crafty smile upon his lips that bodes ill for the rebellious barons if King John should ever again get the upper hand.

Beside the King stands the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, one of the wisest men in England, who has done more than any other to bring freedom to the English people. While the barons were fighting the King to gain their own ends, and relieve themselves from unjust taxation, it was Langton who stood up for the common people, and insisted that they too must be freed from injustice and oppression, whether on the part of the King, or of the great barons themselves. The King must not oppress the barons, neither must the barons oppress the people. The barons at first were not much inclined to look at the matter in this way; they did not care about doing unto others as they would themselves be done by; but in the end they saw that the only way they could hope to win justice and freedom from the King, was by making common cause with the people and insisting that every Englishman, high or low, rich or poor, must enjoy the rights of a free citizen. When we think of Magna Charta, we must not forget that the one man who did more than any other to bring about the granting of this great charter of liberty was Stephen Langton.

King John bore no love for Langton, and yet he knew that Langton was what he could never be—an upright, honest, and fearless man, who would as quickly support the King against his barons, if he believed his cause was just, as he would support the barons against the King. In all the long struggle, the one man who was respected by both sides was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

On the other side of King John stands Pandulph, the legate or ambassador of the Pope, with eight English bishops, and the Master of the Knights Templars, of whom you may have read in "The Talisman." Around him, too, stand a number of nobles who had remained loyal to the King, although many of them must have known that he had been cruel and unjust to his people. Here are the Earl of Pembroke, the

Earl of Salisbury, Earl Warenne, the Earl of Arundel, Hubert de Burgh, and all the others who had not thrown in their lot with the barons. Behind them are their squires and pages, with the other attendants, all richly dressed in honor of the great occasion.

The barons now stand before King John, led by Robert Fitzwalter, whom they had some time before elected as Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church. Each of the barons and knights is dressed in glittering chain-armor, and buckled to his side is his trusty sword. He is prepared to fight for the liberties of England if the King should be rash enough to refuse them.

The Great Charter is brought forth, and read to the King. It says first, that the English Church shall be free. Both the King and the Pope had for many years been interfering in every way with the Church of England, taxing and seizing her lands and property, forcing the election of bishops, and trying to take away her freedom. The King must now promise that this will cease.

Then the Charter deals with the liberties of the people of England. The King must promise to deal justly with all his subjects—not only with the great nobles and knights, but likewise with the merchants and farmers and all the freemen in the kingdom. He must no longer, as he had done, seize the property of earls, barons, or knights when they died, and keep it from their sons; nor must he deprive a widow of her dower—the portion of her husband's property that rightfully belonged to her after his death.

There had been a law or custom, called scutage, which the King had greatly abused. Under this law the knights and barons were obliged either to follow the King in his foreign wars, or, if they did not wish to do so, to pay him a tax that was known as scutage. A similar tax was imposed on the merchants of London. When the King needed money—and that was nearly always—he sent around his tax-gatherers to collect scutage from the nobles and merchants. Now the Charter provided that no tax of this kind should in future be imposed, except what was fair and reasonable. There must

be some taxes, to provide money to carry on the affairs of the kingdom, but the people should not be obliged to pay because the King chose to waste money on his own evil pleasures.

In order that the scutage tax should be fairly collected, and other matters arranged for the good of the people, the Charter provided that the King must call together a council or parliament, who would have authority to see that justice was done. This was very important, for hitherto the King had done just as he saw fit, forcing the people to give him their property and their money as he pleased, and asking advice of no one. Now he would have to ask the council, and if the council saw that the tax was not just, they would be able to prevent it.

There had been as little justice in the way the laws of the land were administered. The King appointed the judges and the sheriffs and all the other officers of the law, and they usually did just what they knew would please him, whether it was fair to the people or not. They would arrest a man who had committed some slight offense, or perhaps none at all, throw him into prison, and seize his property. The property would be sold, and part would go to the King and part to the judge or the sheriff.

Now all this injustice was to cease. The Charter said that no one, be he earl or baron, merchant or freeman, or simple laborer, should be punished except according to the law of the land. The Charter forced the King to promise: "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay, right or justice." And finally, all the property throughout the kingdom that the King had unjustly seized for his own profit must be restored to its rightful owners.

To make sure that this and the other provisions of the Charter should be carried out, the King was compelled to agree to the appointment of twenty-five barons who would represent the people, and whose duty it would be to decide all claims and see that the promises made in the Charter were carried out.

When the Charter had been read to King John, he made

the best of a bad bargain, and pretended that he was glad to approve it, thinking that he would find some way later of ignoring his promises. Having consented to it, he handed it to Hugh Neville, Keeper of the Great Seal, who attached to it the great seal of the realm. In that way it became the law of the land, and the people of England had gained the Great Charter of their liberties, for which they had so long been struggling. One can easily imagine what rejoicing there was throughout all England when it became known that King John had at last granted *Magna Charta*.

If you would like to see the full text of *Magna Charta*, you will find it in a book by Dr. Stubbs, called "Select Charters," but I am afraid you will find it very dry reading, and rather difficult to understand, because it was written seven hundred years ago, when everything was different, even the English language and the way it was written. You will also find a great deal about the Charter in Green's "History of the English People," which is not so hard to understand as Stubbs's book. But the most pleasant way to learn more about the Charter, and about the way people lived in the days of King John, is by reading Edgar's "Runnymede and Lincoln Fair, a Story of the Great Charter." If any of you have not read this delightful story, you had better get it at once from your public library.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

[In Congress, July 4, 1776.—The Unanimous Declaration of the
Thirteen United States of America.]

WHEN in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient

sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the

tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free System of English laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

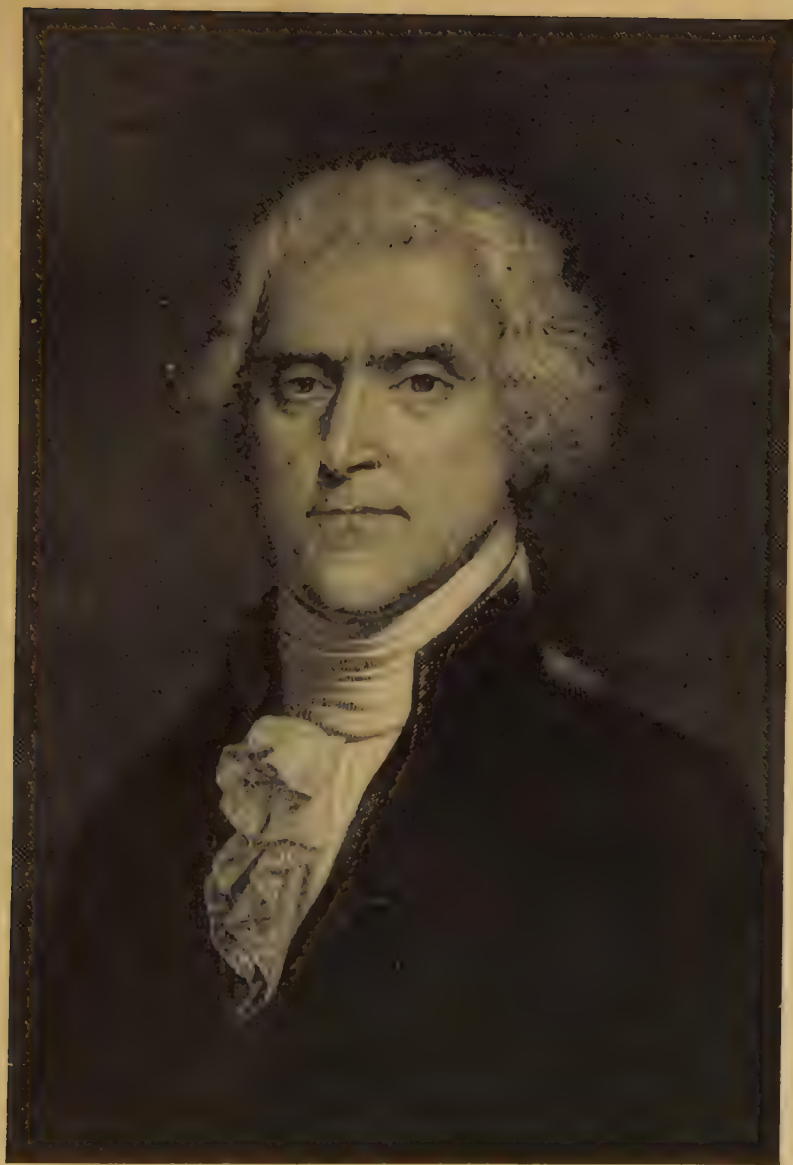
For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and

the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

JOHN HANCOCK.

New Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay—Saml. Adams, John Adams, Robt. Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island—Step. Hopkins, William Ellery.

Connecticut—Roger Sherman, Sam'el Huntington, Wm. Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

New York—Wm. Floyd, Phil. Livingston, Frans. Lewis, Lewis Morris.

New Jersey—Richd. Stockton, Jno. Witherspoon, Fras. Hopkinson, John Hart, Abra. Clark.

Pennsylvania—Robt. Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja. Franklin, John Morton, Geo. Clymer, Jas. Smith, Geo. Taylor, James Wilson, Geo. Ross.

Delaware—Cæsar Rodney, Geo. Read, Tho. M'Kean.

Maryland—Samuel Chase, Wm. Paca, Thos. Stone, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Virginia—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Th. Jefferson, Benja. Harrison, Thos. Nelson jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton.

North Carolina—Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

South Carolina—Edward Rutledge, Thos. Heyward Junr., Thomas Lynch, Junr., Arthur Middleton.

Georgia—Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, Geo. Walton.

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF CANADA

By THOMAS B. FLINT

THE Magna Charta of Canada is what is known as the British North America Act, proclaimed on July 1, 1867. Canadians celebrate the day as their national holiday. What the Fourth of July is to Americans, the First of July is to the people of Canada. Both commemorate the securing of the right of the colonists to govern themselves; but in the case of the United States the people had to fight for their liberty, while in the case of Canada the Mother Country willingly recognized that right. The British North America Act is itself a dry, long-winded legal document, but between the lines may be read many things to stir the hearts of an ambitious and liberty-loving people. It molded into one nation a number of scattered colonies; gave them a Parliament made up of their own elected representatives, with power to manage the affairs of Canada without interference from England; and made it possible for Canadians to remain loyal subjects of the King and citizens of the British Empire, without surrendering their liberty or losing their self-respect. Had the English King George III and his statesmen been as wise in 1776 as the good Queen Victoria and her ministers proved themselves to be in 1867, there might have been to-day one great English-speaking nation instead of two.

The British North America Act was framed by a group of patriotic Canadian statesmen who are lovingly remembered as the "Fathers of Confederation." One of them was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who was born in Ireland, spent some years of his early manhood in the United States, and devoted the remainder of his life to the welfare of Canada, dying finally at the hands of an assassin who was unable to recognize the breadth of his patriotism. In a famous speech on the Union, he said:

"I have spoken without respect of persons, and with a single desire for the increase, prosperity, freedom and honor of this young Northern Nation. I call it a Northern Nation, for such it must become, if all of us do our duty to the last. I look to the future of my adopted country with hope, though not without anxiety. I see in the not remote distance one great nationality, bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of Ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse, and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the Western mountains and the crests of the Eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the fivefold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John, and the Basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining, in peace and in war, a constitution worthy of such a country."

HOW GREAT BRITAIN IS GOVERNED

By W. J. DARBY

ALTHOUGH Great Britain is a monarchy and the United States a republic, and although the American people elect the head of their government every four years, while the English people are ruled by a sovereign who holds the throne for life by right of succession, yet the difference between their forms of government is really not very great. The difference is chiefly in name and in the fact that the people of the United States choose their President, while the English people do not choose their King. This would seem to make the government of the United States more a government by the people than that of Great Britain; but as a matter of fact the English King has less real power than the President of the United States; and while he is respected and honored and all the affairs of government are carried on in his name, the King has little to say in the making or enforcing of the laws.

The legislative or lawmaking power in Great Britain is in the hands of a Parliament consisting of the sovereign and two houses, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, which has existed nearly in its present form since the middle of the fourteenth century. The House of Lords, or upper house, is composed of five classes of peers: (1) those who hold their seats by hereditary right; (2) those who hold their seats by creation of the King; (3) English bishops, or peers of the Church, who hold their seats by right of office; (4) Irish peers, who are elected for life; (5) Scottish peers, who are elected for the duration of a Parliament.

It may be seen that the people have little to say in creating the House of Lords; but they have everything to say in creating the House of Commons, and it is the House of Commons

that possesses the real power. The lower house of the British Parliament consists of elected members representing county, borough, and university constituencies in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland. There are 670 members in the House of Commons, of whom 377 represent counties, 284 represent boroughs, and 9 represent universities. These are elected directly by the people, not for any stated number of years, but for the duration of a Parliament, which may vary from a few months to several years, as you will see presently. Parliament is summoned by the King, who, by advice of the Privy Council, issues a writ to that effect before the assembling of each Parliament. In this custom there is a reminder of the time when the representatives of the people attended the meetings of the King and his Council merely by kind permission of the sovereign. In reality, the royal writ summoning Parliament is scarcely more than a form, as Parliament never really goes out of existence.

Any Parliament may last for seven years, though it never does last so long. It lasts as long as the party in power has the support of the people, and no longer. When the party in power, which for the time being controls the Government, finds that it cannot pass its measures by a substantial majority, the ministers who represent it in the Cabinet—which I will tell you about presently—resign. Parliament is then dissolved, a writ is issued summoning a new Parliament, and a new election is held. The party in the majority in the new Parliament forms the new government.

This system of party government is practically the same as that of the United States. But the British Parliament is, if anything, closer to the people than the Congress of the United States, and follows public opinion more quickly. If the party in power does not find sufficient support for any measure it introduces it “goes to the country”; that is, it makes way for another election, so that the people have a chance to say whether or not they want that particular measure passed.

When a bill is passed in the House of Commons it goes to the House of Lords. If it is rejected by the Lords it goes back to the Commons, and if it is passed a second time by the

Commons it goes again to the Lords. If the Lords reject the bill a second time it is again taken up by the Commons, and if it passes in the Commons for the third time it becomes law, whether the Lords wish it or not. Previous to 1911 no bill could become law without the consent of the House of Lords, but in that year the veto power of the House of Lords was annulled by the vote of the people. The House of Lords cannot now defeat any bill, but it may delay it till the party in power goes out of office and so in the end prevent its passage into law. Before a bill becomes law it is signed by the King; and, like the President of the United States, the King has the right of veto on all legislation; but while the President not infrequently exercises his veto, the King of England seldom—almost never—makes use of his.

So you see that the people of Great Britain, through the House of Commons, practically make their own laws. In the same way they enforce them. The executive power of the British Government is nominally in the hands of the King; actually it is in the hands of the Cabinet. The Cabinet is a body of ministers composed of the leaders of the party in the majority in Parliament, which means that it is chosen indirectly by the people. The head of the Cabinet, the Prime Minister, or Premier, is the First Lord of the Treasury, and the other members of the Cabinet are: the Lord President of the Council, the Lord High Chancellor, and three ministers without portfolios. The other ministers and heads of departments are: the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for India, the Lord Privy Seal, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the President of the Board of Trade, the President of the Board of Education, the Secretary for Scotland, the President of the Board of Agriculture, the Postmaster-General, the First Commissioner of Works, the President of the Air Council, the President of the Local Government Board, the Minister of Labor, the Minister of Munitions, the Minister of Blockade and

Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Food Control, the Shipping Controller, the Minister of National Service, the Minister in Charge of Propaganda and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Minister of Pensions, the Minister of Reconstruction, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Paymaster-General, the Director of War Trade Department, the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Attorney-General for Ireland, and the Solicitor-General for Ireland.

Some of these ministers have titles similar to those of Cabinet officers in the United States and their duties also are similar; some of them correspond to other officers in the United States Cabinet, though their titles are somewhat different. The Chancellor of the Exchequer corresponds to the American Secretary of the Treasury; the First Lord of the Admiralty corresponds to the Secretary of the Navy; and the President of the Board of Trade corresponds to the Secretary of Commerce. The Lord High Chancellor is head of the legislative department of the British Government, and in many respects corresponds to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Chief Justice is not in the United States Cabinet; and in England, there is an Attorney-General, who is not in the British Cabinet. The titles of other members of the British Cabinet indicate clearly enough the scope of their duties. For instance, the Secretary of State for India represents the Government in Indian affairs, and the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is responsible for Irish affairs.

The President of the Local Government **Board** exercises supervision over the affairs of the local governments in Great Britain; and here let me explain to you what British local government means. The British Government, having in charge the affairs of the whole great British Empire, cannot provide for every detail of government in every part of the empire; so it delegates to certain local bodies the power of government in local affairs. For the purposes of local government, England and Wales are divided into sixty-two administrative counties, which are different from the geographical counties.

In each county the King is represented by a Lord Lieutenant whose powers are little more than nominal. The governing body of the county is a county council consisting of councilors elected by the people and of aldermen elected by the councilors. The councilors are elected for three years and the aldermen for six years. The council has charge of the county police, schools, asylums, reformatories, licenses for music and dance halls and for race-courses, county rates, bridges and main roads, and a variety of other affairs within the county.

The administrative counties, except the County of London, are subdivided into districts, known as urban and rural districts. An urban district comprises a town or a closely populated area, while a rural district comprises several country parishes. Every district has its council, which has control of district affairs, and every parish of over three hundred inhabitants has a parish council that regulates the affairs of the parish. The County of London, not including the city, is divided into twenty-eight boroughs, each having a mayor, aldermen, and councilors. The City of London, all large towns, and all county boroughs are ruled by municipal corporations that exist by virtue of charters granted by the Crown. A municipal corporation consists of a mayor, aldermen, and burgesses. The burgesses are really the rate-paying citizens, and they act through a council elected by themselves, which in turn elects the aldermen and the mayor. All county and district councils and other local governing bodies are responsible to the Local Government Board, which is a branch of the national Government.

There is a Local Government Board for Scotland, consisting of the Secretary for Scotland, the Solicitor-General of Scotland, the Under-Secretary for Scotland, and three other members nominated by the Crown. The county, district, parish, and municipal councils in Scotland are similar to those in England. In Scotland the terms "bailie" and "provost" are used instead of "alderman" and "mayor."

Ireland is governed by a Lord Lieutenant, representing the King, and the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, repre-

senting the Government. It has county, district, and municipal councils similar to those in England and Scotland. There are no parish councils in Ireland. Towns that do not hold charters from the Crown entitling them as corporations are governed by commissioners. Both Ireland and Scotland send members to the British Parliament, Ireland sending 103 and Scotland 72.

The judiciary or judging department of the British Government consists of the House of Lords, the Supreme Court of Judicature, the Chancery and Probate courts, and various local courts. The Supreme Court of Judicature consists of the Court of Appeal and the High Court of Justice, and is the highest court in the land except the House of Lords, which is the final Court of Appeal. The House of Lords is also the final Court of Appeal in Scotland and Ireland. Scotland has a High Court of Justiciary, a Court of Session, and Sheriff Courts; and in Ireland, besides a Supreme Court consisting of a Court of Appeals and a High Court of Justice, there are also county and criminal courts.

Remembering that the judiciary branch of government interprets the meaning and intention of the laws, and metes out punishment to those who offend and equity to those that obey them, we realize how important a branch it is. Without it government could not be carried on with justice and effectiveness.

HOW CANADA IS GOVERNED

By THOMAS B. FLINT

CANADA is that portion of the British Empire formerly known as British North America. It occupies all the northern part of the North American continent east of the United States possessions in Alaska and north of the United States boundary line. Its relation to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is that of a self-governing Colony. In area it is the largest of the English Colonies; and it is the most important in wealth and population.

There are several classes of Colonies under the Imperial sway. The first and highest class is composed of those Colonies having self-governing powers, with complete legislative and judicial institutions and a government responsible to the people as represented in their parliaments. There are other Colonies and dependencies in great number, wherein the administrative and lawmaking powers are more fully under the control of the British Government.

The Colonies of the first class are: the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Union of South Africa, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Colony of Newfoundland. In these the Governor is the only official controlled by the Imperial authorities. His power is limited by very strict constitutional rules. Besides the appointment of the Governor or the Governor-General, as the case may be, the Crown reserves certain rights of veto upon legislation, but this power is seldom used. It is called into exercise only on those rare occasions when some enactment is judged to be beyond the powers granted, or against the general Imperial policy toward foreign powers.

In all essential respects the government in Colonies of the first class is quite independent, and is exercised by the people through their legally qualified representatives.

Other Colonies have various degrees of self-government. They are known as Crown Colonies, and their legislation and administration are carried on under the supervision of the Imperial Colonial Secretary and the Government in England.

The Dominion of Canada is a Federal Union of nine provinces. It controls all the rest of Canadian territory, and governs it either through local councils of an elective character or directly by the Governor-General in Council.

The provinces and territories now forming the Dominion came under British rule at different times and under varying circumstances. The Eastern or Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, were first under French rule and later became possessions of Great Britain.

Nova Scotia was colonized by the French in 1598, taken from them by the English in 1627, restored to France in 1632, and again ceded to England in 1713. Cape Breton, now a part of Nova Scotia, was finally taken from the French in 1758, and was a separate Colony till 1819.

A portion of New Brunswick became English in 1713, but the province did not become wholly British until after the fall of Quebec in 1759. It then formed a part of Nova Scotia, but in 1784 it became a separate province. Prince Edward Island was annexed to Cape Breton in 1763, and became a separate Colony in 1768.

Ontario and Quebec (greatly enlarged by the legislation of 1912) are the largest of the original provinces forming the Dominion. They are known as "Old Canada." Quebec, founded by the French in 1608, fell to the British in 1759, and in 1763 was formally ceded to Great Britain. Between 1763 and 1774 it was governed by military authority, but in the latter year a Council was established by the British Parliament.

In 1791 an Imperial Act was passed dividing Canada into Upper Canada and Lower Canada, and a constitution was provided for each province. In 1840 these two provinces were reunited into one province, and they so continued till 1867. Under the Federal Union Upper Canada became the

Province of Ontario and Lower Canada became the Province of Quebec. British Columbia became a Crown Colony in 1858, and entered the Dominion in 1871. At the time of the Union in 1867 all these provinces were in the full enjoyment of responsible self-government.

The vast regions north of British Columbia and west of Ontario, known as Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territories, were taken over by the Dominion in 1869, the Hudson Bay Company's claims therein having been purchased for \$1,500,000 in cash and certain reserved sections of land of considerable value. Out of this territory the present provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have been carved—Manitoba in 1870 and the two latter provinces in 1905. The Yukon and Northwest Territories are still under territorial government.

The nine provinces are integral members of the federation, each having, in addition to its representation in the Parliament, its own Governor, Executive Council (or Cabinet), and legislature. The legislative bodies of the provinces are called legislatures, while that of the Dominion is called Parliament. The legislature of each province except Quebec and Nova Scotia consists of one house called the Legislative Assembly. Quebec and Nova Scotia retained the two chambers upon entering the Union. The upper house is called the Legislative Council; the lower, the House of Assembly.

Upon the petition of the provinces of Canada, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the Dominion was constituted by an Act of the Imperial Parliament known as "The British North America Act, 1867." This Act is sometimes, but erroneously, referred to as the "Constitution." Only in a very limited sense can it be properly termed a constitution. The constitutional rules and principles under which government and legislation are carried on are not set forth in this Act. The Act defines the powers of the Dominion and those of the provinces, distributing them according to the understanding entered into by the original four provinces, but it leaves the method of the working out of those powers to the general principles and limitations of British constitutional

law and practice. The statement in the Act that these methods are to be "similar in principle to those in the United Kingdom" covers the whole constitutional ground. These principles were actually in full force and effect in the four provinces many years prior to the establishment of the Confederation.

A description of the method of legislation and government of the Dominion would suffice for that of the individual provinces. These follow the customs, rules, and usages of the British Parliament in almost every particular. The Dominion of Canada is a Federal Union. The provinces in their relation to the Dominion are like the States in their relation to the United States. The Governor-General of Canada is appointed by the Crown and represents the King. He is the official head of the administration, but is guided in his political action by constitutional rules well known and understood. On the advice of his Council (the Cabinet), he appoints the provincial governors who hold office for a limited period, usually five years. To be valid, all his official acts must be approved by his Council. The Senate is a pale copy of the House of Lords in England, each Senator being appointed for life by the Governor in Council, while the House of Commons, like that of Great Britain and Ireland, is the real ruling body. The Cabinet forms the executive government and is made up of fifteen heads of departments, who must be members of Parliament or Senators.

There is an official body known as the Privy Council, a portion of which is called the "Cabinet." Every member of the Cabinet is a Privy Councilor, but many Privy Councilors are not in the Cabinet. The Privy Council as a whole is composed of Cabinet ministers, ex-Cabinet ministers, and others who are appointed on account of distinguished public service. It never meets as an official body and exercises no public functions.

The ministers, whose duties are indicated by the title of their respective offices, are fifteen in number, and these form the real active and responsible Council of State, at the head of which is the President of the Council, who is the Prime Minister and leader of the Government.

The department heads are as follows: Secretary of State, Minister of Justice and Attorney-General, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Minister of Marine, Fisheries and Naval Service, Minister of Railways and Canals, Minister of Militia and Defense, Minister of Finance, Postmaster-General, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Interior, Minister of Customs, Minister of Inland Revenue, Minister of Labor, Minister of Immigration and Colonization.

There are generally two or three members of the Senate or of the House of Commons in the Cabinet who are not connected with any department. The Solicitor-General, usually a member of the House of Commons, is not in the Cabinet.

The Dominion has also a High Commissioner in London, whose functions somewhat resemble those of an ambassador. He is the public agent of the Dominion near the Imperial Government.

In the provincial governments there is no Privy Council. The heads of the executive departments form the Governor's Council or Cabinet.

The Parliament of Canada, as already indicated, consists of two houses, the Senate and the House of Commons. The Speaker of the Senate is a Senator appointed for one Parliament by the Governor in Council. The Speaker of the House of Commons is elected by the members of the House, but he is always nominated by the leader of the Government from among the ranks of his own party. There is also (elected in the same way) a Deputy Speaker, who is Chairman of Committees of the Whole, and who also presides in the absence of the Speaker.

In 1918 the Senate consisted of 96 members—from Quebec 24, from Ontario 24, from Nova Scotia 10, from New Brunswick 10, from Prince Edward Island 4, from British Columbia 6, and 6 each from Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan.

The members of the House of Commons are 235 in number, elected by the people for a term of five years, unless the House is sooner dissolved and a new election ordered. The constituencies are arranged by Federal law, but the voters are qualified under provincial law. Voting is by ballot. In

distributing the representation among the provinces according to population, the Province of Quebec is taken as the standard. To this province 65 members are always allotted. Each constituency is as nearly as possible of the same voting population except in the case of cities. The representation of the other provinces is based upon the proportion of 65 members to the population of Quebec. If a province contained twice the population of Quebec, it would be allotted 130 members; and so on.

In 1918 the representation of the provinces was as follows: Ontario 82, Quebec 65, Nova Scotia 16, New Brunswick 11, Manitoba 15, British Columbia 13, Prince Edward Island 4, Saskatchewan 16, Alberta 12, the Yukon Territory 1. The representation is readjusted and redistributed every ten years as soon as possible after the completion of the decennial census.

The House of Commons, like its great prototype in England, is, as I have said, the ruling power in the state. The Government must always have a majority in that branch of the legislature. If for any reason it ceases to command a majority, it must either resign or call a new election. If in such an election a majority of supporters of the Government are elected, it retains power. If the supporters of the Opposition secure a majority, the Government at once resigns and the leader of the Opposition becomes Prime Minister and forms a Cabinet from among his own supporters in the Senate and House. All ministers must have seats in Parliament. If a Cabinet minister fails of reelection by the people, he must resign his office unless he is called to the Senate for one of the provinces. If a private member is called to be head of a department, his seat is at once declared vacant and he must be reelected to the House for some constituency in order to hold his office.

The minority party in the House of Commons is officially styled "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition," and the leader of the Opposition is allowed the same salary as a Cabinet minister in addition to his pay as Member. Ministers receive \$7,000 salary. Senators and Members receive \$2,500 each for a session. The average duration of sessions is six months. In



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

addition to the sessional allowance, Senators and Members have free transportation on all railways in the Dominion throughout the year, and during sessions of Parliament they have free postage.

The distribution of power between the legislatures and the Parliament is clearly set forth in the British North America Act. Speaking generally, matters pertaining to education, highways, local aid to agriculture, regulation of mines, local taxation, and all other matters of purely local concern, are allotted to the provinces. The provinces receive yearly from the Dominion large sums fixed by law toward the maintenance of provincial revenues. The amount thus paid is based partly upon population and partly upon other circumstances.

All matters of national importance and of interest to Canada as a whole—such as customs tariff, inland revenue, the public domain outside the provinces, the postal service, trade, commerce and fisheries, railways, canals and telegraph lines, militia and defense, naval service, banks and banking, and the criminal law—are assigned to the Federal authority. Any powers not especially granted or reserved to the provinces remain in the jurisdiction of the Union. In this respect the Constitution of Canada differs from that of the United States, whereby all powers not specifically or by necessary implication granted to the Union remain vested in the States.

The judiciary branch of the Government in Canada is partly under Federal and partly under provincial control. The purely Federal courts are the Supreme Court of Canada, a court of appeal only, and the Exchequer Court of Canada, which has Admiralty jurisdiction, jurisdiction over the patent law, and takes cognizance of all civil actions against the Crown or Government. The other high courts are provincial as to their constitution and procedure, but the judges are appointed and paid by the Dominion. There are in each province high or superior courts with civil and criminal jurisdiction. There are also county courts having quite extensive powers, the judges of which are also appointed and paid by the Dominion. The provincial legislatures provide and pay for probate and surrogate, police and magistrate courts.

Naturally there have been wide differences of views as to Federal and provincial rights under the Union. These have been settled by the courts as cases have arisen. Where grave constitutional points are concerned, as to the validity of laws and rights of action under them, affecting important interests, the causes having these points in issue are carried to the Supreme Court of Canada. From this court an appeal lies to a tribunal known as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council sitting in London. In this court judges of great eminence in Great Britain and in the Colonies hear appeals from all the courts of the Empire. Its decisions are final. Consequently there now exists a series of constitutional decisions settling the main principles upon which the Federal system in the Colonies must be carried on. Certain restrictions are placed upon the right of appeal to this court in order to prevent unwise and unnecessary litigation; but appeals on constitutional questions are always entertained. The existence of this Imperial court of final resort is regarded as one of the most powerful bonds of Imperial unity.

HOW THE UNITED STATES IS GOVERNED

AS defined by Abraham Lincoln, the government of the United States is a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." The United States is what is known as a federal republic. The word "federal" means joined, united, working together, and it is used here because the government of the United States controls the whole country, which is made up of forty-eight States, each of which has its own subordinate government with certain powers and functions belonging distinctly to itself. All the States joined together make the nation.

The head of the Federal government is called the President, and there is a Vice-President, who acts as head of the government when for any reason the President is unable to perform the duties of his office.

The President and Vice-President are chosen by the voters of all the States. But the voters in the several States do not vote directly for them. They vote for men known as Presidential electors. The Constitution provides that each State shall choose as many Presidential electors as it has persons representing it in Congress—two electors to correspond to the two senators from each State, and as many more as the State sends members to the House of Representatives. All together these electors compose what is called the electoral college. "Each party in each State chooses its candidates for this body; each district being represented by its own successful candidate, according to the popular vote. The successful electoral candidates in each State meet at their respective State capitals, on the first Monday in January following the general election, and vote for the candidates heading the party tickets with which each member is affiliated. The electoral votes are

formally counted, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, on the second Wednesday in February, and the President and Vice-President declared elected. In case of non-election, the matter is placed in the hands of Congress, which chooses candidates by two-thirds vote."

The Vice-President is president of the Senate while the President of the United States lives and retains his office, but succeeds him if he dies in office or otherwise quits it. In the early days of the Republic, the unsuccessful candidate for President was usually elected Vice-President, but in later times each party has chosen its candidate for this office as well as for that of President.

The government of the United States is divided into three main branches. These are: the legislative or lawmaking branch; the executive or managing branch; the judiciary or judging branch. The legislative branch consists of the two houses of Congress, the Senate and the House of Representatives. The executive branch consists of the President and his ten advisers, who form his Cabinet. The judiciary branch consists of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of the United States district courts in all the States of the Union. The United States courts are separate from the State courts.

To show what these three branches have to do, we may say that Congress makes laws; the President and his Cabinet carry them into effect; and the judges of the United States courts interpret and apply the laws in deciding cases brought before them.

It has been said that, while Congress makes laws, the judges sometimes unmake them. So far as this is true, it is because the judges sometimes find that a law is contrary to the Constitution of the United States, which tells what kind of laws may be made and what kind may not be made. If Congress makes laws that are against the Constitution, the judges set them aside.

Congress, as we have seen, consists of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate consists of members formerly elected by the legislatures or lawmaking bodies of



THE UNITED STATES CAPITAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

the States, but henceforth to be elected by the people of the several States. Each State has two senators, and each senator is elected for a term of six years. As there are forty-eight States, the number of senators is ninety-six.

The House of Representatives consists of members elected by the people of the several States. Each member of the House is elected from a congressional district. The congressional districts are determined as equally as possible upon a basis of population, and are reapportioned—changed to suit the varying population—three years after every census, or counting of the people of the nation.

Laws made for the nation consist originally of bills passed by the votes of a majority of the members of Congress. A bill may be drawn up in either house, and when it has been passed in that house it is sent to the other to be voted on. If it is passed by both houses, it is sent to the President. If the President signs his name to the bill it becomes a law. If he does not approve it—that is, if he withholds his signature—he returns the bill, with his objections, to the house that first passed it. This act is the President's veto. "Veto" is a Latin word meaning "I forbid," and the bill that a President vetoes fails to become a law unless, after the veto, two-thirds of both houses pass it again. This seldom happens now; usually, in recent years, the President's veto has been respected.

Bills are presented to either house by committees chosen to deal with special subjects. When a new law is proposed in the form of a bill, it is referred to the appropriate committee, who, if they approve it, submit it to their house, which then votes upon it. The President often suggests laws that he thinks should be passed, and his suggestions may be acted upon by Congress, which draws up and passes such bills as it thinks best.

The executive or managing branch of the government consists of the President and ten heads of departments, who form his Cabinet. The officers composing the Cabinet, and their functions, are as follows:

The Secretary of State, head of the Department of State, controls the relations of the government with foreign coun-

tries, and is the director of all ministers, ambassadors, etc., who represent the United States at foreign capitals. He also directs all United States consuls in cities of foreign countries, who are sent out to protect American citizens in those places, and to promote the interests of American commerce there.

The Secretary of the Treasury, head of the Treasury Department, has charge of all money in the United States Treasury. He also directs the collection of taxes on things—such as tobacco, liquors, playing-cards—subject to the internal revenue tax, and controls all the United States custom-houses. The mints where money is coined are also under him.

The Secretary of War, head of the War Department, controls the United States Army. He has charge of all the forts belonging to the government, and directs all officers and soldiers of the army. The War Department has direction of the Weather Bureau, which issues daily predictions regarding the weather.

The Secretary of the Navy, head of the Navy Department, directs all the officers and sailors of the United States Navy and of the United States Marine Corps. He has in charge the building of ships for the navy, and he orders their movements.

The Secretary of the Interior, head of the Department of the Interior, has charge of the United States business in all the States and territories, also of the United States lands and forest reserves, and of the irrigation dams and systems in the arid regions of the West. His department has to do with most of the relations between the States and the United States Government.

The Attorney-General, head of the Department of Justice, is the chief law officer of the government; he directs the conduct of its suits in the United States courts, and takes care of its legal interests in all parts of the country.

The Postmaster-General, head of the Post Office Department, directs the carrying of the mails all over the country, and of the mails entering and leaving the United States.

The Secretary of Agriculture, head of the Department of Agriculture, does the work of advising and helping the farmers

of the country to make the most of the soil and crops. His department tries new ideas, and issues bulletins that tell farmers about the various kinds of crops that can be raised in this country.

The Secretary of Commerce, head of the Department of Commerce, has direction of the vast commercial affairs of the government. He must understand the conditions of trade and business at home and abroad.

The Secretary of Labor, head of the Department of Labor, which was created in 1913, has important functions connected with the interests of the wage-earners of the country and their relations with their employers.

These secretaries are appointed by the President and may take office with the approval of the Senate. Each secretary is the executive head of his own department, where he represents the President. He is supposed to do always as the President desires.

In case of the President's death in office or of his retirement, the Vice-President, as we have said, succeeds him. If the Vice-President also dies, or retires, the Secretary of State becomes President. After him in the order of succession come the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior.

Each State is self-governing, and has its government separate from that of every other State and in most things from that of the nation. Yet each State has responsible relations to the national government, and is bound to respect its authority in all matters of national as distinguished from purely State character. We may understand this if we think of a house in which many persons live—a large family, for example. Each person has his own clothes, books, and other belongings, but they all live together, and, if they do right by each other, every one does something to keep the house going. If they are all grown up, each one pays board. If they are parents and children, each boy or girl does something to help father and mother, if only by being “good” and obeying household rules for the well-being of all. “That which is not good

for the swarm is not good for the bee." In this way all the members of a family may live together happily while each one has his own property and business separate from the others.

Just as the chief man in the nation is called the President, so the chief man in each of the States is called the governor, and the chief man in a city is called the mayor. All the voters of all the States may vote to elect the President of the United States, and all the voters of each State or each city may vote to elect their governor or their mayor.

The President has no right to interfere with the governor of any State unless he does something against the whole United States, as, for example, trying to separate his State from the Union. The President and the United States government have control of only a few things within the States, such as the mails, the railroads running from one State to another, and United States lands in any State. These United States lands are largely great forests that the government keeps from being cut down, so that the trees and their wood may not be wasted.

The United States government has customs officers in different States, especially in those along the ocean, on the Great Lakes, or on the border between the United States and Canada or Mexico. These customs officers collect duty—money demanded by the government as a tax upon certain articles brought into the United States from other countries.

The President of the United States can call on any or all of the State governors to send soldiers to fight the nation's enemies in time of war. But neither the President nor any other authority can interfere with the laws of any of the States unless they conflict with the supreme laws of the Republic.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FAREWELL ADDRESS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

FRIENDS and Fellow-Citizens: The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that

under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. . . .

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause

fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint efforts, of common dangers, suffering and successes.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations, and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union and exemption from these broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions

of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician equally with the pious man ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which en-

nobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny

of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws, under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE *

By JAMES MONROE

IN the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

* From his message to Congress, December 2, 1823. This Doctrine is one of the fundamental articles of our national faith, and may become the basis of the Bill of Rights of the two American continents, and even of the whole world. This larger proposal was put into noble language by President Woodrow Wilson in his proffer of peace during the early stages of the Great War, as follows:

"No peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no right anywhere exists to hand people about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property.

"I am proposing, as it were, that the nations should with one accord adopt the doctrine of President Monroe as the doctrine of the world; that no nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unfraided, the little along with the great and powerful.

"I am proposing that all nations henceforth avoid entangling alliances which would draw them into competitions of power, catch them in a net of intrigue and selfish rivalry, and disturb their own affairs with influences intruded from without. There is no entangling alliance in a concert of power. When all unite to act in the same sense and with the same purpose, all act in the common interest and are free to live their own lives under a common protection."

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their systems to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE WORLD MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY *

By WOODROW WILSON

THE world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon tested foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

* From the Address to Congress asking for a Declaration of War against Germany.

PATRIOTISM AND CITIZENSHIP

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still, and wider, shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

THE NEW CITIZEN

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE good citizen must in the first place recognize what he owes his fellow-citizens. If he is worthy to live in a free republic, he must keep before his eyes his duty to the nation of which he forms a part. He must keep himself informed and must think for himself on the great questions of his day, and he must know how to express his thoughts. He must possess an intelligent opinion upon the issues that arise; for in a government like ours the fool is only less harmful than the knave. Above all, he must be, in the truest sense of the word, deeply and broadly patriotic. There must be nothing narrow in his patriotism. The welfare of the whole country must be dear to him; and he will have but a poor soul if he can ever see the flag without feeling a thrill at the thought of all that the flag implies.

But patriotism should be to each man more than mere feeling. He must not merely think and talk; he must act, he must work. He is bound in honor to act disinterestedly and uprightly; he is bound to do his full share of the civic work of his community. If public men do their work ill, then he is responsible if he does not try to see that they do their work better; and if they do their work well, then he must try to hold up their hands, so long as they persevere in well-doing.

He must combine with his fellows in order to make the weight of his influence felt, and yet he must never fear to stand up for what he deems to be right and just, whether the bulk of his fellow-citizens stand with him or against him. He must work for the whole people, and yet he must not hesitate to go against the people if he is convinced they are wrong. He must remember that in the last resort it will be his plain duty, if the emergency arises, to take arms in defense of the law, in

defense of the country. The weakling and the coward have no place in our public life or in our private life; it is the duty of every decent man not only to stand up valiantly for the right, but to war mercilessly upon the wrong.

The young American, now entering upon his duties of citizenship, holds in his hands the fate of the coming years. With him it rests to decide the failure or success of the tremendous experiment begun by Washington. He must work out the future of our country; he must carry on the government planned by the wisdom of great statesmen, founded and saved by the valor of great soldiers. No material prosperity, important though material prosperity be, will by itself avail if as a nation we lose the virile, fighting virtues, or that regard for character and honor and probity which alone can keep a race mighty.

The young American must as a citizen be an American in deed, in spirit, purpose, and hope; he must "prove by his endeavor" that he is a man able to hold his own in the rough work of the world, fearless on behalf of the right, resolute never to flinch before the forces of evil; and, finally, by his life he must show his conviction that all else is useless if he does not build on the foundation of those basic virtues which lie deep in the character of every nation that really deserves to be called great.



FLAG-DAY CELEBRATION

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

By FRANKLIN K. LANE

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"
Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for,

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."



JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

THE REPUBLIC WILL ENDURE

By JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

YOU live in a Republic where there is liberty without license, and authority without despotism, and where the civil rulers hold over you the ægis of its protection without interfering with the God-given rights of conscience.

In view of the signal blessings you enjoy, it is your duty to take an active, personal, vital interest in the welfare of your country. You should glory in her prosperity and be concerned at every adversity that may befall her. You should hold up the arms of those who are charged with the administration of public affairs, as the children of Israel held up the hands of Moses while he interceded for them before the Lord.

The inspired word of God enjoins this loyalty to country, and reverence for its rulers. The religion you profess demands this fealty. The constitutions of your respective societies uphold it; and I am sure that there is not a single fiber of your heart which does not pulsate with a genuine, undivided love for the Republic and its sacred traditions.

I venture to say that every member of your society is a loyal citizen. Every citizen a patriot; every patriot a soldier; every soldier a hero, and every hero would be a martyr, to die if need be for his country.

There are some pessimistic prophets who are in the habit of predicting the downfall of our Republic. They are more frequently heard on the eve of a presidential election. I have been listening to these dire forebodings for over fifty years; but on the morning after the election we find the prophets sounded a false alarm.

For my part I have an abiding faith in the endurance of the Republic. I might base my hope on the intelligence and patriotism of the American people. I might base my confidence on the wisdom of our statesmen, the heroism of our soldiers, our

armies, and dreadnoughts. It must rest on the eternal principles of truth and justice and righteousness and downright honesty in our relations with foreign nations. It must rely on our firm belief in an overruling Providence who created all things by His power, governs all things by His wisdom, and who controls the affairs of nations as well as of men.

YOUR UNIFORM

I MAKE this idea [of loyalty] graphic to myself by thinking that every man has an imaginary uniform (as every German soldier and French soldier had in waiting his green-gray or his blue and red uniform), an imaginary uniform of his own measurements always in readiness in home or shop or office or in some public locker, that he may don at call of his community, state, or nation, or perhaps at world need, when under compulsion he goes to vote, to pay his taxes, to fight against dishonesty, inefficiency or waste, to inform himself upon public questions, or upon his public duties, just as one studies tactics in order to help in his country's defense—when, in short, he performs any one of a hundred offices that are required of him as an efficient unit in organized society."

—JOHN FINLEY.

"If there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against Nature . . . the military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fiber of the people. . . . To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dishwashing, clothes-making, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. . . . Such a conscription would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues."

—WILLIAM JAMES.

"Some day it will be expected that every able person will report himself, for definite service, without pay, in one or more of the following privileges :

1. To clean up the earth and keep it sweet.
2. To take part in the construction of halls and premises for community activities.
3. To aid in the making of beautiful and public places accessible and to protect them. . . . This can be accomplished as easily as armies can be sent into the field. It will be worth while to develop public-service armies.
4. To demand the freedom of the earth for its inhabitants. We must have the open door to fields and shores, to commanding hills ; find trails and walks and avenues to places the people ought to know. The public shall know all good places.
5. To protect the products of the earth ; and to protect the earth itself. The bird sanctuaries are good beginnings. . . . In the large sense every one of us is a farmer, for the keeping of the earth is given to the human race.
6. To keep the public health.
7. To come with personal succor, as well as with money and goods, in time of flood and disaster, to visit the sick and the afflicted, to relieve the poor and unfortunate.
8. To participate in the neighborhood coöperations."

—LIBERTY H. BAILEY.

"There shall be a new friendship.
 There shall be countless linked hands.
 The most dauntless and rude shall touch face to face lightly,
 The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers,
 The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.
 I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
 I will make divine magnetic lands,
 With the love of comrades,
 With the life-long love of comrades."

—WALT WHITMAN.

NATIONAL EPICS

CHURCH, A. G.	<i>The Iliad for Boys and Girls</i>
LANG, ANDREW	<i>The Iliad of Homer</i>
LEAF, WALTER	<i>The Iliad of Homer</i>
MYERS, ERNEST	<i>The Iliad of Homer</i>

BUTCHER, S. H.....*The Odyssey of Homer*
 LANG, ANDREW*The Odyssey of Homer*
 MARVIN, F. S., and others.....*The Adventures of Odysseus*

MAGNÚSSON, EIRÍKR, and MORRIS, WILLIAM

MORRIS, WILLIAM

*The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall
of the Niblungs*

BALDWIN, JAMES

The Sampo; hero adventures from *The Kalevala* of Finland

PLUMMER, MARY WRIGHT

Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid

MEN AND WOMEN

ALEXANDER

- DRAGOUMIS, JULIA D. *Under Greek Skies*
 WHEELER, B. I. *Alexander the Great*

ALFRED

- TAPPAN, E. M. *In the Days of King Alfred the Great*

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR

- FIRTH, J. B. *Augustus Cæsar*

DANIEL BOONE

- FORBES-LINDSAY, C. H. A. *Daniel Boone, Backwoodsman*
 LODGE, H. C., and THEODORE ROOSEVELT
 Hero Tales from American History

ROBERT BRUCE

- AGUILAR, GRACE *The Days of Bruce*
 AYTOUN, WILLIAM E. *The Heart of Bruce*
 BURNS, ROBERT *Robert Bruce's Address to his Army*
 MACKIE, ROB *The Story of King Robert the Bruce*
 MARSHALL, H. E. *Scotland's Story*
 SCOTT, SIR WALTER *Tales of a Grandfather*

JULIUS CÆSAR

- CLOUGH, A. H. *Plutarch's Lives*

JOHN C. CALHOUN

- HOLST, HERMANN VON *John C. Calhoun*

CHARLEMAGNE

- TURNER, S. *Life of Charlemagne*

HENRY CLAY

SCHURZ, CARL *Henry Clay*

OLIVER CROMWELL

FIRTH, C. H.

Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England

HODGES, GEORGE *Saints and Heroes since the Middle Ages*

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

BACON, E. M. *The Boy's Drake*

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

TAPPAN, E. M. *In the Days of Queen Elizabeth*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN *Autobiography*

TREVELYAN, SIR GEORGE OTTO *American Revolution*

ULYSSES S. GRANT

ALLEN, WALTER *Ulysses S. Grant*

GRANT, ULYSSES S. *Personal Memoirs*

HILL, F. T. *On the Trail of Grant and Lee*

NATHAN HALE

LOSSING, B. J. *The Two Spies*

HENRY V

KINGSFORD, C. L. *Henry V, the Typical Mediæval Hero*

PATRICK HENRY

TYLER, M. C. *Patrick Henry*

ANDREW JACKSON

BROWN, W. G. *Andrew Jackson*

THOMAS JEFFERSON

- MERWIN, H. C. *Thomas Jefferson*
 MORSE, JOHN T. *Thomas Jefferson*
 WILLIAMS, JOHN SHARP
 Thomas Jefferson: His Permanent Influence on
 American Institutions

JOAN OF ARC

- BANGS, MARY ROGERS *Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of France*
 CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*
 MICHELET, JULES *Jeanne d'Arc*
 MONVEL, BOUTET DE *Joan of Arc*

LORD KITCHENER

- WHEELER, H. F. B. *The Boy's Life of Lord Kitchener*

ROBERT E. LEE

- BRUCE, P. A. *Robert E. Lee*
 PAGE, T. N. *Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier*
 TRENT, W. P. *Robert E. Lee*
 TREVOR, F. T. *On the Trail of Grant and Lee*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BANCROFT, GEORGE

Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln; a Memorial
Address to Congress

- MORGAN, JAMES *Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man*
 MORSE, J. T. *Abraham Lincoln*
 NICOLAY, HELEN *The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln*
 TARBELL, IDA M. *Life of Abraham Lincoln*

NAPOLEON

- WHEELER, H. F. B. *The Boy's Life of Napoleon*

HORATIO NELSON

OLLIVANT, ALFRED *The Gentleman, a Romance of the Sea*
WHEELER, H. F. B. *The Boy's Life of Nelson*

PETER THE GREAT

MOTLEY, J. L.....*Peter the Great*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

BUCHAN, JOHN *Sir Walter Raleigh*

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

HOFFMAN, A. S. . . . *Heroes and Heroines of English History*
TAPPAN, E. M. *Heroes of the Middle Ages*

JOHN SMITH

FORBES-LINDSAY, C. H. A.
John Smith, Gentleman Adventurer

WILLIAM WALLACE

MARSHALL, H. E.	<i>Scotland's Story</i>
PLATT, MR. and MRS. WILLIAM		<i>Stories of the Scottish Border</i>
PORTER, JANE	<i>Scottish Chiefs</i>

GEORGE WASHINGTON

HILL, F. T.....	<i>On the Trail of Washington</i>
LODGE, H. C.....	<i>George Washington</i>
WILSON, WOODROW	<i>George Washington</i>

DANIEL WEBSTER

McMASTER, J. B. *Daniel Webster*
RICHARDSON, C. F. *Daniel Webster for Young Americans*

DUKE OF WELLINGTON

WHEELER, H. F. B. *The Boy's Wellington*

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

FREEMAN, E. A. *William the Conqueror*

JAMES WOLFE

PARKMAN, FRANCIS *Montcalm and Wolfe*

WILLSON, BECKLES *Canada*

CITIZENSHIP

ANTIN, MARY *The Promised Land*

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT *The Man Without a Country*

RIIS, JACOB *The Making of an American*

STEINER, E. A.

From Alien to Citizen, the Story of My Life in America

WASHINGTON, B. T. *Up from Slavery*

THE FLAG

GORDON, W. J. *Flags of the World, Past and Present*

HARRISON, P. D.

The Stars and Stripes, and other American Flags

HOLDEN, E. S.

Our Country's Flag and the Flags of Foreign Countries

SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN

*Flag Day, Its History, Origin, and Celebration as
Related in Song and Story*

STEWART, C. W.

The Stars and Stripes from Washington to Wilson

TAPPAN, E. M. *The Little Book of the Flag*





